THE SECOND SESSION of the PARLIAMENT of Vertues Reall

(*Continued by Prerogation*)

For better Propagation of all true Piëtie,

&

Vtter Extirpation

of

ATHEISME, & HYPOCRISIE;
AVARICE, & CRVELTIE;
PRIDE, & LVXVRIE.

(From th' Originall)

Transcribed,

&

Inscribed

To the High-Hopefull CHARLES,

Prince of Great Britaine,

By IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

A DIVINE & TRVE *TRAGI-COMEDY*; IOB TRIVMPHANT *in his Triall*:

OR

THE HISTORIE

OF

His Heroicall Patience,

In

A measured

METAPHRASE.

To
AR-
THVRS
CASTLE
(call'd by
ART'S CHAST LVRE)

* * * * * * * * * * *

Sir, YOV
haue seene
In my PA-
NARETVS,

A SVVEET
I D E A
Of——Our
hopes in YOU:

My
Hope
Heere
Hasteth,
For My
HART'S LAST CVRE.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A REAL
ACT of
That Ideall
VIEVVE,

In My SA-
LEVVIS
Roy-All-
Vertuous.

Heer (more HEROIK and more HOLY-True)
I bring Your Highness (*Past all the Patterns*
Yet A Higher Peece *of old Rome & Greece*)
Faith's PATIENT Champion, in His Triumph due.
Farre bee His Crosses *Neer bee His Courses*
Frō my Prince, *I pray:* (*As the most Complete*
In sacred GRACES that beseeme The GREAT)
Towards God and Man; in Cleer or Clowdy Days;
So much More needfull *By How Much Satan*
In This Sin-full Age, (*neer his end*) *doth rage:*
VVith VVhom and His, the better Aye to wrastle,
Great *Michael* gard & strengthen ARTHVRS CASTLE;

praies

Prostrate

Iosuah Sylvester.

To the Right Reuerend & Honorable Father,
GEORGE ABBOT,
Lord ARCH-Bishop
OF CANTERBVRY.

* * * * * * * * * *

IN Grate-full HONOR
Of Your MANY *Gaftes*
Of GRACE & NATVRE
(*Apted to Your Place*)
This DORIKE *Piller*
My DEVOTION *lifteth*;
To shewe Heere—After,
What We owe your Grace:
Both, for Your Prudence,
And Your Pious Zeale;
Learning, *And* Labour
In Your Double Charge;
Sweying The CHVRCH,
Staying the Cõmon-Weal;
Most STVDIOVS *Euer*
EITHER to Enlarge:
And Last (not least) of all,
For CONSTANT *standing*
On Right's *weake Side,*
Against the tide of wrong;
When PHILISTINES
And Daliladies *banding,*
With Armes or Charmes
Would bind or blind the Strong:
In Honor of these Honors, this I bring
To Reuerend ABBOT, & His Second; KING,
VESTER—SYL—VESTER
Dedisisiuum.

TO
The Right Honourable,
The Lord ELESMORE,
L. High Chancelour of England.

*THOMAS EGERTONVS:
(*Anagramma*)
*NESTOR THEOMAGVS.

GRaue,* GOD-WISE NESTOR; *Newer did a Name*
(*Saue* A IVST MASTER) *better speak a man*
(*As Court & Counsell, with Mee, witnes can*)
Than doth Your Owne, in This Your Anagram.
Should I A Volume *of Your* Vertues *frame,*
Broad as my Breſt, & Thicker then my Span;
Could I say More, more True, more Duly, than
The Character *concluded in* This ſame?
For, * PIOVS-Prudence *cannot but be* Iuſt:
And Iuſtice *cannot but be* Temperate:
And Temperance *from* Courage *iſſue muſt.*
So *that Your* Name *doth Your whole* Life *relate,*
So NESTOR-*like, for grace-full,* * Godly-Sage,
That Nothing wants, but (what we wiſh) His Age.

Ex Animo exoptat

Iosuah Sylvester.

To the Right Honourable,
WILLIAM HARBERT,
Earle of Pembroke,
Lord Chamberlaine,
&c.

PATIENCE preuailes (*when* Passions *are vnden*)
This doth This Volume *truly intimate*:
So doth Your Vertue, *firm, and fortunate,*
Now cheer'd *with Radiance of our* Royall Sun.
O! long and Happy may Hee shine *vpon*
So Noble *a Plant* (*no* Such *to propagate*)
So Grace-*full*, Vse-*full, both in* Court *and* State;
Help-*full to All*, Hurt-*full at-all to None.*
Among Those Many *whom your* Worth *hath won*
(*Of either Sexe, of every Age, and State*)
With glad *Applauses to congratulate*
The worthie Honour *of Your* Charge *begun*
(*Though not* (*perhaps*) *so long and lowd, as* Many)
Accept My AVE, *as Deuout as* Any,

Your Lordships

most obliged,

Iosuah Sylvester.

To the Right Honorable, Sir EDVVARD COKE, Knight; *Lord Chief Iustice of England*, and one of his Maiesties most Honorable *Prinie Councell.*

*EDVARDVS COCVS:
(*Anagramma*)
*SVCCEDO, ARDVVS.

*HArdy *and* Happy *may You long* Succeed,
In all the Courses of your Christian Zeale,
To scourge Abuse; and purge the Publike-Weale,
Of vicious Humors, with auspicious Speed.
Hardy *and* Happy *Neuer more did need,*
To meet with Malice, and with Might to deale;
And sift the Drift the Serpent would conceale.
How happy, Heav'n You for These times decreed!
Hardy *and* Happy *may you still* proceed,
Vntill You finde, confound, and suffocate,
The Viperous Vermin that destroy the State.
Hardy, *and* Happy, *be your Minde, and Meed*
With GOD and Men: applauded and approu'd,
Of Prince and People; of All Good, below'd:

Ex Animo Exoptat

Iosuah Sylvester.

Y

Bin
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By

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TO
The Right Honourable Lords *Spirituall & Temporall*;

The Knights and Burgesses of *the Lower-House*;

&
To all generous and ingenuous
Readers.

YOur prest *Assistence* & *Assistance*, past,
Vouchsafed, Heer, whē you were *summond* last,
Binde & imbold mee once more to present
My humble *Briefs*, in form of PARLIAMENT;
Hoping no lesse *Consent* of Your Good-wills
In *passing* These, then of Our former *Bills*;
So-much more *Need*-full in this *Weed*-full Time,
By How-much *Vice* doth ouer *Vertue* clime.

An

An

WHose seueral Acts, of sweet and souerain Vse
To cherish Vertue, and to check Abuse
(Too rough transcribed, by too rude a hand,
For so high Statutes of the HOLY-LAND)
Are heer presented, as fit Precedents
Of sacred Rules for your High Parliaments;
By (th' once, least Most in th' Vpper-Houses Sun)

Your Vnder-Clarke,

Vnworthily Vndon

(By ouer-trusting to a starting Bow-Yer-while too-strong, to my poor Wrong & Woe)

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

IOB TRIUMPHANT in his Triall.

The Proëm.

A Solid Rock, farre-seated in the Sea
(Where many Vessels haue been cast away)
Though blackest Storms of blustering Winds do threat,
Though boistrous Rage of roaring Billowes beat;
Though it be raakt with Lightning, & with Thunder;
Though all at once assault, and Each asunder;
With massie Bulk of it Selfes Marble Tower,
Still, still repulls th' inuitable Stower;
And seemes still firmer, and more permanent,
The more the Tempest hath been violent:
Right so the Faithfull; *in whose humble Brest*
Religious feare of GOD *is deepe impreſt;*
What-euer Streak of Fortune *threat his State,*
What-euer Danger him discommodate,
What-euer Mischiefe that betide him shall,
What-euer Losse, what-euer Crosse befall;
Inflexible, inuincible, pursues
The sacred Footing he did euer vse:

And aye more constant, and confirm'd is He,
The more extream that his Afflictions be.
If any Spirit, inspir'd with Holy-mood,
Carefully-curious of the Publike Good,
Would lively limne th' immortall Excellence
Of such a Pattern of such PATIENCE;
As neither Elements displaced quight,
Nor envious Starres, nor angry Foes despight,
Nor all the Fiends insatiate Furie fell
(By fraud or force) could euer quail or quell:
Twere labour lost, to fable (Homer-like)
The strange long Voyage of a wily Greek;
The Paines, the Perills, and extream Disease
That he endured, both by Land and Seas;
Sith sacred Truthe's *Heav'n prompted Booke presents*
In Constant IOB *a worthier Argument.*
Thou then, Urania, *to whom right belongs*
The sacred Consort of Celestiall Songs,
Tune Thou my Voice, Thou teach me to record
Who did incite, what did inuite the Lord,
With Miseries so rueful and so rife,
So to disturb his quiet happy Life;
What heynous Sin, what horrid high Offence,
The Almightie's Vengeance mought so deep incense:

Or

Or else what Cause, what Obiect else might stir-it.
Boiles there such Wrath in an impassiue Spirit?
But, ô Presumption! Why haue I begun
(Alas! no Prophet, *neither* Prophet's *Sonne;*
No Priest, *no* Leuite; *nay, no* Israelite
(Such as Nathanael) *but a* Canaanite
Full of Corruption, foule o hand and hart)
To touch the ARK? *to vnder-take* This Part?
Ah! pardon Lord; O! purifie mee all
From all Prophanenesse; from Sinne's bitter Gall:
And as yet-while it pleas'd thee to infuse
In mine vnschooled and vnhelpfull Muse
(By vertue of Thine All-sufficing Grace)
Immediat power du-BARTAS *Track to trace;*
So as (how-euer weake and Art-lesse, I,)
That Worke *findes* Welcome *with the grauest Eye:*
Now more, good Lord, my Wits & Words refine,
To treat diuinely Matter so Diuine:
O! sacred Spirit, now sanctifie my Stile:
Let not my Sense all thy pure Sense defile:
But tune mee, right, to Eccho, *as belongs,* (Songs.
Thy HVSSIAN'S Sighs *& then Thy* TESSEAN'S
And to that end, vouchsafe me (at Thy pleasure)
Lesse Need-*full Life, in a lesse* Care-*full leasure.*

Cap. 1. NEere where *Idume*'s dry and sandy Soile
Spreads Palmful Forests, dwelt a Man yer-while,
Of life vnblotted, and vnspotted Fame;
God-fearing, Iust, Sin-flying, IOB by Name.
With due respect to Heaven's & Nature's Law,
In Wedlock's sweet Yoake did he seemly draw:
Whence, by that Bountie, whose all Blessings bee,
Seavn Sonnes he had, and louely Daughters Three.
Great was his Substance: for of fleecie Sheep
Vpon the Downes seavn Thousand did he keep;
Fiue hundred yoak of Oxen did he owe;
Fiue hundred Ass-sheers, Camels six times so:
Great Train within doores, & great Train with-out,
Made him esteem'd through all the East about.
His Sons, by turns, their Sisters did inuite
And feast each other, in a Daily Rite:
IOB blest them euery Even; and euery Morn
When first *Aurora*'s rosie beames return,
The good Old-man, to GOD, in humble-wise,
For each of them did offer Sacrifice:
Lest They might haue *mis-done, mis-said, mis-thought*,
Or (in their Feasts) offended GOD by ought.
While happy IOB thus brought the yeere about,
It came to pass one day when all the Rout

Of

Of Light-full *Angels* did themselues present
Before the Foot-stoole of th'*Omnipotent*,
There also came the Executioner,
Th'ambitious Prince, Malicious *Lucifer*:
With whom the LORD expostulating, Thus
Said; *Sathan*, say, Whence comest Thou to vs?
I come, said Hee, from walking in and out,
And compassing the Earthlie Ball about.
Hast thou not then surucy'd my Seruant IOB
(Reply'd the LORD) whose like in all the Globe
There is not found; so full of louing-feare,
So faithfull, fruitfull, rightfull, and sincere?
Is it for Nothing, said the subtle Foe,
That IOB adores, and loues; and feares Thee so?
Hast thou not hedg'd him safe on euery side?
Hast thou not heapt him Blessings far and wide?
But, for awhile with-hold thy Fauour's stream,
With-draw thy hand, and hide thy Bounties beam,
Then shalt thou see (or double my Disgrace)
Hee will anon blaspheme thee to thy Face.
Lo, said th'*Eternall*, from this instant hower
All that he hath is in thy hand and power;
All, but Himselfe, Himselfe I sole exempt.
Sathan eftsoones assumes his bold Attempt.

As all his Children were together met,
Their elder Brothers hartie Cheere to eat,
Came one to IOB. running, & breathless nigh,
Scarce could he speak, yet weakly thus did cry,
Ah! woe is me to be the Messenger
Of so sad Newes as now I bring you, Sir:
As all your Oxen vnder painfull yoak,
Their pointed Iourneyes in your Fallowes broke;
And as your Asses in the Meads did feed,
Sabéans hieues came forth with furious speed
And tooke them all, and all your Seruants slew,
I onely scap't, to come and tell it you.

While He yet spake, there came Another in,
Hared and hot, and Thus did He begin:
Sir, from the Heav'ns a suddaine Fire did fall
Among your Sheep, & hath consum'd them all,
And slaine your Seruants yet they could eschew;
I onely scap't, to come and tell it You.

While He yet spake, Another came, amaz'd,
And sadly said; Sir, while your Camels graz'd
In your owne Pastures vp and down the Lands,
The proud *Chaldéans*, in three armed Bands,
Surpriz'd them all, and all your Seruants slew;
I onely scap't, to come and tell it you.

While

While He yet ſpake, Another came and cryde
In pitious Fright (as if himſelfe beſide)
O, Sir! your Sons & Daughters (all the reſt)
Were met to-day at my young Maſters Feaſt,
Where, from beyond the Wilderneſs anon
A ſuddain Whirle-wind roſe, and ruſht vpon
The corners of the Houſe, and ſhooke it ſo
That inſtantly it fell from Top to Toe,
And with the Fall them altogether ſlew;
I onely ſcap't, to come and tell it you.
Then ſtarting vp, IOB gan his clothes to rent,
Shaues his hoare haire, his head with aſhes ſprent;
As in a ſwoune falls to the ground with groaes,
And ſemi-ſighing Thus himſelfe bemoaes:
Ah! Naked came I from my Mothers wombe,
Naked I ſhall returne vnto my Tombe:
The LORD hath taken what himſelfe hath giuen:
Bleſſed be GOD, th'Almighty LORD of Heauen.
Yet did not IOB, for all that him miſ-fell,
Murmur at GOD, nor inly ſink or ſwell;
Nor ſinne againſt th'eternall Prouidence,
But ſuffred all with humble *Patience*.

ANother day, when all the ſacred Bands *Cap. 2.*
Came all attending their high Kings cõmands,
Came

Came also Hee, whose Enuie (since Hee fell
Frō Heaven) hath strin'n to hale down Man to Hell;
With whom the LORD expostulateth Thus:
Now *Sathan*, say, Whence comest Thou to Vs?
I come said He, from walking in and out,
And compassing the Earthlie Ball about.
Then, Hast thou found, replyes th'*Omnipotent*,
In all thy Circuit, Man more confident,
Or minde more Constant, or more faithfull Soule,
Then IOB my Seruant: whom thine Enuy foule,
Late, vrg'd my Leaue by sharp Assan'ts to try?
How hast thou sped? What hast thou got thereby?
Alas, said Hee, I reft him but the things
That flie from Men with transitory wings;
And therefore he regards his losse the lesse:
But would thy Power him somwhat neerer presse,
Would'st thou permit me touch him to the quick,
I yeald me conquer'd, if he doe not kick;
If more he serue, trust, pray, or praise thy Grace,
If he, in fine, blaspheme not to thy Face.
Pinch but his Body, and then, *Skin for Skin*,
Hee'l wince without, and sodain flinch within.
Go Fiend, said GOD; sith th'art so obstinate,
Fall on my IOB, him felly cruciate:

Touch

Touch not his Soule: his Body only touch.
Hence *Satan* hyes, glad that he might so much.
Without Delay then, with the most Despight,
He sets on IOB; and in most pitious Plight,
With vlcerous Anguish fils his body so,
That crusted all in Scabs from top to toe,
Amid the Ashes, sad and desolate,
Scraping his Sores with shels (or sherds) he sate;
Yet Constant still, still calmely *Patient*,
Without a word of grudging Discontent.
Then said his Wife, What helps Integrity?
What boots it, Man? alas! curse GOD, and die.
Go, foolish Woman, the good man reply'd,
Thy rebell heart doth thy rash tongue mis-guide:
Shall we, from GOD, of Good receiue our Fill;
And, at his pleasure, not partake of Ill?
So IOB as yet, for all that him mis-fell,
Displeas'd not GOD, but bore it wondrous well.
By This, the light-foot, feather-tongued Dame
Had farre and wide spred and dispersst the fame
Of IOB's Mis-fortunes (from the first begun)
That He was halfe dead, and was whole vndone.
His Friends then, *Eliphaz* the *Themanite*,
Bildad the *Shuite*, the *Naamathite*

Zophar

Zophar (as others) hearing this report,
As soone as might be towards him resort;
Resolu'd with Comforts, to relieue in part
Their Friends Affliction, & asswage his Smart.
But, there arriued, at the very sight
Of his so wofull and so wretched Plight,
They all amaz'd, their Garments sadly tore,
Their heads with Ashes all besprinkled o're;
And for seaven dayes and nights in Sorow drown'd,
Lay grieuing, by him, groueling on the ground,
Without word speaking, lest vntimely trouble
Amid his Anguish should his Dolors double.

Cap. 3. IOB therefore straining his obstructed voice,
Began Thus, sadly with a shiuering noise:
O! VVo be to the Day when I was born:
O! be it euer of the Light forlorn:
O! may it euer vnder Darknes lie,
And neuer Sun vouchsafe it cheerfull eye;
Nor GOD regard it: let a deadly Shade
O're-clowde it aye, as euer Dismall made.
O! wo be also to the Night wherein
My Mother my Conception did begin:
Lightning & Thunder thrill it euermore,
Whirle-wind & Tempest may it euer roare:

Of

Of Fogs, of Frosts, of Showers, of Snowes, of Haile,
Of Mists. of Mil-deawes may it neuer faile:
May it no more in *Calendar* be plac't,
But, from the Role of Months and Yeares be rac't:
May th' Euening Stars be dark: No light returning:
May it no more see th' Eye-lids of the Morning,
Because it clos'd not, at my wretched Birth,
The fruitfull Doore that brought me weeping forth;
But let me passe into this woefull Light,
To vndergoe so miserable Plight.

O! Why, when shapelesse in my Mothers Womb
I lay as dead, Why did not Death strike home?
VVhy not (alas!) amid the bearing Throes,
VVhen I began to feele Mans feeble Woes?
VVhy did the knees support me? Why the Brest
Supply me suck? Why was I swath'd and dress?
Sith else (alas!) I had now lien at ease,
Had been at rest, had slept in quietnesse,
Among the high and mighty Potentates,
Kings, Counsellors, great Lords, and Magistrates,
VVho in the VVorld to leaue their Names Renowne,
Haue built thé Bowers which others shall pul. downe:
And those rich Princes that haue heapt of-old
Their houses full of Siluer and of Gold.

Or,

Or, Why (alas!) as an Abortiue Birth,
Was I not hid and buried in the Earth?
There, Tyrants ceaſe from their imperious Pride:
There, Vertuous Workers at their reſt abide:
There, Priſoners reſt from their Oppreſſors Braule:
There, Slaues are free from their fell Maſters Thrall:
There, High and Lowe (without Diſdain, or Dread)
Reſt all together in one Common bed.

O! wiſhed Death (more to be wiſht then Life)
Thou breakſt the Force of Enuies Engines rife:
Thou cutteſt-off our Trauails Tediouſneſſe:
Thou kilſt our Cares, Thou calm'ſt our moſt Diſtreſs.
O! to the wretched why is Light imparted?
Why Life (alas!) vnto the heauie-hearted?
[Who longs for Death: and if it linger long,
Would fainer ſeek it then euen Gold (among)
And gladder find it (as of Ioys the Chiefe)
Within their Graue to burie all their Griefe]
Eſpecially, to Him whoſe Way is hid:
Whom GOD hath ſhut-vp, ſtopt & ſtreightened?
Sith, yer I eat, My Sighes refell my Food,
My Roarings guſh out like a raging Flood.

For (though my Plenty, neuer made me proud;
My Power, imperious; nor to pleaſure bow'd:)

What

What most I doubted I endure, (alas!)
And what I feared is euen comn to passe.
For Care and Feare, I had no rest before;
Yet Trouble's come, and trebbles more and more.

IOB ceasing so; began the *Themanite*, Cap. 4
Inly perplext, an Answer thus to dight:
If We presume to comfort thee, deer Friend,
Wil our Discourse (I feare it will.) offend?
Will thy Disease our kinde Good-wills disdain?
But, in this Case (alas!) Who can refrain?
Who so hard-hearted, or vnciuill-bred,
That can vnmoued see thee thus bested?
To see and heare Thee in this deep Distresse,
Who can keep silence? Who can hold his peace?
Why! Thou wert wont, in thy Prosperities,
To stay weak hands, and strengthen feeble knees;
To counsell those that in their Course had stray'd,
To comfort those whom Crosses ouer-lay'd:
Now that Mis-hap on thine owne head hath hit,
Now that the Storm hath thine owne vessell smit,
Now that the Case is Thine, How art thou sunk
From thine owne Succor! From thy self how shrunk!
Where is, alas! Where is thy Confidence,
Thy Constancy, thy Hope, thy *Patience*,

Thy

Thy Piety, thy Faith, thy Feare of God,
And th' vpright Path which Thou hast euer trod?
O! ponder this: Who euer Innocent
Hath perished? Hath the Omnipotent
Eternall Iustice euer plagu'd the Iust;
Destroyd the Righteous who Him only trust:
As I haue seen Those that haue plough'd and sow'n
Iniquity, reap sodenly their owne;
When with the Blast of GOD they blasted fall,
And with his Breath are quick consumed all?
GOD, in his Fury starueth in distresse
The roaring Lion and the Lionesse;
Their rauening Whelps are scattered farre away,
Their Teeth are broken, and they pine for Prey.
I'll tell thee more: Once, in a certain Night,
Silent, I heard a Voyce, and saw a Sight,
(About the time when Sleep begins to seaze
Our drouzie Lids, our Dayly Loads to ease)
Amaz'd with Feare my haire began to heaue,
My heart to tremble, euery part to leaue
His proper Part; When to mine eyes a space
Appeerd the Image of an vnknowne Face:
One stood before me, Whence (yet more dismaid)
I heard a *Voyce*, and Thus (me thought) it said:

Shall

Shall Man be iuster then his GOD (said He)?
The Creature purer then his Maker be?
Behold, he found not in his Angels bright
Firme Fealty, but Folly in his sight:
How much more then, in Those whose habitation
Is but of Clay, but Dust their best Foundation?
Whose brittle Vessels heer so little last,
That yer they know them they are often past:
Whose fickle Garment (how-so-euer loath)
Shall be destroy'd and done, before the Moath:
Whose doubtfull Daies, yer they begin, be gon:
Cut downe by Death, when least they think thereon:
Whose Dignities (how-euer grac't, or Great)
Shall die with them, and Them the Wormes shall eat.

NOw call thou lowd, if any will reply: (eye? Cap. 5
Among the Saints where wilt thou turne thine
Two sorts of Fooles (th' Idiot and Enuious) die;
Of Anger th'one, th'other of Iealousie.
I haue beheld the Foole faire rooted yerst:
Yet haue I soon his Habitation curst;
Because his Children succour-less shall suffer
By *Iustice* Doom, and none shall Pitie offer:
Him S lfe withall confounded, void of Hope,
To gather-in his long expected Crop,

Which

Which th'hunger-starued frõ the Thorns shal snatch;
The Thirstie shall hir substance all dispatch;
A Misery, which God doth oft permit:
For, th' Earth it selfe is not the Cause of it;
Sith, were not Sin, it should not barren be:
But, Man, for Sin, must toile him seruilelie,
In Sweatfull Labour, borne for Labour's end
As properly as Sparkles to ascend.

But were My Case, as Thine; in this Distresse,
Rather to God would I my selfe addresse:
Him would I seek, of Him would I enquire,
Whose Works are great, whose Wonders all admire:
Vnspiable, Vnspeakeable by Man;
Immutable, Inscrutable to scan:
Who on the Earth the raine at pleasure poures,
And in the Streets distills the liquid Showers:
Who lifts the Lowly vp, brings downe the Lofty;
And reares sad Mourners vnto Health and Safety:
Who dissipates the craftiest Policies;
And dis-appoints the Counsells of the Wise:
Who takes the wariest in their proper Wiles;
And Wicked ones in their owne Guile beguiles;
So that they meet with Darknes in the Day,
And, as at Midnight, grosp at Noon their way:

But

But, He preserues the Poore, from sword & tongue,
And cruell hands of Tyrants, prone to wrong:
So that the Poore shall haue th'ir blessed Hope:
But Wicked ones their cursed mouthes shal stop.
Lo, then, how happy he whō GOD correcteth!
Repine not therefore that he Thee afflicteth.
He wounds, & heales; he strikes, & he restores:
He sendeth Plagues, & Plaisters for the Sores:
Hee, in six Troubles, shall deliuer thee;
And in the seauenth, thou shalt be danger-free.
He will preserue thee from fel Famines rage;
And from the Sword of War thee dis-ingage:
Thou shalt be safe frō scourging tungs of Momes,
Nor shalt thou fear Destruction when it comes:
Nay, thou shalt langh at it, and Dearth deride;
Not dreading Beasts of fellest Pawes and Pride.
Stones, thorns, & thistles shal be friends with thee:
With thee the Beasts in constant league shall be.
And, as without, thou shalt haue Peace within
Thy house; thou shalt behold it, and not sin.
Thou shalt perceiue thy Seeds seeds seed to spred
As Grass in Fields, & Flowers in euery Mead.
In a full Age to thine own Graue shalt Thou,
As, in due time, Corne to the Barne or Mow.

Lo, This is Truth; and Thus we daily try-it
Consider it, and to thy Selfe apply-it.

Cap.6. IOB then reply'd: ô! were my Sorows waigh'd,
And with my Suffrings in iust Balance layd,
They would exceed the Seas wet Sands in poize:
Therefore (alas!) they swallow vp my voice:
For th'Arrowes of th'Almightie, keen and quick,
Haue thrilled me, & still within mee stick;
Their Anguish makes my spirits faint & quaile me.
Alas! the Terrors of the LORD assaile me.

Braies the wilde Asse if he haue grass his fill?
Or lowes the Oxe if he haue fodder still?
Vnsauory things who without Salt can eat?
In whites of Eggs is there a taste of meat?
Yet am I faine, alas! and forc't (indeed)
Of what my Soule abhorred most to feed.

O! that the LORD would daign me my desire,
Grant me my Longing, grant what I require:
Which is but This; that He would end my dayes,
Let goe his hand, and let me goe my waies.
So should I yet haue Comfort (though I burn
In bitter pangs of Death, I will not spurn.
Let him not spare me) for yet do not I
The holy Word of th'*Holy-One* denie.

But, ô! What Power haue I to persist?
What may ensue, if I shall long subsist?
Am I as hard, as tough, as strong (alas!)
As strongest Stones? or is my Flesh of Brass?
Nay, am I not already Impotent,
My spirits consumed, & my strength all spent?
In Crosses, Comforts should Friends most afford;
But men (alas!) haue left to feare the LORD.
My Brethren haue deceiu'd mee, as a Brooke.
As rising Flouds, they haue me soone forsook;
Which, foule and deep, in Winter all o're-flow,
Or, crusted thick with Ice, no moisture show;
Or else, in Summer, by *Sol*'s thirsty Ray
Are licked-vp, and quicklie dry'd away,
While Trauailers to *Thema*, and *Saba* thought
To water there, & for their succour sought;
But failing quite, and frustrate of the same,
They are confounded, & they blush for shame:
Even such are you, you see me ill appaid
In dismall Plight, and you are all dismaid:
Why are yee so? When haue I bid you bring,
Or out of yours supply me any thing?
Or crav'd of you auxiliarie Bands
To seskue me from Foes, or Tyrants hands?

Shew me mine Error, where I haue gone wrong:
Tell me my Fault, and I will hold my tongue.
But, bold and free's the speech of Innocence:
Which of you can reproue; and what Offence?
Thinke You aduantage of my words to haue,
As if Affliction made me wildely raue?
Then on the Orphan doth your furie fall;
You dig a Pit to catch your Friend withall.
Therefore, vouchsafe me better to reuise;
Wrong me no more: My words be neither lyes,
Neither my deeds (as you shall find, I trust,
If you returne) in that behalfe vniust.
Complain I causeless? Do I counterfait?
Is not my mouth with Anguish all repleat?

Cap. 7. HAth not Man's warfare his set limits heere,
As hath the Hireling (by the day, or yeere)?
As toyled Seruants for the Night attend;
And weary Taskers for their Labors end;
So haue I looked, but (alas!) in vain,
For end of Sorrowes, & for ease of Pain.
Perpetually my fruitless Months proceed;
My tedious Nights incessantly succeed:
No sooner layd down but I long to rise,
Tired with tossing, till the Morning spies.

My

My Flesh is clad with Worms; with excrement
Of lothsom dust, my Skin doth rot and rent:
My Dayes flit faster then the Shuttles slide
From Weauers hands, whipping frõ side to side,
Consider, Lord, my Life is but a Blast:
Mine eye no more shall see the Goodnes past:
Who now beholds me, shall no more, anon:
If Thou look-on Mee, I eft-soones am gon.
As Clowdes do passe, & quite away do flit,
Whoso descends, ascends not from the Pit;
Neither returnes vnto his wonted owne;
Nor of his place is any more be-known.
Therefore (alas!) I will not spare to speake;
I cannot hold, needs must I silence break,
Amid the anguish of my Spirits distresse,
And in the depth of my Soules bitternesse.
Am I a Sea? or Whale? that with a Gard
Thou girtest me, & keep'st me in so hard?
If I haue said; In silence of the Night
(When drousie Humor siels-vp euery Sight;
When All, aboue, in, vnder, Aire; Earth, Seas;
In quiet Slumber seem to take their Ease)
It may be that my painfull Pangs shall cease:
It may be that my Passions shall haue peace:

With fearefull Visions then thou dooſt affray me,
With Dreames & Fanſies dreadfully diſmay me:
So that my Soule had rather chuſe (at once)
To die then liue in Durance of my Bones.
Wearie of life, liue alwaies ſhall I not;
Then leaue me, Lord, alas! my dayes are nought.
O! What is Man that thou extoll'ſt him ſo?
That Thou on Him dooſt euen thy heart beſtow?
That euery Morning Him thou viſiteſt?
And euery Moment Him examineſt?
How is it that Thou leau'ſt me not a little?
Alas! nor let:'ſt me ſwallow-in my ſpettle?
O! Thou Preſeruer of Mankind, I knowe,
And I acknowledge I haue ſinn'd: but, O!
What ſhall I ſay? What ſhall I do to Thee?
Why, in thy Wrath dooſt Thou incounter Mee?
Why mak'ſt Thou Me (alas!) the Mark & White
To thy Diſpleaſure, in my Selfe 's deſpight?
Remit, O Lord, what I haue ill omitted:
Remoue (alas!) what I haue miſs-committed.
For, now I goe down to the duſt, to lie:
And, if Thou ſeek, to morrow, none am I.

Cap. 8. BVt *Bildad* then (loth longer to refrain)
Said; IOB, How long wilt thou this Plea maintain

With

VVith words, as high, as Tempests vehemence,
Blow'n by the breath of thine Impatience?
Dar'st Thou, averr, that GOD doth Right subuert?
Or that th'Almighty, Iudgement doth peruert?
Though, sith thy Sons had sinned, them he sent
To the due Place of their sinnes punishment;
Yet, if Thou early vnto GOD repaire,
And to th'Almighty make thine humble Prayer,
If Thou be pure, and in his sight sincere;
He will again awake to Thee: and reare
Thy ruin'd State; thy righteous House restore
With Peace & Plentie, manifoldly more.
Aske of the Ages past: inquire (I pray)
Of th'Ancient Fathers (for, of yesterday
We Nouices knowe nothing in effect;
Our dayes are but a Shadow in respect)
Will not They teach thee (without wiles of Art)
And truly speak the language of their hart?
Can Rushes spring? are Sedges seen to grow,
Where is no moisture; where no waters flow?
Say that they should: yet would they sooner wither,
Though neuer cut, then all else grasse together.
Such is the way of all that GOD forget:
So failes the Hope of th'Holy-Counterfait:

His

His Hope shall be cut off: his Confidence
Like busie Spider's brittle Residence:
He shall be leaning on his House, but it
Shall not be able to support him; yet
He shall hold fast, & theron fix him sure;
But that (alas!) shall neuer long endure:
As doth the Tree, which growing in the Sun,
O're-spreads an Orchard with fresh Boughes, anon,
His happy Roots among the Fountaines winding,
And round about the rockie banks them binding:
If from his Place to pluck it any ween,
It will denie; as safe, as if not seen:
Lo, by this meanes it will reioyce, the while
That it may prosper in another Soile:
So, GOD will neuer the Sincere reiect,
Neither the vvicked by the hand erect.
Till he haue fild thy mouth with merriment,
Thy lips with tryumph (in intire content)
Thy Foes shal all be with confusion clothed,
Wrapped in shame, disperst, despild & loathed;
Th' vngodly shal be razed to the ground,
Their Tabernacle shal no more be found.

Cap. 9. IOB then reply'd: I know, I grant you This;
In GOD's respect, that No Man righteous is.

No:

No: if He argue, if He question;
O! VVho can answer of a Thousand, one?
What heart so constant! O! what soule so clear,
That dares for Iust before that Iudge appear?
He is All-prudent, and All-powerfull too:
VVho thriues, that striues with what he minds to doo?
He mounts the Vallies, and he vailes the Mountains:
He shakes the Earth; he opes & stops the Fountains:
He bids the Sun shine, and forbids it soon:
He seals the Starres vp; he conceales the Moon:
He spreads alone the Heauens large Canapey:
He treads vpon the bound-lesse ground-lesse Sea:
He makes *Arcturus* Starre, the * *Stormy youth*, * *Orion.*
The *Pleiadés*, and *Climats* of the *South*:
He worketh mighty things and manifold,
Miraculous, and more then can be told:
He passeth by me, and repasseth so,
Vnseen of me, and vnperceiued tho:
He, when him pleaseth, if a Prey he take,
Who can compell him to restore it back?
Nay: who so bold into his Acts to pry?
Or, Who dares question What he doth, or Why?
His Anger is not stopt, nor stoopt a whit;
But strongest helps are fain to stoop to it.

Then

Then, how-much-less; O! how-much-less am I
Able (alas!) with Him my Case to try?
No: were I iust, I were not absolute;
But, to my Iudge would I make humble Sute:
And, to my Cry if he reply, yet hard
Can I beleeue that He my voyce hath heard.
For, with a Tempest he destroyes me sterne;
And wounds me Cause-lesse (for ought I discerne);
Nor suffers me so much as breathe at all;
But fills me still with Bitternesse and Gall.
If Srength we speak of; Who is strong but He?
If Iudgement; then, Who shall mine Vmpire be?
If I would iustifie my Selfe (with Him)
He by mine owne Mouth will me soon condemn:
If I would plead me perfect and vpright,
He, He would iudge me wicked, in his sight:
Though I were perfect (to my Selfe) from Sin;
Alas! I know not mine owne Soule within.
Therefore (Thus vexed and perplexed rife)
I loath alas! and I abhorre my life.
Yet, grant I not; but that the Lord doth smight
(Which you deny) both Wicked and Vpright.
Else, when He strikes a People (old and young)
Would He seem smile at Good mens Stripes emong?

Would

Would He bestowe vpon th' Vngodly-most
Earth's Soueraintie, and let them rule the Rost?
Would He permit profane Bribe-blinded ones
With blunted Sword to sit on *Iustice* Thrones?
While that the Vertuous to the wall are thrust?
While th' Innocent are troden in the Dust?
For, Who, but He, directs, acts, orders All
In all the World, what euer doth befall?

My Daies far swifter then a Poste haue past;
Past without sight of any Good (to-last):
As swiftest Ships, so haue they slid away;
Or as the Eagle hasting to her Prey.
If that I say, I will forget my Griefe,
Forgoe my Wrath, and yet re-hope Reliefe:
Ah! then my Torments all afresh affright,
With Terrours, least Thou wilt not quit me quight.
For, if I be Vngodly all in vaine
I cry to Thee, and to no end I plaine:
Or, if Vnguilty, Cleane, and White as Snowe
(In mine owne sight) in Thine I am not so;
But in the sight of Thy pure Eyes, as foild,
And with the Garment that I weare defild.

GOD is not Man, as I (in equall Sute)
That I with Him should argue or dispute:

Nor

Nor is there (should we meet) a Moderator,
Twixt Him and Me to arbitrate the Matter.
Let him leaue-off his hold, take-off his Rod,
Lay-off his Awefull Maiesty, as GOD;
Then will I speak, and freely, voyd of Feare:
But, as it is, I must, I will forbeare.

7. 10 AS dead alaue; vpon my Selfe I'll lay
My sad Complaint; and in mine Anguish pray
Thus to the Lord: O Lord, condemne me not;
But show me, why thou hunteſt me so hot.
Lord! art Thou pleased to oppresse me Thus?
O! doſt Thou iudge as do th' Vnrighteous
(Vnheard, vntry'd, and vnsuspect) to trip
And cast-away thine owne hands Workmanship?
Seest Thou, as Man? or haſt Thou carnall Eyes?
Years as Mans Years? Daies as Mans Daies, who dies;
That thus Thou rack'ſt Me, and protractſt Me still,
Searching and sifting to find out mine Ill?
I cannot sin, Thou know'ſt, but Thou must see:
For, from Thine hands can None deliuer Me.
Thy hands haue made Me, all, and euery part:
And wilt Thou now thine owne hands Work subuert?
Remember, Lord, how fraile and brittle stuff
Thou mad'ſt me of (then vse me not so rough)

Euen

Euen of the Clay, as is the Potters Crust:
And wilt Thou then re-crush me into Dust?
Thou pourd'st me out as Milk (within the womb)
Thou mad'st me there, as Cheese, a Crud becom;
With Skin and Flesh Thou cloth'dst me fair and fit,
With Bones and Sinewes fast together knit:
Inspir'dst me Life and Soule, Reason and Sense;
And still preseru'dst me by thy Prouidence.
These Things as hidden in thy Bosome bee:
But well I know, that it is so with Thee.
If I haue sinned, Thou wilt sift me neer;
And of my Guilt Thou wilt not hold me cleer.
If Wicked I haue been; then Woe to Me:
If Righteous; Yet still will I humble be;
Though deep confounded, and amazed much,
To see, and feele, my sad Affliction Such.
But, be it more: come, Lion-like set on-me;
Returne and show Thee maruelous vpon-me:
And so (indeed) Thou dooft: for, Thou reneweft
Thy plagues on me; and me more fierce purseweft:
Changes of Woes, Armies of Paines extreame,
Afresh inuade me, and me round behem.
Then, Why (alas!) Why didst thou bring me forth
From fruitfull Womb (being no better worth)?

O! that I there had perished, vnseen:
And that I were as if I had not been,
Brought from the Womb (one Tomb, vnto Another)
To Earth my Mother from my Earthly Mother.
Is not my Glasse neer out? My Date neer done?
O! let him cease, and leaue-off laying-on;
That I may take a little Comforts breath,
Yer quite I goe to the dark Land of Death;
A Land of Darknes, Darknes Selfe (I say)
And Shade of Death: where is no Light, no Day.

Cap. 11 THen answered *Zophar*, the *Naamathite*;
Should words preuail? Shal prating pass for right?
Should all be mute? Shall no man dare reply,
To mock thy Mocks, and giue thy Lie the Lie?
For, Thou hast said (and that, too-vehment)
My Words, and Deeds, and thoughts, are innocent;
Pure in Thine eyes. But O! that GOD would speak
That He would once His sacred Silence break;
To shew thee Wisdome's Secrets: Thou might'st see,
Thou merit'st double what he layes on Thee;
And surely know that (in his *Iustice* strict)
After thy Sins, He doth not Sores inflict:
But seems to haue forgoten, or forgiuen
Thy Trespasses against Him Selfe and heauen.

Can

Canst Thou, by searching, GOD's deep Counsel find?
Conceaue th' Almighty? Comprehend His mind?
Reach His perfection? It doth Heauen excell
In Height; in Depth exceeds the lowest Hell:
Longer then Earth: larger then all the Seas.
O! What? When? Where? How wilt Thou measure
If He cut-off, shut-vp, collect, reiect; (These?
Who can diuert Him? Who his Course correct?
He knows vain Men: He sees their harts that hard the
In Guiles and Wiles; and will not He regard them?
That foolish man, made wise, may be reclaimed;
Borne bruit and dull, as an Asse Colt, vntamed.
If therefore, by Repentance, thou prepare
Thine humbled heart: if that, in hearty Prayer,
Thou stretch thine hands vnto his Throne aboue:
Though thou haue sinn'd; if Thou thy Sin remoue:
If Thou remoue it, and permit no more
Iniquity to dwell within thy Doore:
Then shalt Thou, doubtlesse, free from Fault & Fear,
Settled and safe, thy Face againe vprear:
Then shalt thou sure forget thy Misery;
Or, but esteem it as a Streame past by:
Then shall thy Daies be, then the Noon more bright;
And Thou shalt shine, as Morning after Night:

Then

Then shalt thou rest secure and confident,
Hopefull, and Happy, in thy proper Tent,
In thine owne Dwelling: where, for Eminence,
Sutors shall flock, with seemly Reuerence.
But, as for stubborne, wilfull Wicked-ones,
That still run-on in their Rebellions,
Their Helps shall faile, and all their Hap shall fall;
And as a Ghasp, their Hopes shall vanish all.

Cap. 12 Then said the *Hustiew*: You, vndoubtedly,
You are the Men: Wisdom with you must dy;
Yet (would yee know it) somwhat know I, too;
I vnderstand perhaps as well as you.
Nor will I yeeld you in this Iarre a lot:
VVhat you haue vrg'd I know: and Who doth not?
Yee say, I lie; yee tell me, that I mock:
But I am made my Fellowes Laughing-stock:
Who calls on GOD, and whom He heareth prest,
Th' Vpright and Iust (indeed) is made a Iest:
And He that's going downe (in state forlorne)
Like dying Lamp, is to the Rich a Scorne;
VVhile (for the most) Oppressors prosper, sure;
And God-prouokers, safely and secure,
Haue in their hand (GOD in their hand hath put)
The Horne of Plenty, them at will to glut.

Aske

Aske but the Beasts: inquire of Earth, or Sea;
Or Fowles, or Fish: for, which is it of These,
But knowes, and showes, & plainly tells thee This;
That GOD 's their Maker: and of All that is:
That in His hand's the Life of all that liues:
That He alone, to All Men, Breathing giues.
Doth not the Eare try Speeches (bad or good)?
And, for it Selfe, the Palate taste the food?
So, Wisedom should be to the Many-year'd;
And Vnderstanding to the Hoary-hair'd.
With Him it is (with th' *Ancient of Dayes*)
With Him is Counsaile, Wisedom, Power, & Praise:
Lo, He destroyes, and no man can restore:
Whom He shuts-vp, can be let out no more:
He stops the Streams; then dry they vp and shrink;
He sends them forth; then all the Earth they sink.
With Him is Strength: with Him is All that is:
Who erreth, & Who maketh erre, are His:
He doth distract the Counsailors of State:
He makes the Iudges as infatuate:
He breaks the Bonds of Kings Imperiall Awe;
And brings Them bounden vnder Others Law:
He leads the Princes as a Captiue prey:
Dismounts the Mightie; and, with strange disnay,

He dulls the Learned, dumbs the Eloquent,
And reaues the Iudgement of the Ancient:
He poures contempt vpon the Noble-born:
He ſtrips the Strong: He leaues the Stout forlorn:
He deepeſt Secrets ſoone diſcouereth:
He brings to light the darkeſt ſhades of Death:
He multiplieth People; and He mowes
Them down again (by Famin, Plague, or Blowes):
He ſends them forth in *Colonies* to ſpread;
And brings them back (by wrack, lack, ſack, or dread):
He reaues the hearts of thoſe that rule the Earth,
And makes thē roam throgh Deſert ſands of Dearth,
Where None go by; They gropeas in the Dark;
They haue no Light, no Sight; no certain Mark;
They ſtray; they ſtumble; to & fro they wheel:
And He, He makes Them, Drunkard-like, to reel.

Cap. 13. AL This mine eies haue ſeen, mine ears haue heard:
All This my heart hath weigh'd, & wel conferd.
So that, in This, what you haue known, I knew;
And am not Herein to giue place to You.
But, as You wiſh, I alſo wiſh: O! would
Th'Almighty pleas'd that I might be ſo bold
(In his own Preſence, at his Bar to ſtand)
To plead with Him the Cauſe I haue in hand.

For,

For, You, indeed, are too Sophisticall:
Silly Physicians, for my Sicknes, all.
O! that you therefore had still held you mute:
So might you still haue held a wise Repute.
But, list you now vnto my Arguing:
Mark well my Reasons, & the Proofes I bring.
Will You speak falsly for th'Almighty Lord?
Will you for Him pronounce a Guileful word?
Will you be partiall for His persons sake?
Will you for Him, with Cauils vnder-take?
Shall it auaile you? will He con you Thank
At his great *Audit*, for this double Prank?
(Or, ween you, smoothing, these Deceits to smother?
Or, but to mock Him, as one Man another)?
No: you shal know, He wil not brook, nor bear it,
But chide you sharp; how-euer secret were it.
Shall not the brightnes of His Face affray you?
His Maiestie with awefull Rayes dismay you,
Meer Earth & Ashes (daring thus to play)
Your Best but Dust: your rest but Durt & Clay?
Hold you your tongues: no more your silence break:
But (at my Perill) giue Me leau: to speak.
Why should I teare me (as one out of Sense)
With mine own Teeth? or doe Selfe-Violence?

No: ſhould He ſlay me, I would hope againe
(Though in his ſight I ſtill my right maintaine)
For, He himſelfe will ſaue and doe me right;
And cleere mee from your doome of Hypocrite:
Sith, in His preſence Such can haue no place,
Nor hope ſuch help of His aſſiſting Grace.
Giue therefore eare vnto my words; & waigh
VVith due regard what I ſhall truly ſay.

Lo, heere I ſtand, as ready to be try'd
(And well I knowe I ſhall be iuſtifi'd)
Come, who will charge me, & oppoſe my Pleas
(Alas! I die, if now I hold my peace)
Onely, but ſpare me in Two things: with-drawe
Thy heauie hand; vvith-hold thy glorious Awe
From frighting me: then, from before thy face
I ſhall not hide me; nor betray my Caſe:
Then, at thy choiſe, be in this Cauſe dependant
(I am indifferent) *Plaintif*, or *Defendant*.

What? and How-many are my Sins (pretended)?
Shew me Wherein, and How, I haue offended,
That Thou ſhould'ſt ſhun, & turn thee from me ſo;
And handle me as thy moſt hated Foe.
Dooſt Thou vouchſafe a witherd Leafe to cruſh?
Againſt dry Stubble dooſt Thou daign to ruſh?

That

That in so bitter and seuere a stile
Thou dooſt indight mee: and recite (the while)
My ſinnes of Youth (them re-recording freſh,
VVith th'Heritage *inherent* vnto Fleſh):
And putt'ſt my feet into the Stocks ſo ſtrait;
VVæcheſt my Waies, and at my heeles dooſt wait,
To finde ſome hole in my fore-acted Life
(Scourging mine Errors with thy Terrors rife)
VVhile, rotten-like, it waſteth, as a Cloth
Grown full of holes, & eaten by the Moth.

MAn, born of Man's & Womans loynes, alas! *Cap.14.*
Hath but few dayes, & thoſe ful ſad, to paſs:
Much like a Flower he ſhooteth vp; and fades,
Quickly cut downe: he vaniſheth, as Shades;
Of no continuance [here]. Yet, doſt Thou daign
To frowne at Such? & ſtriue with Me, ſo vaine?
Who, from Pollution, can pure thing extract?
O! there is None; none that is ſo exact.
Sith then his dayes Thou haſt determined;
Sith that his Months with thee be numbered;
Sith Thou haſt ſet the certain Time he has
(To Him vncertain) which He cannot paſs:
Forbeare awhile, & from him looke away,
Till (as the Hireling) he hath done his Day.

For, though a Tree be felled; from the Root,
Yet is there hope that Branches will re-shoot;
Though in the Earth the Root be old and dry,
Though on the Earth the Trunk as dead do lie;
Yet, by the Sent of the neer-winding Flood,
It will reuiue, and as a Plant, re-bud:
But Man (man's Body from his Soule bereft)
Man down & dead; O! what of Him is left?
Sith, as Sea-waters past, re-passe no more;
As Riuers, dry'd, return not to their Shore:
Man, Dead-asleep, shall neuer wake again;
Nor neuer rise, till Heav'n no more remain.

O! wert thou pleas'd, me in my Graue to hide,
Vntill thy Wrath were past and pacifi'd!
Or that there were some Time, or Term assign'd me,
When Thou wilt cease; & in thy Mercy mind me!
Or, shall a Man *neer* dead, *heer* liue again;
Still liuing-dying in continuall Pain?
And shall I still, in this distressed state,
Wait, all the Dayes of mine appointed Date,
Vntill my Change (my *Renouation*) come?
When Thou shalt call me: nor shal I be dumb,
But answer thee: Then, then Thou wilt approue
That Thou the Works of thine own hands doost loue;

Though

Though now my ſteps thou numbreſt ſo exact;
Not'ſt all my Sins, & ſeem'ſt them to haue packt
As in a Bagge, ſafe ſealed; yea, to add
New Treſpaſſes vnto the old, I had.
So that, as Mountains, mouldring, down do ſink;
As from their places ſhiuer'd Rocks do ſhrink:
As waters break the Stones; as Showres ſurround
The duſty Earth; Thou dooſt Man's hope cõfound;
And tryumph'ſt euer ouer Him, deiected;
Transform'd in Face, as from thy Face reiected.
Nor knoweth He, whether his deer Poſteritie
Shall poorely fare, or flouriſh in Proſperitie:
But, while his Soule his Body beares about,
That, ſhall haue Woe within; & This, without.

The

Cap.15. TO This of His (so hot and vehement)
Thus *Eliphas* (in the same Element):
Should one so wise (as thou dooſt vaunt thee heere)
Diſcourſe ſo vainly? bring ſuch idle geare?
Vent from the Centre of a ſwelling breſt
As noyſome Gales, as the vnholſome Eaſt?
Trifle the Time [about I wot not what]
In idle and vnprofitable chat?
Nay: nullifie Religious Feare and *Pietie*,
Not praying to, but pleading with the *Deitie*?
VVhich thine own mouth hath witneſt too-too-far,
VVith ſubtile Cauils of a Sophiſter.
Yea, thine own mouth (not mine) ſhall thee cõuince:
Againſt thy Selfe thy lippes giue Euidence.
Why Man! wert Thou the firſt man on the earth?
Or, wert Thou born before the Hills had birth?
Haſt Thou alone G o D 's Secret vnderſtood?
And haſt Thou onely VViſedom, in thy Hood?
VVhat is't Thou knoweſt, that We haue not kend?
VVhat vnderſtand'ſt Thou, but VVe comprehend?
There are of Vs as old as Thou; or rather,
Some (I ſuppoſe) more antient then Thy Father:

And

And dooſt Thou ſlight our Comforts (godly ſent)?
Or haſt Thou of thine Owne more excellent?
Why doth thy heart, and whither, thee tranſport?
Why dooſt thou cloſe thine eyes? that in this ſort
Thy Spirit turnes (ſhall I ſay ſpurns?) at GOD:
And from thy Lips ſpets words ſo bold and broad?
O! What is Man, that He ſhould clean exiſt?
Or Womans Son, that He ſhould Iuſt perſiſt?
Behold, He found, his Angels ſtood not ſute:
Neither, the Heauens, in His pure ſight, are pure:
Then, How-much-more, before Him, filthy ſtinks
Stock-ſtained Man, who Sin, as Water, drinks?
I'll therfore ſhew the (hark, and marke me well)
What I haue ſeen; I will declare and tell
What, from their Elders, Sages yerſt haue know'n,
And to their Heires ſucceſſiuely haue ſhow'n,
Such as, indeed, haue had the Helm in hand,
To ſteer their Owne, and Strangers to with-ſtand.
The Wicked Man's in-labour, all his Life;
In bitter Pains, in Pangs, and Paſſions rife:
Number of yeares are ſeldome His, to ſumme:
A Sound of Feares ſtill in His eares doth humme:
Or, if at all He ſeem in eaſe to ſwim;
The ſwift Deſtroyer ſhall ſoon ſeize on him,

Hap-

Hap-less, and Hope-less euer to recouer:
Seeing the Sword, him euer hanging ouer.
Needy, indeed; or greedy still of more
(Pining in Plenty, staruing in his Store)
He wanders, seeking of his Bread about;
In dread of Want; of a Black Day, in doubt:
Trouble and Anguish shall him deep affright;
As royall Armies ready for the Fight.
For, He hath stretched his proud hand at Heav'n;
And stubbornly hath with th' Almighty striv'n,
Running at Him, tusning vpon his Neck;
Yea, on the Bosses of his Shield so thick:
Because his Fat, his full broad Face doth couer;
And lardie Collops on his sides hang ouer;
And dwels in Houses, rather Townes of late,
(By Him) dis-patron'd and depopulate;
By Him, re-built, re-gilt, re-gloft, re-glas'd;
By Him, re-*Named* (ready to be ras'd).
Yet, shall not He be Rich; nor in Prosperity
Persist; nor leaue Possession to Posterity:
Nor, out of Darknes euer get shall He;
Nor euer other then inglorious be:
His Branch shall wither, and with Flame be wasted:
Him Self shal, sodain, with GOD's Breath be blasted.

Then

Then, let not (hard-beleeuing haut Humanity)
O! let not the Deceiued trust in Vanity.
For, Vanity shall be his Recompence:
Before his Time shall he be snatched hence:
His Spring shall neuer sprout, his Flowers shall fall,
His Fruit, yet ripe, shall be off-shaken all
(As Grapes and Oliues, with vntimely Frost)
The Lord shal shake them, and they shall be lost.
For, th' Hypocrites Dissembling Congregation,
Shall be dispersst, and brought to Desolation:
And sodainly shal Fire consume the Tents
Of *Briberie*, with all their Instruments.
For, They conceiue but Mischiefe; breed but Guile,
And bring forth vain Iniquitie the while.
HE pausing heer, IOB Thus replies him, sad: *Cap.16*
Yet more of This? This haue we often had.
You are indeed a sort of Visiters;
A Crew of cold and wretched Comforters.
Shall idle, addle, aiery, Words surcease?
Or what doth make thee dare to dwel on these?
Could I, as you, if you were in my Case,
And I in yours; your Soule in my Soules place:
Could I, against you, words haue multipl'ed?
Insulted on you? at you, shook my head?

No: I ſhould rather haue raught you Reliefe,
And with my ſpeeches haue aſſwag'd your Griefe.
But, though I plain, my Griefe's not mitigated;
Either, forbeare I, What is it abated?
For, He hath wearied me: Yea, Lord, Thou haſt
Spoild me of All: and laid me wholly waſt:
The wrinkled Furrowes, on my Brow and Back
(Bare skin and bone) bear witneſſe of my Wrack.
My Foe's fell wrath hath raakt and rent me ſore:
He ſtriues againſt me; and ſtill angry more,
More eager ſtill, gnaſheth his Teeth vpon me;
And with his eyes keen flaſhing frowneth on-me.
My Friends (alas!) they laugh at me the while,
They buffet me, and bitterly reuile;
They gape vpon me, and together gather,
Not to relieue me, but to grieue me, rather.
Thus hath GOD hemm'd me with vngodly Bands,
And turnd me ouer into Wicked hands.
I was at eaſe; When by the Neck he took-me,
Brake me a-ſunder, and to ſhiuers ſhook me:
And (whether for Diſport or for Deſpite)
Made me his Butte, and ſet me as his White.
His cunning Archers do beſet me round:
He cleaues my Reines; and ruth-leſs, on the ground
Poures

Poures-out my Gall: with doubled Blowes he crushes,
And Giant-like, vpon me fiercely rushes.
I haue in Sack-cloth sadly sow'd my Skin,
In Dust and Ashes haue I humbled bin,
I haue (alas!) besmeard my Face with Teares,
On mine Eie-lids Death's Shade hath swom, in Fears:
For no foule Sin; neither, for Fashions sake,
To seem a *Saint*: pure Prayers did I make,
Pure and Sincere; else, neuer may they come
In Heau'n, to haue either regard or roome.
Neither, O! Earth! if euer Blood I shed,
O! let it not by Thee be couered.
But, lo, my Witnesse is in Heav'n aboue;
My Record there, my Conscience to approue.
My Friends contemne me, and condemne me too:
But, droun'd in Teares, to GOD appeal I doo.
O! that one might (as Man with Man, in Sute)
That Neighbor-like, one might with GOD dispute.
For, the few Daies of my set Number gone,
I goe the Way, from whence Returne is none.
MY Spirit's spent: my Daies are don (& leaue me) *Cap. 17*
The Graue's already ready to receiue me.
Yet are there with me none but those that mock me:
Doth not mine eye still see them still prouoke me?

But,

But, put me in a Surety, giue me Pledge,
To anſwer me what I ſhall then alleadge.
Who 'll vndertake it? Who will giue his hand,
That to the Triall Thou wilt daign to ſtand?
Sith Thou, O Lord, Their hearts haſt hidden quight,
From Vnderſtanding, and from iudging right;
And therefore wilt not, for their Arrogance,
Admit of them, nor them ſo high aduance.
Not, that I would, they ſhold haue ſooth'd me nei-
For ſuch ſhal periſh, and their Seed together. (ther:
But, to the Vulgar I am made a Song,
A Tale, a Tabret vnto euery Tongue
(Through grief whereof, mine Eye decaies & dims;
And as a Shadowe are my other Limbs):
The better ſort, amazed at my Plight,
The Innocent, iudge me an Hypocrite.
Yet, ſhall the Righteous ſtill hold on his Courſe;
And the Sincere ſhall ſtill adde force to force.
Therefore, my Friends, returne, recant, re-call
Your hard Opinions, and mis-Cenſures, all:
For, of you all, not one Wiſe man I finde;
Nor fit *Phyſician* for a troubled minde.
My Daies are paſt; and my Deſſignes vndon;
Yea, euen my Hopes (my hearts Poſſeſſions) gon:
My

My Noon (alas!) is changed into Night;
Small ods there is twixt Darknesse and my Light.
What can I looke for, but among the Dead
To make my House? to haue my Graue for Bed?
For, to Corruption, thus aloud I call;
Thou art my Father: to the Worms that crawl,
You are my Mother, and my Sisters, all.
Where's then my Hope? How shal that Hap appeer,
Which you yer-while did so re-promise, heer?
Those things, with me, shall downe into the Deep;
And, with my Dust, amid the Dust shall sleep.
THen said the *Shuhite*: Will you neuer cease *Cap.*18
Your tedious Talking? Neuer hold your peace?
Forbeare a while; giue eare a little now:
Obserue our Speech, and we will answer you.
But, why, as Beasts are we vpbraided thus?
And why so basely doe you count of vs?
He, rather seems to be besides his Sense,
That wounds him Selfe in his Impatience.
Why? Shall the Earth, for Thy sake be forsaken?
The Rocks remou'd? and solid Hils be shaken?
No, no: The Light of Wicked-ones shall out:
His Fiery Sparkle shall not shine about:
Within his Doores shall Darknes be for Light:
With Him, his Candle shall be quenched quight:

His Strength shall faile him (or be fatall to-him):
His Counsels cast him; His owne Wit vndoo-him:
For, his owne Feet shall bring him to the Net;
And willingly vpon the Gin shall iet:
Him, by the heele the subtill Snare shall catch:
Him, shall the Theeues and Robbers ouer-match:
For him are laid the Meshes of Mis-hap;
Traines on the ground, and in his wayes a Trap:
Him, on all sides, sad Terrors shall affright;
And sudden driue him to his Feet, to flight:
His plentious Store shall Famine soon deuoure:
Destruction's Sword shall hunt-him euery-hower,
Consume his Sinewes, and vn-bar his Skin:
And Pestilence (Death's Heire) shall rage within.
His Hope shall hop without his expectation:
His Confidence shall from his Habitation
Be rooted out, and razed (as it were)
And bring him downe to the drad King of Feare;
Who aye shall dwell within His Tabernacle,
(Because not His, not his owne Habitacle):
Some secret Flame, som Flash, som Sulphury showes,
Shall sudden spred amid his cursed Bower:
His Roots belowe shall rot amid the Clay;
His Boughes aboue be cut and cast away:

His

His Memorie shall perish from the Earth;
His Name heer nameless (as before his Birth)
He shal be driv'n to Darknes, from the Light:
And forth the World he shall be hunted quight.
Nor Sonne, nor Nephew shall he leaue behind;
Nor in his Houses any of his Kind.
So that, the Ages, present, and to come,
Shall stand amazed at his dismall Doome.
And This is sure the Lot, the beanie Load
Of VVicked-ones, that fear not, know not, GOD.

IOB then reply'd: Alas! how long will Yee
Torment my Soule, with words; & torture Mee? Cap. 19.
Ten times ye haue, with too obdurate minde,
Reproacht mee This: vnciuill and vnkind.
But, put the Case, that I haue sinn'd, indeed:
Must not I beare it? Then (alas!) what need
You load me more; and magnifie your wit,
To amplifie my Guilt, and Griefe of it?
Seeing you see that GOD hath cast me downe,
And with his Net hath compassed me round.
Lo, I cry-out of wrong & violence;
Aloud I cry; yet haue no Audience.
Nor Ease at all: He hath so hedg'd my VVay,
I cannot passe: My Paths, in stead of Day,

Are Darke beset: He hath my glorie reft;
And from my head He hath the Crowne bereft:
He hath destroy'd me, euery-way vndone:
My Hope, renoued (as a Tree) is gone:
And more, His Wrath against me fiercely fryes;
He reckons Me among his Enemies:
His Troupes assembled, march against Me, egre;
And, round about, my feeble Tent beleguer:
He hath dispersst my Brethren from me farre;
To Me, my Kindred as meer Strangers are;
My Neighbors flie me; my Familiar Frend
Hath now forgot me (as it neuer kend):
Nay: mine own Household; Men, Maid-seruants, all;
Count me a Stranger, care not for my Call,
Nor will come at me; though I speak them faire:
Nay: to mine own Wife (for the noisome aire)
My Breath is strange, though I beseech her, sad,
By those deer Pledges wee together had.
The Basest scorn me; and when vp I rise,
They spew their Spight in bitter Obloquies.
Mine Intime-most, Those that I loued best,
Abhor mee All, and me the most molest.
My Bones, in sted of Flesh, cleaue to my skin;
And that not sound, saue what my Teeth grow in.

Then,

Then pitty me, ô pitty me, my Frends;
Sith GOD on me his heauie hand extends:
Ah! Why do you yet persecute me, rough,
As GOD? Alas! hath not my Flesh enough?
O! that my words (the words I now assuer)
Were writ, were printed, & (to last for-euer)
Were grav'n in Marble with an Iron pen
With Lead in-yoated (to fill vp agen).
I surely knowe that my Redeemer liueth:
And that He shall (This firm my Faith beliueth.)
In th'End of Time, return: & rise from Dust
(The First & Last) to iudge and saue the Iust:
And, that, I shall, when worms haue eat This Clod,
I shall awake, & in my flesh see GOD:
Yea: I shall see him with These Eyes of mine,
And with none else: though Now in Paines I pine.
The rather, therfore should you now retract,
And Thus Your-selues discreetly now correct:
Why persecute We Him? Why hate Him, Wee?
Sith This Foundation is thus fixt in Mee.
Then, be you warn'd: beware, & fear the Sword:
For Wickednes & Cruelty [in word]
Incenseth Wrath: Know, there shal Iudgment come,
To doom them right, who Others (rash) misdoom.

Cap.20 SCarce had He done, when the *Naamathite*
Replyes him Thus: Therefore my thoughts in-
My suddain Answer: therfore, am I spurr'd (cite
(Regarding light thy sharp and shamefull Guird)
VVith speed to speake vnto the Point in hand,
VVhat I conceiue, & rightly vnderstand.
Know'st thou not This of old, through euery Age
Since first on Earth began Man's Pilgrimage;
That the tryumphing of the Wicked Sort,
The Ioy of th' *Hypocrite* is euer short.
Although to Heav'n hee mount his glorious Top,
Though to the Clowds his head he lifted vp;
Yet shall he perish, as his dung, for aye:
And who hath seen them, shal ask, VVhere are they?
As Dreames forgotten, shall he take his flight;
Yea, shas'l away, as Visions of the Night:
Th'Eye that hath seen him, shal not see him twise,
Nor shall his Places him againe reuise.
His Children shall be fawning on the Poore;
And His Extortions shall to them restore:
His Bones are full of his Youth's sranes (his Lust)
VVhich shall not leaue him till he lie in dust:
Though to his Taste his Sin be passing (sweet,
Though vnder-neath his Tongue he couer it,

Though

Though there he spare it, and not spet it out,
Though on his Palate still it roule about;
Yet is his Meat turnd, in his Bowells, all;
And is, within him, as the *Aspic*'s Gall:
H' hath swallow'd Wealth, but GOD shall make him
To spue it out, to cast it vp againe: (fain
He shall the *Aspic*'s direfull Poison suck:
VVith Viperstongues he shall be deadly stuck:
He shall not see the Oylie Rivers Currents,
Nor Brooks of Butter, nor the Honny Torrents:
His Labour never shall regain his Losse:
He shal restore whom he before did crosse;
The Restitution shal be all his state;
He never shall digest, nor ioy thereat:
Because the Poore he crushed, and forsook;
And Others Houses violently took,
Sure he shall haue no quiet Calm within;
VVithout, no Store of what he ioyeth in,
There shal be no Remainder of his meat;
And his Reuersions none shal wait to eat:
Nay: in his Ruffe, and at his Greatest Height,
He shal be stocked in full many a Strait:
Continuall Hazards shal him round euring;
Each spightfull hand shall haue at him a fling:

VVhen he is readie for his rich Repast,
On Him will GOD his fierie Furie cast;
Amid his Feasts his dread Displeasure thrilling,
In stead of Food, his brest with horror filling.
If he escape the Sword; from Bowes of steel
Steel-headed Arrowes shal him thorough thrill:
The naked Swords bright-shining terror shall
Peep through his Bosom, creep throgh guts & gall.
Horrors shal haunt him: and so, hard-bestid,
From hiding him, all Darknes shall be hid.
A Fire vnblow'n him suddain shall consume;
And woe to them that tarry in his Roome:
Heav'n shall discouer his Iniquities,
And Earth for witnesse shall against him rise;
All his Reuenewes, all his state, and stay,
Shall flowe to Others, in his Wrathful Day.
This is the Portion of the Wicked: This
His Heritage by GOD appointed is.

Cap. 21 SO. Zophar ceast. Then IOB reply'd: I pray
Heare heedfully what Now I haue to say:
Be this the Comfort you vouchsafe, alone;
Let Me but speak; and afterwards, mock on.
Doe I complain; or make my moan to Man?
Why doe you crosse, or interrupt me, than?

If

If I haue cause of Griefe, should not my spirit
Be moou'd withall? Can Flesh & Bloud forbear it?
Behold me well; & be withall dismay'd:
And let your hand vpon your mouth be layd.
Thought of the like (else-where) would me affright,
And daunt my Flesh: How then, my present sight?
How comes it, that the Wicked liue, liue long;
Grow Rich, grow Great; wex Eminent, & Strong?
They see their Children, & Grand-children, rise
Setled about them: In their House, no Strife;
No Feare; no Foe: They feele not any Rod,
No stripe, no stroak, of the drad hand of GOD.
Their Bullock genders, and proues euer fit:
Their Heifer calues, & neuer casteth it:
Their Little ones, like Lambkins send they out;
Their Stripplings play & skip, & dance about;
They tune their Voice to sweetest Instruments,
Harp, Pipe & Tabret; to delight their sense:
In Wealth & Health They liue; scarce, euer, sick
Of long Disease; but to their Graues go quick.
Yet These are Those, that to th'Almighty say;
Depart from vs; we will not learn thy Way:
Who is the Lord? that we should Him obey.
What should we profit, if to Him we pray?

They

They haue not sure the power in their Own hand,
To get and keep their Wealth at their Command.
Be therefore fare, be euer fare from Mee,
Their Works, & Words, & Thoughts Impietie:
Fare be their Counsailes: far be all their VVaies:
And fare the Peace of their so prosperous Dayes.

And yet, how often, is their Lamp put-out?
How often, are They compassed about
VVith swift Destruction? In his Furie strict,
How oft, doth GOD Their Paiment here inflict?
How oft, as Straw before the winde, are They,
And as the Chaff with Tempest whist away?
How oft, doth GOD, in the Vngodly's sight,
For Their own Guilt, their own deere Issue smite?
Or, let Themselues heer see themselues vndone;
Drinking the hot Wrath of th'Almighty-one?
For, what is it to Them? or what care They
(Their Months cut off; Their mouths once stopt with (clay)
What hap their house, what hazard follow shall:
VVhat Weale or Woe, vnto their Heires befall?

But herein, who GOD's Wisedom shall impeach?
Or, who shall, Him, that rules the highest, teach?
One dies at ease, in Strength's perfection growing;
His Brests with Milk, his Bones with Marrow flowing.

Another

Another dies in Anguish of his Spirit;
And neuer did good Day or Night inherit:
Both, are, alike, laid in the Dust together;
And Wormes, alike, doo case and couer Either.
Lo, I conceiue your mis-conceipts, from hence;
Your mis-collections, and your wrested Sense:
For, Where (say ye) Where's now the Princes Court?
And Where the Palace of the wicked sort?
Haue ye not asked those that trauaile by?
And doe ye yet, can ye, Their Marks deny?
That (for the most) the Wicked most are spared,
Reprieued heer, till That dread Day prepared
For dire Destruction: and then (for their Errors)
Shall be brought-forth, in That *great Day* of Terrors.
For, Heer so Mighty and so Great they are;
Who, to their face shall their Offence declare?
Who dares disclose it? Who shall prosecute?
And their due Sentence Who shall execute?
Nay (notwithstanding) to their Grave in peace
They passe, with Pompe of solemne Obsequies;
Accompany'd, attended (in their kinde)
With Mourning Troupes, before them and behinde:
Entomb'd among their Ancestors: and rest
In gloomie Vales, as happy as the Best:

How

How do You, then, Me comfort, or confute;
While vainly thus, and falsly you dispute?

The third Book.

Cap. 22 TH' old *Themenite*, as mou'd withall, replies:
Can Man, to GOD (as to Him-selfe, the Wise)
Be profitable? Any pleasure is't
Vnto the Lord, if Righteous Thou persist?
If Thou be iust, if perfect, and vpright;
Is GOD the better? Gaines th' Almighty by't?
For feare of Thee, will He reproue thee (strict)
Enter in Iudgement, and thee thus afflict?
Is not thy Sin great and thy Wickednesse;
And infinite thy foule Vnrighteousnesse? (thing
Yes: Thou hast ta'en thy Brothers Pledge for no
And stripped euen the Naked of their Clothing:
Thou hast not giuen the wearie Drink, at need;
Nor to the Hungry, wherewithall to feed:
The Eminent and Mighty had their fill:
They held the Earth, and swayd thee at their will:
But silly Widowes hast thou empty packt;
And th' armes of Orphans haue bin crusht and cracht.

Then

Thepee is it, now, that Snares beset thee round,
And sodain Feares thee trouble and confound:
Or a black Darknes that thou canst not see;
And a huge Deluge that ore-whelmeth thee.
Is not the Lord in th' High *Empyreal* Blisse?
Behold the Stars, how high their Distance is:
And then (saist Thou) What can th' Almighty mark?
How iudgeth He? What sees he through the Dark?
Clowds couer Him from spying so far hence:
He walketh in the Heav'ns Circumference.
But, hast not Thou obseru'd the ancient Track
The Wicked trod, to their vntimely Wrack;
Who, quick cut downe, supplanted where they stood,
Had their Foundations swallowed with the Flood?
Who said to GOD, Depart from vs; and thought,
What can th' Almighty doo to vs, in ought.
Yet, with good things He fill'd their habitations.
But, farre from me be their Iomaginations.
This see the Righteous; safe the while, and glad:
And laugh at them, in their Destruction sad.
For, We shall stand; our Substance not decay:
But their Remainder shall the Fire destroy.
Therefore, acquaint thee (and that quickly too)
With GOD; make peace: & Thou right wel shalt doo

Receiue

Receiue (I pray thee) from his mouth Direction;
And in thy heart, lay-vp his Words instruction.
If, to th' Almighty, Thou at-once returne;
Thou shalt be built-vp: and shalt bravely spurne
Iniquity farre from thy Selfe away;
And from thy Dwellings put it farre, for aye.
Then, as the Dust thou shalt haue Gold, at will;
Pure *Ophyr* Gold, as Pebbles of the Rill:
Yea, the Almighty Thy defence shall be:
And store of Siluer shall be still with Thee.
For, in the Lord thy Pleasure shalt thou place;
And vnto Him shalt thou lift vp thy Face:
Him shalt Thou pray-to; He shall heare thy Layes,
And grant thy Sute; and Thou return him Praise:
Thou shalt decree, and He shall make it good,
(So thy good Purpose shall not be withstood):
And on Thy Wayes, and in all Works of Thine,
His Light of Grace (and glory too) shall shine.
Nay: when-as Others (as thy selfe art now)
Shall be cast downe; re-comfort them shalt Thou,
And Thou re-cheer them: Yet, yet may you rise;
For, GOD *will saue such as haue humbled eyes.*
Yea: on the Noxious will he pitie take,
For th' Innocent; and spare them for thy sake.

Then

THen answered IOB: Tho to this Day my mone Cap. 23
Right bitter be, my Griefe exceeds my Groues:
How is it then, that I, as yet, am held,
For having plain'd, as if I had rebeld?
O! that I knew, that some would shew me, Where
I might goe find my Souerain Arbitrer.
That I might speedy vnto him repaire;
And euen approach to His Tribunall Chaire.
I would before Him pled my iust Defence,
And fill my Mouth with pregnant Arguments.
Then would I know what should His Answer be:
And vnderstand what He would say to me.
Would He oppose me with His Power diuine?
No: rather would He steele and strengthen mine.
There might the Iust in his iust Plea proceed:
And I should euer from my Iudge be freed.
But, Whether to the West I take my way;
Or, to the pearely Portall of the Day;
Or, to the Norward, where he worketh rife;
Or, to the South, the Cell of blustering-strife:
Whether I looke before me, or behind;
On This, or That side: Him I cannot find.
Yet, knowes He well my Way: and hath me try'd:
And I, like Gold, shall come forth purified.

My

My Foot hath walked in His steps: His Way
Haue I obserued; and not gon astray:
Nor haue I started from His Precepts set,
But priz'd them more then my appointed Meat.
Yet, He persisteth in one purpose still.
Who can diuert him? He doth what he will;
And will performe what is of me decreed.
And many such things are with Him, indeed.
Therefore, before Him, am I wonder-smit;
Affraid of Him, when I consider it.
For, GOD hath suppled and made soft my heart,
And deep perplext me in my inward part;
Because my Languors neither end, nor I:
Nor can I see, nor sound the Reason, Why.

Cap. 24 BVt, can it be (How can it other be?)
But that the Times of the Diuine Decree,
(Concerning Iudgements more or lesse seuere;
When, Why, and Who, and How, & What, & Where
Hidden with GOD, and hidden from his Owne;
Should to the World, and wicked be vnknowne?
They shift the Land-marks from their ancient seat:
They take by force mens Flocks, to feed, or eat:
They driue away the silly Orphans Asse:
They take for Pledge the Widowes Oxe (alas!):

They turn the Needy from their neereſt Way:
They make the Poor together hide them aye:
Lo, Like wilde Aſſes in the Wilderneſſe,
They ramp about their brutiſh Buſineſſe:
Riſing betimes for Boot (like Free-booters):
The Deſart Field yeelds Food for them and theirs.
They reap them Each a Crop, from Others Crop:
They gather Each a wicked Vintage vp:
They cauſe the Naked without Clothes to lie,
Quiuering for Cold, no Couering but the Skie;
Waſht with the Showers that frõ the Mountains ſhed;
Embracing Clifts, for Shelter; Rocks for Bed:
They Pluck the Pupil from the tender Breſt:
They take from Poor a Pawne of all their beſt:
They leaue them Naked; Nay, the Hungry ſoule
Euen of his Sheaf, and gleaned handfuls poule:
Yea; Labourers, that in Their ſeruice toile;
That tread their Wine-preſſe, & that make their Oile,
That trudge and drudge in their Affairs; in fine
They let them ſtarue, and euen for thirſt to pine.
The Citie grones vnder their Wicked Thrall:
Th' oppreſſed, ſlain, and wounded, cry, and call:
Yet, 'tis apparant (as the Sun is cleer)
GOD doth not alwaies ſmite (nor cite) them heer.

Yet,

Yet, These are Those that aye the Light abhor:
Know not her Way, nor keep, nor care it for:
The Murd'rer rises (early) yer the Light;
To kill the Poore: and robbeth (late) at Night:
Th' Adulterer's Eye doth for the Twy-light wait;
And, muffled, thinks, none sees my quaint Deceipt:
They (Burglars) digge through houses in the Dark,
Which, in the Day, they for their owne did mark.
But, Light they loath: Morning to Them is Death:
Death's Terror, Day; which all discouereth:
On Waters swim they light and swift, for Feat:
On Earth, as Vagrants, fly they heer and there,
(Their cursed portion) euery-where vndon:
By-waies they seek, and the High-waies they shun.
As Heat and Drought, dissolue & drink the Snow;
The wicked-one the Graue shall swallow so.
The Womb that bare him, shall him quite forget;
And, to the Worme he shall be wel-com Meat.
He shall, with Men, no more remembred be:
But broken-off, as is a withred Tree.
He weds the Barren that brings neuer forth;
And, if a Widowe, leaues her nothing-worth.
Yet, by his power, He drags the Mighty downe;
And none is safe, if He, in Fury frowne:

No;

No; though, with Presents, they his Patience buy;
And build on it; on Them he casts an eye.
Such, for a little, are aloft: Anon
As lowe as Others; as All others, gone:
Soone taken hence, shut-vp, cut-off, & shorn
As (with the Haile) the tufted eares of Corn.
If Thus it be not: Who will (I desire)
Disproue my Speech; and proue me now a Lyer.

TO This, the *Shuhite* answered shortly Thus: Cap. 25.
He is Almighty, Dradly-Glorious;
Whose Power imperiall, & All-humbling Awe,
Rules his High Places in most peacefull Law.
Is any number of His Armies known?
What Light so bright, but His hath ouer-shone?
How, then, may Man, with GOD, be iust defin'd?
Or, He be Clean, that's born of Woman-kind?
Behold, the Moon, before Him, is not bright:
Starres are not pure in his (All-piercing) sight.
Then, How-much-lesse? How-much-less Man (alas!)
The Son of Man: a Worm, a VVorthlesse Mass?

IOB, heervnto replyes incontinent: Cap. 26.
Well haue ye said; but, How impertinent!
How hast Thou holp the weak & feeble wight?
How fit defended him that hath no might?

How sweetly taught the simple and vnwise?
How full declar'd the Matter, as it lyes?
To Whom dooſt Thou this Speech of thine direct?
VVhat mooues thee to it? & to what effect?

For, I (for My part) know, that, Not alone,
Th' Eternall rules, on his ſupernall Throne
The things aboue, in their harmonious Courſe;
But heere belowe, the Better and the Worſe.

Beneath the Waters, dead things formed bin;
And, dumb (their owne Inhabitants) within:
Hell is not hid from Him: Deſtructions Caue,
From His inſpection, can no Couering haue.
He, th'ample Heav'ns ouer the Void extends:
He, vpon Nothing the ſad Earth ſuſpends:
Within his Clowdes He bottles vp the Rain,
Which with it weight tears not the Clowds in twain:
He hath in-bowd the fore-front of his Throne,
And ſpread his clowdy Canapey thereon:
He hath begirt the VVaters with a Liſt
Shall euer laſt, till Day and Night deſiſt.
The maſſie Pillers of the Pole doe ſhake
If He but chide; & at His check they quake.
He, by his Power, doth the deep Sea diuide:
His Prudence ſmites her in her felleſt pride:

He,

He, by his Spirit, the ſpangled Heav'ns hath dreſt
With glittering Signes; the Serpent, & the reſt.
Lo, Theſe are parcells of his VVaies ſuprem:
But, ô! How little doe VVe heare of Him!
Who can conceiue? Who vnderſtands the Thunders
Of His more ſecret, & moſt ſacred VVonders?

VVHile none repli'd, IOB grauely Thus goes on: Cap. 27.
As liues the Lord, th'Almighty *Holy-One*,
VVho ſeems a ſpace my *Verdict* to ſuppreſs,
Loading my Soule with brunts of Bitterneſs;
VVhile Breath is in me; till my Spirit, inſpir'd
By GOD, be gon, & from me quite exſpir'd;
My Lips ſhall ſpeak no wickednes, no wile;
Nor ſhall my Tongue deliuer any guile.
No; GOD forbid that I ſhould iuſtifie
Your raſh miſs-Iudgement. Mine Integritie
I'll not abandon, to my Dying-day:
Mine Innocence I neuer will betray:
My Righteouſnes ſtill will I faſt retain;
And, my cleer Conſcience while I liue, maintain.
But, as the VVicked, be mine Enemies:
Thoſe, as Vnrighteous, that againſt me riſe.
For, what's the Hope of th'hollow Hypocrite
(Though He haue heaped Treaſures infinite)

VVhen GOD shal take (in a disastrous Day)
His Land (his Life) his Goods (his Gods) away?
Will GOD regard, or heare his howling Cry,
VVhen He is compast with Calamitie?
Or, in th'Almighty can He comfort take?
Will He to GOD continuall Prayer make?
I 'll show you, how th'Almighty hand doth deale:
God's wonted Course I will not now conceale:
Nay; you your Selues, you all haue seen it too.
VVhy talk ye then thus vainly as yee doo?
This is, with GOD, the Portion & the Part
Of the Vngodly & the Cruell heart:
This heritage shall impious Tyrants haue
From the Almightie, This they shall receaue:
If many Children he shall leaue behind,
As many shall the Sword or Famine find:
Or, if that any in Remain be left;
They, by the Plague, shal, vnbewayl'd, be reft.
If He haue heaped Siluer, as the Dust;
And Clothes, as Clay; he may: but sure the Iust
Shall ioy his Siluer, & his Treasures share;
And weare his Ward-robe, how-so rich & rare.
If braue he build; it is but like the Moth
(On others ground, as that in others Cloth)

Soone

Soon dispossest: or, like a Watch-house, soon
To be set vp, and suddainly pull'd-down.
Such Rich, shall die; and lie without regard,
Vngather'd to his Fathers Toomb prepar'd:
Nothing of Him remains in Memorie:
He vanisheth in Twinkling of an eye.
Horrors shall seaze him, as a Floud, with Fright;
And as a Tempest, hurry him in the night.
An Eastern Storm him quite away shal chase;
And, as a Wairle-wind, hurle him from his place.
So pitulels, in wrathfull Iclousie,
(VVhile glad & fain he would his fingers flie)
VVil GOD pursue him; & Good men shal smile,
And clap their hands, & hiss at him, the while.
SVre, there are Mines & veinlings (vnder ground) Cap. 28
Whence Silver's fetcht, & wherin Gold is found:
Iron out of Earth, and out of Stone the Brass
Is melted down (into a purer mass).
Beyond the bounds of Darknes Man hath pry'd,
And th'Excellence of vnder-ground descry'd:
The rarest Stones, & richest Mineralls,
From deadly Damps & horrid Darks he hales:
And, if some Torrent come there rushing in
(Such as no Foot hath felt, no Eye hath seen)

He can reuert it, or diuert it, soon,
Without Impeachment to his VVork begun.
Earth's surface yeelds him Corn & Fruits, for food;
Her vnder-folds, some burning Sulphury flood:
Amid the Quarrs of Stone are Saphires store:
Among the Dust, the precious Golden Ore
(VVhere neuer Bird, before did Path discry,
VVhere neuer Vultur cast her greedy Eye,
VVhere sauage Whelps had neuer neuer trac't;
Nor furious Lion euer by had past):
On Cliffs of Adamant He layes his hands;
Their height & hardnes He at will commands;
Slents them with Sledges, crops their clowdy crown:
He, by the roots turns Mountains vp-side down:
To let out Rills, He cleaueth Rocks insunder:
His Eye perceiues all that is precious, vnder:
He binds the VVaters, that they shal not weep;
And diues for Riches in the deepest Deep.
All This, & more, hath Man. But where is found
That souerain VVisedom, sacred & profound?
That Vnderstanding of the VVaies diuine,
Of GOD's supream and secret Discipline?
Man knowes it not; nor kenns the worth of it:
It is not found in any liuing VVit.
The Deeps confess, the Sea acknowledgeth;

Tis not in Me; nor with Me; th'other saith.
Nor Gold, nor Siluer, nor all Gems that are,
Can purchase it, nor equall it by farre:
No wedge of *Ophir*, neuer so refin'd;
No *Aethiopian Topaze*, *Pearle of Inde*,
No precious *Onyx*, neither *Saphire* pure
(*Corall* and *Crystall* passe I, as obscure)
No *Carbuncle*, no *Diamant* so rare;
No One, nor All, with VVisedom may compare.
But, Whence is then, & Where is to be found
That sacred VVisedom, secret & profound?
Sith it is hidden from all humane Eyes;
And from the sight of euery Foule that flyes.
Death & Destruction; say; VVe of the same
Haue with our eares but onely heard the Fame?
GOD, GOD alone, doth vnderstand it Way;
And knowes the place where it abideth aye.
For, He, at once beholdeth All that is
In all the VVorld: All vnder Heav'n he sees,
To poize the Winds, & portion (at his pleasure)
Vnto the Waters their due weight & measure.
When for the Raine he stablisht a Decree,
And for the Thunder's Lightning Mutinie;
Then did Hee see it, and fore-see it fit:
He numbred, pondred, & prepared it:

And

And vnto Man This *Maxime* did apply;
GOD's Feare is Wisedom & from Sin to flie.

Cap. 29 IOB yet proceeded, & said furthermore,
O! were it with mee, as it was of yore,
In my fore-passed Months, my former Dayes,
When GOD presern'd me; when with gracious raies
His Lightfull Lamp reflected on my head,
Whereby I walkt through Darknes, void of Dread:
As in my younger times, when yet the Lord
Vouchsaf'd me Blessings of my Bed & Boord;
When yet the Lord was with me in my Tents,
And showred there his hidden Prouidence.
Whē, where I went, my waies were bath'd in Butter,
And Rocks about me Rills of Oile did gutter:
VVhen I had gon vnto the publique Gate
To take my place where all our Senate sate,
At sight of Me, would Young men hide them thence,
And th'Elder Iort stand vp, for reuerence:
Nobles were silent, if I present were;
And, if I spake, they turn'd their Tongue to Eare:
And th'Eare that heard me blessed me: & the Eye
That saw me, witnest mine Integritie.
For, I deliuered every Poore oppreft,
The Orphan & the Helpless I redreft:

He blessed me that was wel-neer vndon:
The Widowes heart I cheered: I put-on,
I put-on *Iustice*, as a seemly Gowne;
It was vnto me as a Robe and Crowne.
I, as an Eye vnto the Blind became;
And as a Foot, vnto the Halt and Lame:
A Father was I to the Poore: and where
The Case was Dark, I would discusse it Cleer.
I also brake th' Oppressors greedy Iawes,
And took the Prey out of his Teeth and Pawes.
Then thought I, sure, to die at home, in rest:
And said, I shall with long good Daies be blest.
For, by the Waters was my Root out-spred:
Vpon my Top Heav'ns nightly Deaw was shed:
My Wealth increast, mine Honour daily grew,
My Bowe of Health (my Strength) did still renew.
When I had spoken, euery Eare was prest
To giue me eare, and in my Counsels rest,
Without Reply: and as the Latter Rain
The thirstie Earth, my Words they entertain.
If I had laught, or smil'd on any, neer,
They took no notice, nor would change my Cheer.
I sate as Chief, I onely rul'd the roast,
Dwelt as a King amid an armed Hoast;

And

And, as a Man, amid a mourning Rout,
That, from his lips, pours liuely Comforts out.

Cap. 30 BVt now (alas!) My Puisnès Me deride:
The meanest mock me; Yea, and Those (beside)
Whose ragged Fathers I refus'd, to keep
My Shepheards Curs (much more to cure my Sheep)
For, to say truth, what Seruice could they doo,
So idle bred (both Young and Elder too)
Weakned with Sloath, and wicked Conuersation;
And waxen old, in wretched Desolation:
For Cold and Hunger wandring here and there,
With Mallowes fed, and roots of Iuniper:
Pursewd as Theeues, hunted from place to place
With *Hue* and *Cries*; and euer had in Chase;
And therefor fain, for Shelter's sake to creep
In Clifts and Caues; in Rocks and Dungeons deep:
Among the Thorns and Thickets roaring rife;
Wild Out-lawes, leading a most Beastiall life:
The Breed of Fooles, the Fry of basest birth,
Of name-lesse Men; indeed the Scums of Earth?
And yet, to Such am I now made a Song,
A Ballad and a By-word on their tongue:
Yea, These despise me, and despight me too:
Spet in my Face, and make no more adoo.

Because

Because the Lord my Bowe-string hath vnbent,
And slackt my Cord, therefore these insolent
Insulters Now loose and let-go the Raines
Of all Respect, vnto their lewd Disdaigns.
Now, very Boyes do take the Wall of me,
Trip at my Feet; and (in their Iollitie)
Mis-iudge my Life, and of me Rumors raise,
After their owne cruell and cursed Waies:
They mar my Path that I haue walked in,
Further my Woes, and haue no help therein:
As a wide Flood-breach they haue rushed on-me,
And with the Ruines haue roul'd-in vpon-me.
Terrors are turn'd vpon me, and pursew
My Life as Winde; my Weale, as Vapours flew:
Therefore my Soule, in sore Afflictions vext,
Is poured out, and inly deep perplext.
Daies dark and irksome haue vpon me seaz'd:
And in the Night (when Others most are eas'd)
My very Bones within me are oppreſt,
Nay, pierced through; my Sinnewes take no rest:
My strange Disease, with angry Violence
Of th' hot Impostumes loathsome Virulence,
Hath staind my Garments: &, with straining Dolor,
About my Neck it gripes me as a Coller.

Laid

Laid in the Dust, I roule the Mire among,
Becom'n, indeed, like Ashes, Durt, and Dung.
To Thee I cry, to Thee the while I call;
But, Lord, Thou hear'st not, nor dost heed at all.
Nay, Thou art also Cruel turn'd, to me;
With hot Assaults, as on an Enemie:
Thou lift'st me vp, (as in a Storm, the Stubble)
To ride a Whirle-winde, while (with Fear & Trouble)
I faint, and fall (dissolued, as it were)
In deadly wound, hurry'd I wot not where:
But well I wot, Thou soon wilt bring me home
To Death, the House where all that liue shall come;
Whither, thy Hand thou wilt no longer stretch;
And Whence, no Prayers boot, nor need, to fetch.
Did not I weep, for Others Wofulnes?
Was not my Soule grieu'd at the Poores Distresse?
When Good I lookt for, Euill came: when Light,
A dismall Darknes, worse then blackest Night.
My bowels boiled with continuall heat;
A troublous Time vpon me sodain set:
Not with the Sun, but Sorrow, black I turn'd:
Amid th' Assembly lowd I cry'd and mourn'd,
With hidious Noyse (for horrid Anguishes)
As kin to Dragons and to Ostriges.

My Harp is tuned to a heauie Tone;
My Musick turned to the voyce of Mone.
I Made a Couenant with my constant Eyes, Cap. 31
From gazing out on blazing Vanities:
(Hauing my Choise, wheron my thoughts were staid)
Why should I once mis-think vpon a Maid?
For, O! for such what Part, what Portion is
With GOD, aboue in th' Heritage of Blisse?
Nay: is there not Destruction still behinde,
Strange Punishment, for Wicked (of this kinde)?
Are not my Paths apparant vnto GOD?
Doth not He see and sum the Steps I trod?
If I haue walkt in Vanitie and Pride:
If vnto Fraud my Foot haue euer hy'd:
In his iust Balance let him waigh me right,
And he shall find me by his Beam vpright.
If that my Steps haue straid, or trod awry:
If that my Heart haue harkened to mine Eye:
If to my Hand haue cleaued any Spot:
If Blood or Bribes the same did euer Blot;
Then let me Sowe, and Others eat my Crop;
Yea, let my Plant be euer plucked-vp.
If euer Woman haue my heart beguil'd;
Or I laid wait t'haue Others Wife defil'd:

Let

Let mine again vnto Another grinde,
And me be punisht in my Sins owne kinde.
For This is sure a high and hainous Crime,
To be condemn'd and punisht in the prime:
Yea, 'tis a Fier, whose Fury would not cease,
But ruine all, and root out my Increase.
If euer I despis'd my Man, or Maid,
Debating with me, and them ouer-waid;
What shall I do? What Answer shall I make,
When GOD, as Iudge, their Cause shall vndertake?
Did not one Maker them and me create,
Of Matter like, in Manner like, and Fate?
If euer I delay'd the Poor's desire:
Or let the Widowes longing Hopes to tire:
Or euer eat my Morsells all alone,
And gaue the Orphan and the needy none:
(He hath been with me from my Child-hood bred
As with a Father: She, in Husband's sted,
Hath euer had my Counsell for her Guide,
My Power for Guard; my Purse her Want suppli'd.)
If I haue seen or suffered any Poore
To lie and die, Naked, or out of Doore:
Nay, if his Loynes be-blest not me from harm,
Because my Fleece and Cottage kept them warm:

If euer I, against the Impotent,
Poore, Father-lesse, or Friend-lesse Innocent
(For Feare or Fauour, of a Friend or Foe,
For Gain, or Grudge (that I did euer owe)
Haue lift my hand, or Him in right withstood;
Or, when I might haue, haue not don him good:
Then let mine Arme off from my Shoulder fall,
And from the bone be pasht to powder all.
For, GOD's drad Iudgements did I alwaies feare:
Whose Highness Wrath I could nor balk nor beare.
If I on Gold haue fixt my Hope, or Heart;
Or, to the Wedge haue said: My Trust thou art:
If I haue ioy'd for being grow'n so Rich;
Ot for my Hands had gotten me so much:
If, when I saw the Sun or Moon to shine,
My heart (intic't) in secret did incline
To th' idle *Orgies* of an Idolist;
Or (*Heathen*-like) my Mouth my Hand hath kist:
Or, if, in Summer of my golden Dayes,
Or siluer Nights shining with prosperous Rayes;
My heart in priuate hath been puft too-high,
Ascribing all to mine owne Industrie
(Which had been impious Sacrilege and Pride:
For, then had I the GOD of Heav'n deny'd):

If I reioyc't at Ruine of my Foes,
Or haue triumphed in their Ouerthrowes;
Or haue so much as let my Tongue to roule,
Or Heart to wish a curse vnto their Soule:
Though oft, my Seruants, in their rage extream,
Would fain haue beaten, nay, haue eaten them.
If I haue shut the Stranger out of Doore;
Or let-not-in the wearie Pilgrim poore:
If I (like *A D A M*) haue conceald my Sin,
And closely cloakt my Wickednes with-in:
(Although I could haue ouer-born, with Awe,
Whole multitudes; the meanest Groom I sawe,
I feared so, I durst not wring, nor wrong,
Nor wrangle with: but kept my Tent and Tongue)
O! that I had an equall Arbitrer,
(To heare, and waigh, consider, and confer).
Behold my Aime: th' Almighty I desire
(A certain Signe of mine Intent intire)
For, He, I know, would sentence on My side;
And witnesse for me, that I haue not ly'd.
Then, though against me, (in his fell Despite)
Mine Aduersarie should a Volume write,
It, as a Robe, I on my back would beare,
And as a Garland on my head it weare:

I would, by peece-meale, shew my Conuersation,
All so vnlike to all his Accusation,
That clearing Me, it should him more conuince,
To come and aske me Pardon, as a Prince.
But, If my Land against me plead or plain;
Or, If my Furrowes cry-out, or complain:
If, *Tithe-lesse, Tax-lesse, Wage-lesse, Right-lesse*, I
Haue eat the Crop; or caus'd the Owners die;
In sted of Barley, and the best of Corn,
Grow nothing there, but Thistles, Weeds & Thorn.

Heere IOB *surceast.*

The fourth Booke.

4.32. HEere also ceast the Three fore-named Friends
From farther Speech (as hopeless of their ends)
Sith IOB so stiffly still maintain'd his right
Of Righteousnes, in his own proper sight.
Then angry *Zeal* began to swelt and swel
In *Elihú* the sonne of *Barachel*,
The Buzite borne, and of the Race of *Ram*:
Both against IOB began his wrath to flame,
(Because, as tenor of his words imply'd,
Rather Himselfe, then GOD, he iustifi'd)
And also Those his Foe-friends, for so strict
Condemning IOB, vntry'd, and vnconvict.
His modestie him hitherto with-held,
As giuing place to others of more Eld:
But, seeing IOB to a full Period come;
And th'other Three without Reply, as dumb;
His *Zeal* burst out, and Thus in briefe began.
I must confesse, I am too young a man
T'haue interrupted you (so old) before
In This Dispute; and therefore I forbore:
I was in doubt; I durst not speak (till now)
My weak Opinion, and present it you.

For,

For, Dayes (thoughs I) & Yeers can farther teach:
And long Experience Wisedom best can teach.
Men haue a Soule, & Reason's light inherit:
But, Wisedom is inspir'd by th' *Holy-Spirit*
(Which bloweth where it will, & worketh free,
Not ty'd to Age, nor to Authoritie);
For, Great men alwaies are not wisest found,
Nor the most Ancient still the most profound.
Therfore awhile to Me gine eare, I pray;
And let Me also mine Opinion say.
I well obseru'd your words, with diligence
I scann'd your Reasons, markt your Arguments:
Yea, neer and narrow haue I watcht & waigh'd
What Each of you, and All of you haue said:
Yet is there None of you (apart, or ioynt)
Conuinces IOB; or answers to the Point.
Lest You should say; We Wisedom compass can,
GOD will evince him; not the VVit of Man.
For Me, Me yet he never did gain-say:
Nor doe I mean to answer him, your way.
Here-with amaz'd, they stil continuing mute
Without Reply, or shew of more Dispute
(For I expected yet some Speech from some;
I waited still: and when as none would come)

I will, said I, now prosecute my Song
To giue my Centuse from a single heart:
For, I am full of matter to the top;
My Spirit within me, frames me, stirres me vp:
My Brest is like a Wine-Butt, wanting Vent,
Ready to burst; or Bottles, like to flent.
I'll therefore speak, that I may yet respire;
And ope my mouth, to fanne mine inward fire.
Yet None, I pray, from Me the while expect
Smooth, soothing Titles; personall Respect:
For, soothing Titles know not I to giue;
Nor, should I, would my Maker let me liue.

Cap. 33. NOw therfore, IOB, hark with attentiue heed
To all the Words that from me shal proceed:
For, what I speak, premeditated is;
Not out of Passion, or of Preiudice:
But most sincere, and from a single heart,
Out of cleer Knowledge (without Clowds of Art).
One & the same, of the same Mass of Mire,
Made Me, as Thee; & did my Spirit inspire:
Feare not therfore, if Thou haue ought to say;
Oppose and answer: put thy Words in ray:
I am (according to thy wish) to plead
And parley with thee, in th'Almighties stead;

And

And yet, a Man o My Tongue shall open sighs to me.
Neither my hand with heavy Tenures smighs thee.
Lo, Thou hast said (I heard it aright in well)
In Me, there is no Iniqu'ty, nor Deceit.
I am Upright, and Clean, and Innocent.
Yet, as a Foe, Her is against me bent.
Her picks occasions to inflict me sore oft.
Sifts all my Waies, and sets me on the Stocks.
And lo, in This, even in This saying so
Thou art not Just; for (if thou know'st not) know
That GOD is Greater than All Men: then, Why
Strivest Thou with Him? whose superan Soveraignty
Yields no Reason, nor Account of all
Of His high Counsiles; Why, on Him, dost fall
For once, yea twice, to Man th' Almighty speaks;
Yet Man perceives not (or is lie-leaks)
By Dream, or Vision of the Night, in Sleep
Upon his Bed; or in some Slumber deep:
Then opens His Mouth, and in it hint revealeth
And sweetly there their more Instruction sealeth
To turn a Man from his intended Ill,
And hide the Pride of his ambitious Will:
To keep his Soule back from the brink of Hell;
And save his Life from Death & Dangers fell.

Sometimes, He's also chast'ned on his Bed,
With grieuous Sicknes, from the foot to head;
Incessant burning in his Bones and Bloud:
So that he loatheth the most dainty Food.
His Flesh consumed, & his Bones so high
That they appeare (as an Anatomie):
His Life and Soule draw neer vnto the Pit,
(The Graue doth gape, & Worms doe wait for it).

If with Him be a holy Messenger
(One of a Thousand) an Interpreter,
To shew to Man the *Iustice* of his GOD,
In his Correction, with his sharpest Rod;
And, righly humbled, re-aduance the Meek,
By Faith, aboue his Righteoulnes to seek,
And pray to Him; He will propitious stand,
And to his Seruant He will Thus command,
Deliuer him from going to the Graue,
I am appeas'd: a Ransome found I haue.

Then, thus a Child shall fresher be his Flesh,
He shall returo vnto his Youth afresh:
Then shall he call on GOD, and GOD shal be
Right gracious to him: He with ioy shall see
His glorious Face. For, He will render than
(He will impute) His Righteoulnes to Man.

He

He visits Men; and if that any say,
I haue offended: I haue gone astray:
I haue miss-done: I haue peruerted Right:
Oh! I haue sinn'd, & had no profit by't;
He will deliuer, from Internall Doom,
His Soule; his Life from an vntimely Toomb.
Lo, all These things doth GOD do twice or thrice
(Oft and again) to Man (too prone to Vice)
To re-reduce his Soule from Death' dark Night;
To be enlightned with the liuing Light.
IOB, mark it well, And harken farther yet
What I shall speak: Iaue, when thou seest it fit,
If ought thou haue to answer, or obiect,
Speak on, in GOD's Name (for I much affect
To iustifie and cleer thee (if I may):
If otherwise, if nought thou haue to say;
List, and obserue with silence, I beseech;
And I shall teach thee Wisedom, by my Speech.
SO, he proceeded, and said furthermore: Cap. 34.
Heare Me, ye Sages; Men of Skilfull lore:
For, as the Palate doth discern of Food,
Th'Eare trieth Words (how they be bad, or good).
Let's then debate This Matter, among vs;
Examine it, and what is right, discuss.

For,

For, Iob hath said: *O! I am Iust, Vpright;*
And yet (saith He) *GOD hath bereft my Right.*
Should I belye my Cause? My thrilled Wound
Is past all Cure; and yet no Crime is found.

What man, like Iob, himselfe so ouer-thinks?
VVho (wilfully) Contempt, like Water, drinks?
VVho, with the Wicked & Vngodly walks,
Iumps iust with Them, & in their language talks.
For, he hath said; *Man hath no profit by't*
To walke with GOD, and in Him to delight.

But, heare me now, all yee that vnderstand:
O! be it farre from the All-ruling hand
Of *Iustice* Selfe (th'Almighey GOD, most High)
To doe Iniustice, or Iniquitie.

No: He to Each man his own Work repayes;
And makes him finde according to his Waies.
Vndoubtedly, the *Lord of Hosts*, the Strong,
Nor hath, nor doth, nor will, nor can, doe wrong.

Who hath to Him charge of the Earth impos'd?
And, Who but He, hath the whole World dispos'd?
If He but please on Man to set his minde,
To re-assume his Spirit, his Breath, his Wind;
All Flesh at once (if He but hold his breath)
Shall turn to Dust; and perish all, in Death.

Now

Now note Thou this, if so thou hast a heart
To vnderstand; lift what my Words impart;
Shal He haue Rule, that Iudgement loathes (& lacks)?
And for vniust, wilt Thou the Iustest taxe?
Beseems it Any to a King to say,
O! Thou art Wicked (in thy partial Sway)?
Or vnto Princes (to vpbraid them) Thus
You are Vngodly, you are Impious?
Then, how-much lesse to Him that puts no Ods
Touching the Persons of those Earthly *Gods*;
Nor twixt the Rich and Poore, the Great and Small;
For, they (alike) are his owne Hands-work, all.
They (at His will) shall in a moment die;
Yea, euen at Mid-night (vnexpectedly)
The People shall be troubled and transported;
And euen the Princes, without hands subuerted.
For, euermore His eyes are open wide
On all Mens Waies, on euery Step & Stride.
There is no Darknes, nor no Shade of Death,
For Wicked-ones to hide them vnder-neath:
Nor, will he, though, Any so ouer-load,
That they may iustly grudge, or plead with GOD.
By Heaps, will He to peeces grinde the Great,
And (in their stead) set Others in their seat:

For,

For, vnto Him, their Works are manifest;
Night turn'd to Light: and they shall be suppreſt.
Them, as moſt Wicked, ſmites he (as it were,
In all mens ſight, in open Theatre)
Becauſe from Him they did reuolt and ſwerue;
And would not any of his Waies obſerue:
But caus'd the loud Cries of the Poore aſcend
To Him, who alwaies doth their Cryes attend.
When He giues Quiet, who dares be ſo bold
To cauſe Diſturbance? And, if He with-hold
His Countenance, who then behold Him can;
Whether a People, or a Priuate man?
That th' Hypocrite no more may Raigo (as King)
Nor, vnder him, the ſnared People wring.
Vs therfore Thus beſeems, to ſay to GOD:
I beare with Patience thy correcting Rod:
I will not murmur, nor burſt out therefore;
But ſigh in ſilence, and offend no more:
Shew me my Sins I ſee not, nor perceiue;
And, Henceforth will I all Iniuſt ice leaue.
Or, ſhould it be after Thy pleaſure ay?
No: will-thou-nill, He will (not I) repay.
Now, therefore ſpeak thy Conſcience ſeriouſly;
And let the prudent mark and teſtifie,

That, void of Knowledge, IOB hath misſpoken'd;
And, wide of Wiſdom, his Diſcourſe hath err'd.
Would therefore (Father) he might yet be try'd:
Sith for the Wicked he hath ſo reply'd;
For, to his Sin he doth Rebellion ad:
Claps hands at vs, as He the Better had:
And (too-too-pure in his too-prudent Eyes)
Againſt th' Almighty, Words he multiplies.
E*Liho*, proceeding, Thus moreouer ſaid: Cap. 35
Thinkſt Thou this right (if it be rightly ſaid)
Which thou haſt ſpoken (or thy Speech imply'd)
My Righteouſneſs is more than GOD's (O Pride!).
For, Thou haſt ſaid, *What will it vantage thee,*
What ſhall I gain, if I from Sin be free?
I'll anſwer thee; and with Thee, All ſo dreaming:
Look-vp, and ſee the Heav'ns aboue thee gleaming;
Behold, how high: if therefore thou tranſgreſſe,
And multiply thy Sin and Wickedneſſe;
What hurt dooſt Thou to GOD? What Detriment?
On th' other ſide, if Thou be Innocent,
If Iuſt; What dooſt Thou to his *Goodnes* giue?
Or, from Thy hand, What, What doth He receiue?
Thy Wickedoes may hurt a Man (like thee):
Thy righteouſnes, to Man may helpfull be.

For

For manifold and frequent Tyranny,
Oppressors make oppressed-ones to cry;
Yea, to cry-out for cruell Violence
Of Mightie-ones, of Men of Eminence:
But, there is None that saith (as due belongs)
Where's GOD, *my Maker* (Who by Night giues Songs,
Who teacheth vs, hath vs more Wisdom given,
Than Beasts of Birth, or to the Fowles of Heaven).
There cry they oft; but none doth heare or heed,
For th' Euils sake (who in all Ills exceed):
For, Vanity, GOD doth not, hath not heard;
Nor euer will th' *Almighty* it regard. (Iust:
Now, though Thou saist, thou seest Him not, Heel
With Him is Iudgement; therefore in Him trust:
For want whereof, his Wrath hath visited;
Yet not so hot as Thou hast merited.
Therefore doth IOB open his Mouth in vain:
And void of Knowledge, yet, yet, mis-complain.

Cap. 36 ELIHU yet said: A little suffer me;
For I haue yet more to alledge to Thee,
On GOD's behalf. I'll fetch mine Arguments
From farre (confirm'd by long Experience)
To iustifie my Maker's *Holinesse*,
Giue Him his owne, and right his Righteousnesse.

I'll

I'll speak no Falshood, nor no Fraud propound:
All my Discourse shall be sincere and sound.
Lo, GOD is Mighty; yet doth none despise:
Omnipotent, Omnisciente; Strong and Wise.
He spareth not the Life of Wicked wights;
But, the Oppressed in their wrongs he rights.
His Eyes are neuer off the Righteous sort:
Them on the Throne He doth with Kings consort:
Them He aduances; and beyond all Term
Doth them establish, and them fast confirm.
Or, if that euer Fetters them befall,
Or, they be holden in Afflictions Thrall;
He lets them see their Works, their Wickedoes,
Their wandring By-waies, and their bold Excesse;
And opens then their Ears to Discipline,
Commanding quick, that they retume from Sin.
If they return, to serue and Him obey,
Their Daies & Years right happy spend shal They:
If not; the Sword shall smite them sodainly:
And in their wilfull Folly shall they die.
But, Hypocrites, the Men of double heart,
They heap-vp Wrath: they cry not when they smart.
They die in Youth; their Life amongst' Vncleane,
Most Insolent, most Impudent, Obscene.

He,

He th' humble Poore in his Affliction frees:
Their Eares he opens, in Calamities:
So would He, Thee from thy Distresse haue freed,
And brought thee forth far from the Streits of Need,
To spacious Plentie; and thenceforth thy Board,
Should with the best and fattest haue been stor'd
But, Thou, too-wicked-like, too-stiffe haft stood;
As their presumptions seeming to make good;
Not stoopt, but strutted in Contesting Pride.
Therefore, on Thee doth Iudgement yet abide.

Sith wroth he is, beware to tempt him more;
Lest with his Stroak, he sodain smite thee ore:
Or hisse thee hence with his al-mighty Breath:
Then can no Ransom thee redeem from Death.
Will He regard thy Goods? or reak thy Gold?
Thy Star, or Strength (how much, or manifold)?

Nor wish Thou (hope-less) for the (hap-less) Night,
When from their place People are taken quight:
Beware, regard not Thou Iniquitie;
Neither (alas!) through faint Infirmitie,
Chuse rather That, than thine Affliction's Part,
With humble Patience of a Constant heart.

Behold, the Lord is, for his Power, suprem:
And, for his Prudence, Who doth teach like Him?

Who

Who hath appointed vnto Him his way?
Or, Who can tell him, *Thou hast gon astray*?
Rather, remember that thou magnifie
His publike Works, apparant to our eye;
So visible, that both the young and old,
Them from a farre do bright and brim behold.
Lo, GOD is Greater then We comprehend:
Nor can the Number of his years be kend.
He makes the thick exhaled Vapours thin,
That downe again in siluer Deaws they spin,
From strouting Clowds abundantly distilling
For th' vse of Man, the Plains with Plenty filling.
Also, can Any vnderstand th' Extent
Of Clouds, or know the Rattling of his Tent?
Behold, He spreadeth out his Light there-ouer,
And euen the bottom of the Sea doth couer.
For, by the same He worketh diuers-waies,
Both to his *Iustice* and his *Mercie's* Praise:
That, through excesse causing a fearfull Flood;
This, temperate, producing store of Food.
He vailes the Light with Clowds that come between,
Forbids it shine, and lets it not be seen:
Loading a Shower, or Storms approaching rage;
Which oft, euen Cattell of the Field presage.

Here.

Cap. 37 HEre-at, my Heart trembles for inward Feare,
As if remou'd from it owne place it were:
Hark, hark with heed vnto the hidious Noise,
The horrid Rumbling of his dreadful Voyce,
Which, with his Lightning, he directeth forth,
Vnder whole Heav'n, and ouer all the Earth.
After the Flash, a Clash there roareth high;
He thunders-out his Voyce of Maiesty:
And then no longer will He keep them back,
When that is heard ouer our heads to crack.

GOD, with his Voyce, doth thunder wondrously,
And works great things that we cannot discry:
He bids the Snow to couer Hill and Plain;
So, drizling Showers; and so, his Mighty Rain;
Wherby, From Field-works He seals-vp mens hands,
That they may know His works; how He cõmands.
Then, to their Den the Sauage Heards do hie;
And for a season in their Conert lie.

From Southern Chãbers the hot Whirl-wind comes:
From Northern Cels, That wch with Cold benumbs.
The Frost is giuen vs, by the breath Diuine;
When Crusts of Crystall spreading Floods confine.
The blackest Clowd He doth exhaust of waters: (ters.
And, his bright Cloud (the Lightnings shroud he) scat-

And

And (by the Counsaile of his Prouidence)
All This, by Turnes, in round Circumference
Is turnd about: and ready at his Call,
Throughout the World, to do his will, in all.
For, He commands them come, for Punishment;
Or Loue to His; or else Indifferent.
Harken to This, ô IOB; stand still, & ponder
The Works of GOD, so full of waight & wonder.
Know'st Thou (alas!) when He disposed them;
Or caus'd the Light out of his Lûp to beam? (lower,)
Know'st Thou the Clowd's iust Poizes (the high or
And wondrous works of the All-perfect Knower?
How, when He calms the Earth with Southern puff,
Thy thinnest Clothes thou findest warm enough.
Hast Thou, with Him, spred forth the spangled sky,
That (liquid Crystall-like) strong Canopie?
If so; then shew vs, what to say to Him:
For, what to say, wee are (alas!) too dim.
Should I mis-speak, needs any Him inform?
Nay, should I not be swallowed vp (in storm)?
None fixly can (when clowds be clear'd away)
Behold the bright & shining Lamp of Day:
From out the North stream goodly Beams of gold:
With GOD is Light more bright by manifold,

More pure, more piercing, past a mortall Eye;
More dreadfull farre. His glorious Maiestie
(*Dwelling above, in Splendors inaccessible*)
For vs to find, out is a Point impossible.
Hee's excellent in *Prudence*: passing *Strong*:
Plentious in *Iustice*: and doth No man wrong.
Therfore Men fear him: Yet, for Their desert,
Regards not He those that are VVise of hart.

Cap. 38. THen, drad IEHOVA from a Whirle-wind spake
In sacred tearms; & Thus with IOB hee brake:
Where? Who is He, that (to Himselfe so holy)
Darkens my Counsails, with contentious Folly?
Come, gird thy loynes, prepare thee, play the Man;
I will oppose thee: answer, if thou can.
Why! Where wert Thou, tell (if thou know'st, dis-
When the Foundations of the Earth I layd? (maid)
VVho marked first the Measure of it out?
Or (canst Thou tell) Who stretcht the Line about?
VVhat Bases had it; and fixt Where-upon?
Or, Who, thereof layd the first Corner-stone,
VVhen Morning-Starrs for Ioy together sang,
And all GOD's Children cheerful eccho rang?
Or, Who, with Doores, shut-in the Sea so streight;
When from the Womb it rushed with such weight?

VVhen

VVhen as I made the Clowd a Clowt for it,
And blackeſt Darknes as a Swathe-band fit:
And cradled it, in mine appointed place;
With Barrs about, & Doores at euery pace:
And ſaid vnto it; Hitherto extend;
And farther, not: Heer, thy proud Waues be pend.
Hadſt Thou the Morning from thy birth, at beck?
Mad'ſt Thou the Dawn in his due place to break;
That it might reach the Earth's Circumference,
And that the Wicked might be ſhaken thence:
To ſtamp it (various, as the Potters Clay)
VVith many Formes, in manifold array,
VVhen as th' Vngodly ſhall be all deſcry'd;
That *Iuſtice* hand may break the armes of Pride?
Haſt Thou gon down into the Sea it ſelfe;
Walkt in the Bottom; Tearched euery Shelfe;
Survaid the Springs? Or haue the Gates of Death
Been opened to Thee; and thoſe Dores beneath
Death's gaſtly ſhadows? Know'ſt Thou (to cõclude)
(Tell, if thou know'ſt) the Earth's iuſt Latitude?
Which is the way where louely Light doth dwell?
And as for Darknes, where hath She her Cell;
That Thou ſhold'ſt Both, in both their boũds cõpriſe;
And know their dwellings, & their Paths, preciſe?

Needs must Thou know them: Thou wert born yer
No doubt Thou wert, Thou art so old a man. (than:
Hast Thou the Treasures of the Snow suruay'd?
Or seen the Store-house of my Haile (vp-layd
And hid in heaps, against a time of need)
For War-like Battery, where I haue decreed?
Which is the way whence Lightning flasheth out,
Scattering th' vnhealthy Eastern Gales about?
VVho hath dispos'd the vpper Spouts & Gutters,
VVhereby the Aire his ouer-burthen vtters?
Or giuen the Lightning & the Thunder way,
To cause it rain on places parcht away;
On thirstie Desarts, where no People passe;
On barren Mountaines, to reuiue the Grasse?
Had Rain a Father? Or, begot by whom
Was pearly Deaw? Or, frō what pregnant Womb
Came crystall Ice? Or, canst Thou rightly render,
Who did the hard & hoary Frosts ingender,
When Waters creep vnder a Stone-like couer,
And th' Oceans surface is thick-glased ouer?
Canst Thou restrain the pleasant Influing
Of *Pleiades* (the Vshers of the Spring)?
Or, canst Thou lose *Orion*'s Icie Bands
(Who rules the Winter with his chill Commands)?

Canst

Canst Thou bring forth (the soultry Sumers Guide)
Bright *Mazaroth* (or *Dog-Star*) in his Tide?
Or canst Thou lead *Arcturus* (& his Train,
Th' *Autumnall* Signes) his Sons (or *Charls his Wain*)?
Know'st Thou the Statutes of the Heav'ns aboue?
Or canst Thou (here) them in their order moue?
Wilt Thou command the Clowds, & Rain shal fall?
VVill Lightning come, & answer, at thy call?
VVho hath infus'd VVisedom in th'inner part?
Or Vnderstanding who hath giuen the hart?
Who can sum-vp the Clowds, or cleer the Skye?
Or ope Heav'ns bottles, when the Earth is dry?
To steep the Dust, & knead the clotted Clay,
Yerst ouer-baked with too-hot a Ray?
WIlt Thou go hunt, th'old Lionesse to help; *Cap.39.*
Or fetch-in prey to fill her greedy whelp,
VVhen they are couchant in their Den, or watch
For passant Heards, their wonted Boot to catch?
Who, for the Raven, prouideth timely Food;
VVhen as her hungry greedy-gaping Brood,
VVandring about, & wanting what to eat,
Doe (croaking) call, & cry to Mee for meat.
Know'st Thou the time whē moûtain Goats & Hinds
Doe yean and calue (according to their Kinds)?

Canst Thou keep reckning of the Months they go,
And how their Burdens to their Birth-time grow;
When they but bow them, and forthwith let fall
Their tender Fruit, and all their Paines withall.
Who hath sent out the Wilde Ass, free to feed;
Or let him loose (from seruing humane need)
Whose house & haunt I haue ordaind expresse
VVithin the brackie barren Wildernesse.
He scornes the Cities multitude and noise:
He reaks not of the yawning Driuers voice:
The craggy Cliffs his shaggie Pastures been;
Where, off he croppeth what he findeth green.
VVill th'Vnicorne thee willingly obay?
Or, will hee come vnto thy Crib, for Hay?
VVill he be brought to harrow or to plow?
Or, will hee bring thy Corn vnto thy Mow?
Wilt Thou presume of Him, for strength in fight?
Or leaue, to him, thy Labour to acquite?
Didst Thou bestow the Peacoks goodly Fan?
Or, gau'st Thou Feathers to the Stork (or Swan)?
Or, to the Ostridge her delicious Tresse
(Th'ambitious Badge as well of War as Peace)
VVho layes her egges, & leaues them in the Dust,
To hatch them there, with radiant Heat adust,

VVithout

Without her help, or heed; left Tread or Track,
Of Man or Beast them all to peeces crack:
Vnkindest Dam, the labour of her wombe
That dares annull; while Hers not Hers become:
So void I made her of Intelligence,
And kind instinct of Natures Influence:
Yet, with her Wings & Feet so fast she skippes,
That She the Horse & Rider both out-strips.
Hast Thou indew'd the Horse with strengthful wonder,
And cloath'd his crest, & fild his brest with thunder?
Canst Thou affright Him, as a Grass-hopper;
Whose nostrills pride snorts Terrors euery where?
He pawes the Plain, he stately stamps, & neighes,
And glad goes-on against the arm'd Arraies,
Disdaining Fear. For, for the Sword & Shield,
Dart, Pike, & Lance, He 'll not forsake the Field,
Nor turn his back (how-euer thick they shiuer)
Nor for the Cross-bow, & the rattling Quiuer.
He swallowes-vp the Earth in furious heat;
Nor will beliene the Sound of the Retreat.
Among the Trumpets, sounds his cheerful Laugh,
Ha-Ha-ha-ha: he smelleth a farre-off
The wished Battaile; hears the thundring Call
Of proud Commanders; & lowd Shouts of all.

Is't

Is't by thy wisedom that the Hawk doth mew,
And to the Southward spreads her winged Clew?
Doth th'Eagle mount so high at thy Behest,
And build aloft (so neer the clowds) her Nest?
She dwells vpon the Rock & ragged Cliffe,
And craggy places the most steep & stiffe;
From whence, about to seek her prey she flies;
Which, from afar, her quick keen Sight espies:
Her young ones also, onely Bloud do suck:
And where the Slain are, thither doe they ruck.

Cap.40. MOreouer, yet, The LORD, proceeding, said
To IOB: shal He that dares with GOD to plead,
Teach Him His part? Let him (who GOD doth tax)
Heer let me hear the Answer that he makes.

IOB sadly then Thus humbly did reply:
O! LORD, behold; ô! most-most Vile am I.
What shal I answer Thee? What shall I say?
Onely, my hand vpon my mouth I 'll lay.
Once haue I speak, & twise; & too-too bold:
But now, for euer I my Tongue will hold.

Again, the LORD out of the Whirle-wind spake,
And said to IOB: Yes, yes; thy Theam re-take:
Gird vp thy loynes again, and play the Man:
I'll question thee: now answer, if Thou can.

VVilt

Wilt Thou make void my Iudgements (iust & hie);
Condemning Me, thy Selfe to iustifie?
Hast thou an Arme like to the Arme diuine?
Or is Thy Voyce as Thunder-like as Mine?
Put-on thy Robes of Maiestie and Might:
Deck Thee with Glory, and with Bewty bright,
Dart forth the Lightnings of thy wrathfull Frowne;
Against the Proud, and bring them tumbling downe:
Behould Thou all and euery one that's Proud,
And downe with Them, and all the Wicked Croud:
Trample vpon them, in their very Place:
Hide them in Dust at once; there binde their Faces
Then will I grant (what Thou hast vrg'd so brave)
That thine owne Selfe thine owne right hand can saue.
But, Now, behold (thy Fellow) BEHEMOTH,
Thy fellow Creature; for, I made you Both.
He, like an Oxe amid the Field doth graze:
In's Loynes and Nauell his most Srength he has:
He whisks his sinewie Taile, stiff as a Ceder;
His Stones (within) with Nerues are wreathd together.
His Bones and Ribs be strong as Brazen Bars,
And as vnyeelding as the Iron-Spars:
Hee's of the Master-peeces of the LORD,
Who also arm'd him with a readie Sword.

The

The Mountains yeeld him meat; where night & day,
All other Beasts do fear-lesse feed and play.
Beneath the broad-leau'd shady Trees he lodges
Amid the Fens, among the Reeds and Sedges,
Compast with Willowes of the Brook about;
Where, when he enters (in the time of Drought)
The massie bulk of his huge bodie bayes
The Torrents course, and euen the Current stayes:
There, yet he go, the Riuer dry he drinks;
And in his Thirst to swallow *Iordan* thinks.
Dare any come, before him, Him to take,
Or bore his Snowt, of Him a Slaue to make?

Cap. 41 CAnst Thou hale vp the huge LEVIATHAN,
With hook and line amid the Ocean?
Canst Thou his tongue with steely Crotchets thril;
Or with a Thorn his snuffing Nose, or Guil?
Will He come sue, by Supplications, to-thee?
Wil He with smooth & soothing Speeches woo-thee?
Will He by Conenant, serue thee, at thy beck?
Or, be thy Slaue, for euer at thy Check?
Wilt Thou with Him, as with a Sparrow, play;
And giue him ty'd, vnto thy Girles, away?
Shall Fisher-men of Him a Feast prepare?
Shall They his flesh among the Marchants share?

Canst

Canst Thou his Skin with barbed *pheons* pierce?
Or plant his Head with groues of Otter-speares?
Lay hold on Him: set on him: but, before
Think on the Battell, and come there no more.
For, 'tis so farre from hope of Victory,
That euen His sight would rather make thee fly.
There's None so fierce that dares Him rouze or hunt.
[Then, Who shall safely Me my Selfe affront?
Who hath preuented Me? To Whom haue I
Been first beholding for a Curtesie,
Or bound at all for any Benefit
Bestow'd on Me, that I should guerdon it?
Why? is not All Earths ample arms confine,
All vnder Heav'n, All in the Ocean, Mine?]
I will not hide his Parts and Properties;
Neither his Strength, nor seemly Symmetries.
Who shall vnhood him? Who with double Rain
Shall bridle him, with Snaffle, Trench, or Chain?
Or put the Bit between his Iawes (his Portall)
Impal'd with Terror of his Teeth so mortall?
His Shield-like Scales, he chiefly glories in,
So close compact, glew'd, sealed; that, between,
No Aire can enter, nor no Engin pierce,
Nor any Point disioyne them or disperse.

His

His Sneesings cause a Light, as brightly burning;
His Eyes are like the Eye-lids of the Morning;
Out of his Mouth flowe blazing Lamps, and flie
Quick Sparks of Fire, ascending swift and hie:
Out of his Nostrils, Smoak, as from a Pot,
Kettle or Caldron when it boileth hot:
His Breath doth kindle Coals, when with the same
He whirleth-out a Storm of Fume and Flame:
Strength dwelleth in his Neck; so that he ioyes
In saddest Storms, and tryumphes of Annoies:
His Flakes of Flesh are solid to his Bone;
His Heart's as hard as Wind-mils neather-stone.
To see Him rise, and how he breakes withall;
The stoutest stoop, and to their Prayers fall.
No Weapons of Defence, or of Offence,
Can Him offend, or from Him be Defence:
Iron and Brasse He waighes as Sticks and Straw:
Sling-stones and Arrowes Him do neuer awe:
Darts dauntt him not, more then they Stubble were:
He laugheth at the shaking of a Speare:
Sharp ragged Stones, Keen-pointed Sherds & Shels,
He resteth on, amid his muddy Cels.
He makes the deep Sea like a Pot to boile,
A Pot of Oyntment (casting scummie Soile)

Where

Where He hath past, he leaues vpon the streams
A shining Path, and th' Ocean hoarie seemes.
In Earth is Nothing like Him to be seen;
So Fear-lesse made, so full of hautie Spleen;
Despising all High things, Him-selfe beside.
He is the King of all the Sons of Pride.
IOB, prostrate then, Thus to the LORD profest: Cap. 32
Drad GOD, I know, and I acknowledge prest,
That All Thou *canst*; and All Thou *kennest* too:
Our Thoughts not hid; Thine owne not hard to do.
I am the Man, Who (to my self too-Holy)
Darkned thy Counsells, with Contentious Folly.
For, I haue spoken what I vnderstood not,
Of wondrous things which comprehend I could not.
Yet, LORD, vouchsafe, vouchsafe, I thee beseech,
An Eare, and Answer to my humble Speech.
Till now, mine Eare had only heard of Thee:
But, now, mine Eye thy Gratious Selfe doth see.
Therefore, My Selfe I loath, as too-too-bad;
And heer repent in Dust and Ashes, sad.
Now, after This with IOB; it came to passe,
The LORD did also speake to *Eliphaz*,
The *Themanite*; and Thus to him said He:
My wrath is kindled with thy Friends and Thee:

For

For None of You haue ſpoken of My Path,
So right and iuſt as IOB my Seruant hath.
Therefore, go take you Rams and Bullocks faire,
Seav'n of a ſort; and to my IOB repaire;
Bring for your Selues your Burnt Oblations due,
And IOB my Seruant He ſhall pray for you
(For, Him will I accept) leſt, Iuſtly-ſtrict,
After your Folly I reuenge inflict;
Becauſe You haue not ſpoken of my Path,
So right and iuſt as IOB my Seruant hath.
So *Eliphaz*, the ancient *Themanite*,
Bildad the *Shuhite*, the *Naamathite*
Zophar, (together) them prepar'd and went
And did according GOD's Commandement.
Alſo the LORD accepted IOB, and ſtaid
His Thral-full State (when for his Friends he praid)
And turned it to Solace-full, from ſad;
And gaue him double all the Goods he had.
Then all his Brethern, Siſters all, and Kin;
And all that had of his acquaintance bin,
Came flocking to his Houſe, with him to feaſt;
To wail his Woes, and comfort him their beſt,
For all the Euill which the LORD (of late)
Had brought upon his Perſon and his ſtate.

And

And Each man gaue him (as best beare they could)
A peece of Money and Ear-ring of Gold.
So, that the LORD blessed IOB's later Time,
With more abundance then his flowry Prime.
For, Fourteen Thousand Sheep were now his flock;
Camels six Thousand; Steers a Thousand yoak;
Thee-Asses twice fiue Hundred; Familie
Iust as before: Seuen Sons, and Daughters Three.
Th' Eldest *Iemima*, *Kezia* the Next.
And *Keren-Happuch* (saith my sacred Text)
The Third he named (Names of gooly Sense,
Alluding to some Gracefull Excellence:
The first, as much as *Lustre of the Morn*;
Casia, the Next; last, *Alabastrine Horn*)
In all the Countrey were no Women found
So fair as These. IOB, of his Goods and Ground,
Among their Brethren gaue them Heritage.
Yet, after This, IOB liv'd a goodly age,
Twice Seauenty yeers, & saw his Sons Sons Sons,
Successiuely, Four Generations:
And then He dy'd, Ancient and Full of Dayes.
To GOD, for Him, and all his Saints, be Praise,
And for His Succour in These sacred Layes.
AMEN.

EPITAPHIVM IOBI.

Qui Se, qui Sæclum vicit; qui sæua Suorum
Funera, Amicorum iurgia, Pauperiem;
Vlcera qui carnis, qui Coniugis impia verba;
Qui Cœlum iratum, mente tulit placida:
Inuictum virtute *IOBVM*, *Patientia* Virgo,
Nunc vidua, hoc Sponsum condidit in Tumulo.

* * * *
* * * * * * * *

Who, SELF, The World, & Satan, triumphe-o'ver;

Who, Wealth's, & Health's, & Children's mournfull Losse;

Who, Frends Rebukes, Foes rage, Wifes cursing Crosses;

Heavn Frowne, Earth's force, Hels Furie, Calmely bore:

Th' Inuincible in Vertue, IOB, Her Pheere,
The Virgin Patience (*Widow now*) *tomb'd Heer.*

MEMORIALS
of
MORTALITIE:

Written
In Tablets, or Quatrains,
BY
By PIERE MATHIEV.

The first Centurie.

Translated,
&
Dedicated

To the Right Honourable
HENRY
Earle of South-hampton.

By
Iosuah Sylvester.

TO
The Right Honourable,
HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,
Earle of South-hampton,
&c.

SHall it be said (I shame, it should be thought)
When After-Ages shall record Thy Worth;
My sacred Muse *hath left* SOVTH-HAMPTON *forth*
Of Her Record; to Whom so Much shee ought?
Sith from Thy Town (*where My* Sarauia *taught*)
Her slender Pinions had their tender Birth;
And all, the little all shee hath of worth,
Vnder Heav'ns Blessing, onely Thence shee brought.
For lack, therefore, of fitter Argument;
And lother Now, it longer to delay;
Heer (while the Part of PHILIPS *Page I play)*
I consecrate This little Monument
Of gratefull Homage, to Thy noble Bounty;
And Thankeful love to (My deer Nurse) Thy County.

Humbly deuoted

Iosuah Sylvester.

MEMORIALS
of Mortalitie.

1

LEt whoso list, thinke *Death* a dreadfull thing,
And hold *The Grave* in horror & in hate:
I think them, I, most worth the wel-comming;
Where, end our Woes; our Ioyes initiate.

2

Man, *Death* abhors, repines, & murmurs at her,
Blind in that Law which made her good, for Him:
Both *Birth* & *Death* the daughters are of *Nature*;
In Whom is nought imperfect, strange, or grim.

3

Death's vglines is but imagined;
Vnder foule Vizard a faire Face Shee weares:
Her Vizard off, there is no more to dread;
We laugh at Children whom a Vizard feares.

4

Death, in strange Postures daily is disguised,
With Darts & Sythes in hand, Beers on her back:
As *Angels* are with wings & locks demised;
So, Her a Body of bare Bones they make.

5

Who feares this *Death*, is more then deadly sick;
In midst of Life he seems euen dead for dreed;
Death in his brest he beares, as buried Quick:
For, feare of *Death* is worse then *Death* indeed.

6

Each fears this *Death* : & with an equall Dread,
The *Young* as from a hideous Monster hie-them.
Th' *Old*, at her sight shrink down into their Bed ;
All shun her aye, the more She draweth nigh-them.

7

What *Good*, or *Bad*, boads *Life* or *Death*, to giue ;
To be so fond of That, & This so flying ?
Thou would'st not *die*, yet know'st not how to *liue* ;
Not knowing, *Life* to be a *liuing-dying*.

8

One loues *this Life*, Another loathes it wholly :
Som look for Ease, Promotion som, som Profit :
To loue it, for the Pleasures heer, is Folly ;
Weaknes, to hate it, for the Troubles of-it.

9

The Storm at Sea vnder a Calm is bred ;
Within Good-hap, Ill-hap hath life included ;
Begun in Tears, in Toiles continued ;
And, without Dolour cannot be concluded.

10

Life, like a Taper, with the weakest Blasts
Is waued, wasted, melted, puffed out :
In some, somtimes, euen to the Snuff it lasts ;
In others hardly to the halfe holds-out.

Fruit

11

Fruit on the trees first blooms, thē buds, thē grows,
Then ripes, then rots: Such Our condition iust;
Begot, born, bred, liue, die; so roundly goes
Times Wheel, to whirl our Bodies back to Dust.

12

This Life 's a Tree, whose goodly *Fruits* are Men;
One falls, Himselfe; Another 's beaten down:
It 's stript at last of *Leaues* and *Apples* then,
By *Time's* same hand which had them first bestown.

13

This Life 's a *Table*, where, in earnest-iest
Foure *Gamsters* play: *Time*, eldest, vantage takes,
And biddeth Passe: *Loue* fondly sets his Rest:
Man needs will see it; but, *Death* sweeps the stakes.

14

This Life (indeed) is but a *Comedie*,
Where This, the *Kaiser* playes, & That, the *Clowne*;
But, *Death* stil ends it in a *Tragedie*,
Without distinction of the Lord from Lowne.

15

This Life 's a *Warre*, ciuill, & forrain too;
Within, without, Man hath his *Enemies*:
To keep the *Fort*, *Death* doth the *Towne* vndoo;
To saue the Soule, the Body Shee destroyes.

16

The World's a Sea, the *Galley* is this Life,
The *Master*, Time; the *Pole*, Hope promiseth;
Fortune the *Winds*; the stormie *Tempest*, Strife;
And Man the *Rowe-slave*, to the *Port* of Death.

17

The World (mee thinks) is like our Parliaments,
Where Right too oft is ouer-born by Wrong;
Where Quirks & Quidits are of Consequence;
Where lastly nought *Death*'s Sentence can prolong.

18

The World is much of a faire *Mistress* mood,
Which, wilie, makes more Fooles then Fauorites;
Hugs These, hates Those; yet will of all be woo'd:
But neuer keeps the Promise that she plights.

19

Life's smoothest glosse is like the *sphear of Glasse*
Archimedes framed, and fill'd with Starrs;
As fraile as faire: for, the least storme (alas!)
That raps it, snaps it; and the Pleasure marrs.

20

Th'Honor thou thirstest (as one Dropsie-sick)
Weening to quaff it, often stops thy winde:
'T's a swelling Bladder; which whē *Death* shal prick,
(Thou wilt confess) thou but a Puff didst finde.

And

21

And that *Ambition* which affords thee Wings,
To seek new Seas beyond Our Ocean's Arms,
For Mounts of Gold and Pearle, & pretious things;
Shal not preserue thy Carcass from the Worms.

22

That *Pleasure* too, which stops thy *Reasons* eares,
Besots thy Soule, intoxicates thy Sense;
And sad *Repentance* still behinde it beares;
For moment Ioyes, leaues Sorrowes Mouurments.

23

Pleasure which tires thee, but contents thee neuer,
Thy Body wearing more, than wearying:
Like *Danaides* Siue-like Tub, a-filling euer,
But neuer full, for all their bucketing.

24

Beauty, which makes the prowdest Kings to crouch,
Which serues the Soule as Letters in her fauour;
To see, delightfull; Dangerous, to touch;
From *Death's* drad Fury, may not, cannot saue her.

25

But, *Beauty*, *Grace-less*, is a Saile-less Bark,
A green-less Spring, a goodly light-less Room,
A Sun-less Day, a Star-less Night and Dark;
And yet this *Grace* cannot escape the Toomb.

When

26

When Bodie's *Bewty* with Soule's *Bewty* dwels,
Ther's a Perfection passing all the rest:
Without This, *Bewty* seems a Blemish els:
Without That, *Vertue* seems not seemly dreſt.

27

That *Bewty*, which the Air, Age, Ague quailes;
VVhich busies so our Eyes, Tounge, hands & harts;
At fifteen, buds; at twenty, flowers; and failes,
Or falls, at thirtie, and to Dust reuerts.

28

Gold, the Worlds *God*, the Sun of *Pluto's* Sons;
VVhom Fire and Sword incessant serue so fell;
Gold, *Vertue's* Friend, and Vices Fort at-once,
Serues oft for Bridge to passe in post to Hell.

29

Man's *Knowledge* heer, is but meer Ignorance:
VVe see the wiſest foulely stumble oft:
Learning is puſt with Doubt-full Arrogance:
And *Truth* is loſt while it is too-much sought.

30

With *Myſteries* the *Idiot* meddles most;
Peeps into Heav'n, into Kings Counsels pries:
In Pulpit *Phormio* doth darrain an Hoſt:
Thersites prates of Arms and Policies.

Th'

31

Th' *Assyrian*'s Empire is now seen no more:
The *Medes* and *Persians* did the *Greeks* intomb:
Great *Allexander's Kingdom* kinged Foure:
Whose Crownes, in fine, stoopt to the State of *Rome*.

32

Where are Those *Monarchs*, mighty Conquerors,
Whose brows ere-while the whol Worlds Laurel drest,
VVhen Sea & Land could show no Land but Theirs?
Now, of it All, only *Seauen Hils* do rest.

33

VVhere are Those Cities (great & goodly States)
Of *Ninive*, with thrice fiue hundred Towers?
Great *Babylon*? *Thebes*, with a hnndred Gates?
Carthage (*Rome*'s Riuall) *Didoe*'s dearest Bowers?

34

All These huge Buildings, These proud Piles (alas!)
VVhich seem'd to threaten, Heav'n it selfe to scale;
Haue now giuen place to Forrests, Groues, & Grass;
And Time hath chang'd their Names & Place withall.

35

Nay, wilt thou see, how-far Great Kings are foild?
See how somtime in Gold they swallow Poison:
See *Ptolomeus* Cross't, *Boleslas* boild,
Baiazeth in a Cage, *Richard* in Prison.

See

36

See, see a Prince, neer *Cairo*, flayed quick:
See *Sápores* by his prowd Victor trod:
See Monk-like shav'n our Cloistred *Chilperick*:
See *Denis* beare, for Sceptre, Pedant's Rod.

37

See *Gordian* there in his owne Girdle hung:
Se *Phocas* bones broken with furious Batts:
See *Dioméde* to his owne Horses flung:
To Wolues *Licáon*, *Popiel* to Rats.

36

See, see proud *Salmon* sodain Thunder-slain:
See *Théodorick* with horrid Terror thrild:
See *Longuemare* hangd in a golden Chain:
See a fierce Courser dragging *Brunechild*.

39

See *Attalus*, hauing, for Court, a Forge:
See *Phalaris* burnt in *Perillus* Bull:
See *Memprice* left the greedy Wolues to gorge:
Cambyses Sword sheath'd in Him-selfe too full.

40

Who but will feare amid the Frights of *France*;
Seeing how *Death* Two *Henries* reft of Life?
The Sire, in *Paris*, with a splinterd Lance;
The Son, before *it*, with a poysoned Knife.

That

41

That *Queen*, whose Court was in a Castle coopt,
(A *Prisoner*, beer; aboue, a Princesse, hop't.)
Whose royall Throne to a *Tragick Scaffold* stoopt,
Her Head she felt with whiffing steell off-chopt.

42

That *King*, who could within his Kingdoms drad,
See *Sol* still shine, when hence he vanisheth;
Who, past Our Seas, another Empire had,
For All he had, had but a *lowzie* Death.

43

Who more his Garden of *Salona* priz'd
Than ROME's great *Empire* & the Worlds Cõmand,
Knew well the *Cares* from *Cerwnes* insepariz'd;
And *Scepters* sad Waight in the strongest hand.

44

Towards our End insensibly we slip:
For, speaking, sporting, laughing, snoring deep,
Death stil drawes on-wards: as at Sea the Ship
Sailes to her Hav'n-ward, though the Master sleep.

45

Death Each-where kills: in hunting, *Carloman*;
In's Cane, *Caligula*; *Aristobulus*,
In Bath; by th' Altar, *Philip*; *Iulian*,
In Camp; in Councell, conquering IVLIVS.

Death

46

Death seeks th' *Aemathian*; & from *Nero* flies:
One in a Shallow drownes, who Seas did scape:
An *Emperour* in eating *Mushromes* dies:
A *Holy-Father* in a *Harlots* lap.

47

No hand but serues *Death*'s turn: *Edric* by's Mo-
Alboin by's Wife; *Aristo* by his Friends; (ther;
By's owne Son, *Baiazeth*; *Conrad*, by's Brother;
Mustapha, by his Sire; Self, *Cato* ends.

48

Death diuersly makes him familiar heer:
Henry the Black, a bit of Bread could fine;
A King of *Goth's* died, in a Tub of Beer;
Thalis, of Thirst; of Hunger *Antonine*.

49

Death, euery-where, in euery thing distils
Her fell Despite; Fire, Aier, Earth, Ocean:
Drusus, a Peare; a Fig *Terpander* kils;
A Fly (in drinking) choaketh *Adrian*.

50

As soon, a *Soueraine*, as a *Shepheard*'s gon:
Men *dying* heer haue but one equall Quality:
By *Birth* and *Death* is Their Condition one;
Their Stay, and State, between, make th' Inequality.

There's

51

There 's no *Death Sodain* to the godly-*Wise*:
His heart goes out to meet all haps before:
VVhen he embarks, he casts Wracks Ieopardies;
And when Wind serues not, He will rowe no more.

52

Not knowing then, When, Where, thy *Death* will (snatch;
At Sea, or Land; young, old; Morn, Noon, or Night:
Look for it euer, euery-where keep watch.
For, what we look-for, little can affright.

53

If Infants oft, no sooner breathe then die;
If Good-men little-last, and Wicked long:
Be not too-curious in that Secret's *Why*?
Th'are stroaks of that hand wch strook neuer wrong.

54

VVhy Good men go, and Why th' Vngodly stay,
Dispute it not; GOD hath permitted so.
Those *die*, to *liue*: These *liue*, to *die* for aye:
These, *liue* at ease; Those in a World of VVo.

55

If from thy Dayes thou but thy Nights subtract;
Thy Sleep's, thy Care's, thy Mawe's, thy *Muse's* waste,
VVhat thy Wife weareth, VVhat thy Friends exact,
Thy Griefs, thy Sutes: How short a Life thou hast!

The

56

The Head-ach, Tooth-ach, Gout, or Feuer rife,
Or Vlcer in the Leg, Stone, in the Reines,
By lingring Drops ſtrains out the tedious Life;
Yet art thou loth that *Death* ſhould rid thy Paines.

57

Thy Term expir'd, Thou put'ſt-off Payment yet,
And weenſt to win much by ſome Months delay.
Sith pay thou muſt, wer't not as good be quit?
For, *Death* will be no gentler any Day.

58

Th' affaires of *Parting* poaſt not to to-Morn.
For, on *Delay*, *Repentance* waits with Woe:
The Wind and Tide will in a Moment turn:
All houres are good for Thoſe *reſolu'd* to goe.

59

Grudging to die in flower of thine age,
Thou grieu'ſt to be too-ſoon diſcharg'd from Priſon:
Repin'ſt, too-ſoon to haue don thy Pilgrimage,
Loth to haue-in thy Harueſt in due Seaſon.

60

Make of thy Deeds, not of thy Dayes, account:
Think not how far, but think how faire thou paſſeſt:
See to what Sum thy *Vertues* will amount;
For, Life and Gold are choſe by waight; the maſſi'ſt.

Life's

61

Life's valued by th'effect, not by the age;
The labour, not the lasting praise is most;
Long hath he liu'd that liueth to be sage;
Good life (too often) in long life is lost.

62

Long *Affs* commend not most a *Cuckoo*,
'Tis still esteemed as the *Parts* are plaid;
So, in our Lines, not *Yeers* considered be;
But, worthy *Actions* by the Wise are weigh'd.

63

Who grieues because he liu'd not heer, yer born,
A hundred yeers; is double worthy slaughter:
But, trebble He who at his Death doth mourn,
Sure not to liue a hundred yeers hence after.

64

Man 's not more *Happy* for *long dying* heer,
Number of Dayes doe not more Blisses bring;
More Compass makes not a more edplest Sphear,
As round 's a little, as a larger Ring.

65

And, if that *Death* wait on thee, *Repentance*;
With *Vsurie*, shee'll make thee pay it double:
Thy Ioyes in Dream, thy Dolours still in act,
To make long Life a long Repeating Trouble.

66

If Hee that heer thee in his Vineyard hir'd,
Pay thee at Noon thy Wages, full asmuch
As Those that there all the whole Day haue tir'd;
Why murmurst thou? why dost thou grieue & grutch?

67

He casts his Work well, well his Work-men kens;
Thy Slackness, Slowness, Weakness to hold out;
Therefore, yet weanie, he thy Way-fare ends;
Left, staying longer, thou mar all, 'tis doubt.

68

He giuts our Task, & he again will take it;
Who Him, vnwilling; Him, vnworthy serues:
Before he call, 'tis follie to forsake it;
And who-so leaueth it, to be left deserues.

69

Or first, or last, on All this Stamp is set;
Early or late, into This Port must Wee:
Who gaue the Charge, ordained the Retreat;
One self-same Law did Life & Death decree.

70

The more the Body dures, Soule more indures;
Neuer too-soon can Shee from thence exile:
Pure, in she came; there liuing, Shee impures;
And suffers there a thousand Woes the while.

The

71

The Soule is force't within the Flesh to dwell;
In danger there shee liues, & sleeps in fear:
To hatch her Bird, she needs must break her Shell,
And think It never can too-soon appear.

72

Soule blames the Body, Body blames the Soule;
But, *Death* surprising, ends their Quarrell preſt:
Down goes the Body, in the Duſt to roule;
The faithfull Soule, vp to th' eternall Reſt.

73

Death frees the Soule from Bodies wilfull Errors;
From the Soules Vices, She the Bodie ſaues:
The Soule's Annoyes, are to the Body Terrors;
The Bodies Torments, to the Soule are Graues.

74

This Body is not Man: His Stuff's more fine;
His Beauty, with Heau'ns Beauty hath Affinitie:
The Body dead, That euer-liues, diuine;
As euen a Beam from the ſupream *Diuinitie*.

75

If then the Soule, ſo long Heer languiſhing
Within the Bodie, doe not gladly part;
She hath forgotten her own Source or Spring,
And that She muſt, from whence ſhe cam, reuert.

76

But, sicouthen Death, Death's Pain appalleth thee;
That's but a Stream which swiftly vanisheth:
Thet's, as no Pain, in that Extremitie:
For, th' Body, down, doth nothing feele in death.

77

Then quit those Fears that in thy Phantsie flick:
For, violent Euills have no permanence:
If that Death's Pain be keen, 'tis also quick;
And by the Quickness takes away the Sense.

78

To leaue thy Babes behind, thy hart is gripes;
In Whose Thou shalt reuine, from lap to lap:
Happy who hath them; for they are our Types:
And oft Who hath None, 's happy by mishap.

79

To leaue thy Wife thou wail'st, wel worth excusing;
'T's a necessary Ill, Good stranger-like;
Which, cleerest Eyes (Self-wise) too-oft mischusing,
In little Flesh finde many Bones to pick.

80

Th'art loth to leaue the *Court's* Delights, Deuices,
Where None liues long vnbran'd, or vnshowred:
Where Treason 's Prudence; where the *Vertues Vices*:
Where som no Eyes, & wher som haue no Forehead.

The

81

The Mariner, that runs from Rock to Rock,
From Wrack to Wrack, dwelling in dangers rife,
Wanc's Bal, Wind's Thral, & Tempest's Shuttlecock,
Would not exchange His for the Courtiers Life.

82

The Court beguiles thee, as black-Angel-Bands,
In giuing Leaues for Fruits to *Circes* Sisters:
Their brightest Torches are but funerall Brands:
And, in the *Court*, *All is not Gold that glisters.*

83

Thou wold'st in Death *reuenge* thy wrõged Worth,
Make known thy Loue, haue shown thy braue Ambi-
Why fram'st thou not thy *Death* vnto thy *Birth*, (tion,
Which brought thee naked forth, & void of Passion?

84

Fain wold'st thou see thy *Learning's fruit* (perhaps)
Ripe, yer Thou rot; that 's but a vain Desire:
Art now-adayes may starue, while *Ignorance*
Hath Shades for Summer; & for Winter, Fire.

85

All day thou trudgest thorough thick & thin,
For that dull Bulk which doth thee daily braue:
Plinies wreaths Ropes, which aye his *Asse* winde-in:
The Soule that serues the Body, is a Slaue.

86

As many steps in Death as Life we tread:
Esteem, for Deaths, all Daies since thou hadst breath:
To come's not Thine; *Present*, is instant fled:
And *Time*, in time, is ouer-come by *Death*.

87

When Man's imbarkt on th' *Vniuersal* Deck,
Hee neither can swiften his Course, nor slack it:
Tide, Winde, and Weather, are not at his Beck;
And, To put back, hath many often wracked.

88

Some, somtimes grieue for one that gladly dies:
Socrates ioyes, sith wrong he *suffereth*:
Xantippa melts in Tears; He laughs, She cries:
Diuersly iudging of these Darts of *Death*.

89

To runne vnto this *Death*, is *Desperate* rage:
Wise *Patience* onely waits it euery-where:
Who scorns it, showes a *Resolution* sage;
For, Cowards flie it, & the Idiots feare.

90

When the last Sand of our last Glass goes out,
Without recoiling, we must step our last:
As, without grudge or noise, dislodge the Stout;
And when they must goe, stay not to be chac't.

The

91

The *Pilgrim* longs to haue his Iourney done;
The Mariner would fain be off the Seas:
The Work-man ioyes to end his Work begun;
And yet Man mournes to finish his Disease.

92

For a short time Thy Sun is ouer-cast:
But, Thou shalt once re-see 't more bright than euer
And, that same Day, which heer thou think'st thy last,
Is a New-birth Day, to be ended neuer.

93

What Wrong doth *Death*, I pree-thee Worldling (say,
When, losing (vnder hope of happier matches)
Cutting thy Life, he takes thy Card away;
And when, to saue thy Life, thy Light he snatches?

94

Fear'st thou, Faint-hart, that narrow Plank to pass
Which GOD Himself hath gone; which all Men must?
That, like a Childe, held by the sleeue (alas!)
With Eye still glancing on the brim thou go'st?

95

Beyond it, thou shalt see those pleasant Plains,
Whose boundless Beauty all Discourse transcendeth:
Where Kings & Subiects soules, haue fellow Raigns,
On blessed Thrones, whose Glory neuer endeth.

What

96

What shalt thou see more, for more liuing Heer?
This Heauen, this Sun, thou oft before hast seen:
And shouldst thou liue another *Plato's* Yeer,
This World would be the same that it hath been.

97

Death's end of Ills, and only Sanctuarie
Of him that cannot scape the Grudge, the Gall
Of a seuere Iudge and proud Aduersarie:
It is a Point which Heav'n appoints to All.

98

At that Diuorce sigh Bodies, Soules do solace;
Th' Exile exulteth at his Home-Retreat:
This Bodie's but the Inne, tis not the Palace:
Th' immortall Soule, hath an immortall Seat.

99

Death's as the Dawning of that happy Day,
VVhere without Setting shines the eternall Sun,
VVhere-in who walk, can neuer neuer stray:
Nor Feare they Night who to the Day-ward run.

100

There's Rest eternall for thy *Labours* life:
There's for thy *Bondage* bound-less *Liberty*:
There when *Death* endeth, she begins thy Life.
And where's no more Time, there's *Eternity*.

FINIS.

MEMORIALS
of
MORTALITIE:

Written
In Tablets, or Quatrains,
BY
PIERE MATHIEV.

The ſecond Centurie.

Tranſlated,
&
Dedicated

To the Right Honourable,
ROBERT,
Earle of Eſſex.

By
Ioſuah Sylveſter.

Y

TO
The Right Honorable,
ROBERT DEVREVX,
Earle of Essex & Ew,
&c.

Your double *Title to* My single *heart,*
Both by your Purchase, *and your Parents* Right;
Claims *both a better and a greater Part*
Of gratefull Seruice, *than This slender* Mite.
Yet, sith (*to* profit, *more than* please) *I write*
More Sighes than Songs (*lesse vs'd to Smiles than Smart*)
Disdain not These Restrainers of Delight;
Though bitter, fitter, than the Soothing *Art,*
To keep *the* Minde *and* Bodie *both in* Health;
To coole *the Fits of* Lust, Ambition, Pride
(*Surfaits of Ease, Youth, Liberty, and Wealth*)
And cure *All Sickness of the Soule, beside.*
Whence, Euer free; and full of Euery Good
From GOD and Men, be ESSEX Noble Bud.

Ex Animo exoptat

Iosuah Sylvester.

MEMORIALS
of Mortalitie.

1

THat height of Kings, Crowns Honor, Worthies Wonder,
Is now but wind, dust, shade. He whose Approch
Appall'd the Prowdest: Whom; All trembled vnder;
A cursed base hand butcherd in his *Coach*.

2

All Triumph, yesterday; to-day, all Terror:
Nay; the faire Morning ouer-cast yer Euen:
Nay; one short Hour saw, liue and dead, Wars Mirror,
Hauing *Death's* speed-stroak vndiscerned giuen.

3

In all This World, All's fickle; nought is Firm:
It is a Sed'sanz, Safety, Calm, or Port:
Lawes, Cities, Empires haue but heer their Term:
What euer 's born must vnder Death resort.

4

Time flits as Wind, and as a Torrent swifteth:
It passeth quick, and Nought can stop it flying:
VVho knowes what Ills it every Moment drifteth,
Deems, that To leaue to liue, is To leaue dying.

5

Man in the Wombe knowes nothing of his State:
(A wile of *Nature*) for, there, had he Reason,
He should fore-know this Worlds too-wretched Fate;
And rather would intombe him in that Prison.

6

Our Birth begins our Beere; our Death, our Breath:
On that Condition Heer aboord we come:
To be 's as not to be: Birth is but Death:
Ther 's but a Sigh from Table to the Tombe.

7

Life 's but a Flash, a Fume, a Froath, a Fable,
A Puffe, a Picture in the Water seeming;
A waking Dream, Dreams Shadow, Shadowes Table,
Troubling the Brain with idle Vapors steeming.

8

Life, to the life, The *Chesse-boord* lineats;
VVhere *Pawnes* and *Kings* haue equall Portion:
This leaps, that limps, this cheks, that neks, that mates
Their Names are diuerse; but, their Wood is one.

9

Death, Exile, Sorrow, Fear, Distraction, Strife,
And all those Euils, seen before suspected;
Are not the Paines, but Tributes of this Life;
Whence, Kings no more than Carters are protected.

10

F No: *Sacraments* haue been no *Sanctuarie*
From *Death*; Nor *Altars*, for Kings *offering-up*:
Th' Hell-*hallowed Host* poysons *Imperiall Harrie*:
Pope Victer dies drinking th' *immortall Cup*.

Thou

11

Thou ow'ſt thy Soule to Heav'n; to pay that *Debt*
Be not compeld; *Chriſtians* are willing Payers:
But, yet, thy Soule as a good Gueſt intreat;
Whom no good Hoſte will tumble down the Stairs.

12

Tis better fall, then ſtill to feare a Fall:
Tis better die, then to be ſtill a-dying:
The End of Pain ends the Complaint withall:
And nothing grieues that comes but once, & flying.

13

This Life's a Web, wouen fine for ſom, ſom groſſe;
Some Hemp, ſome Flax, ſome longer, ſhorter ſome:
Good and Ill Haps are but the Threeds acroſſe:
And firſt or laſt, *Death* cuts it from the Loom.

14

Theſe Names, which make ſome blubber, ſome ſo (braue
(Names ſprung from Iniury, or from Ambition)
In *Death* are equall: *Earle*, and *Sir*, and *Slaue*,
Vnder his Empire, are in one Condition.

15

For Friends Deceaſt, ceaſe not Repaſt nor Sleep;
Such Sorrow ſutes not th' *Intellectual* part:
Who wailes man's *Death*, that He was man doth weep:
And, that He promiſt, comming, to depart.

The

16

The Young and old goe not as equall pas't:
Th' one ambles swift, the other gallopeth:
Tis good to die, yet we our Life distaste.
A valiant Man should dare to feel his Death.

17

Happy who leave the World when first they come;
Th' Aier, at the best, is heer contagious thick:
Happy that Childe, who issuing from the Wombe
Of 'a *Spanish* Mother, there returned quick.

18

The Bodie's Torments are but Twigs to beat
And brush the Dust from *Vertues* pleights about;
And make the Passions of the Soule more neat:
As th' Aier is purest when the Winds roar-out.

19

Grieuing that *Death* shuts not thine Eyes at home,
And where the Heav'ns vouchsaf't them first to ope;
Thou fear'st the Earth too-little for thy Tombe,
And Heav'n too-narrow for thy Corpses Cope.

20

Heav'ns have no lesse Order, then at their Birth,
Nor Influence: Sun, Moon, and Stars, as bright;
All hold their owne; Fire, Water, Aier, & Earth:
Man, Man alone 's fall'n from his *pristine* Plight.

World.

21

Worldling, thou saist, 'Tis yet not time to mend;
But, God hates Sinners that in Sin delight:
To grossest Sinners doth hee Mercy send;
But, not to Sinners sinning in despight.

22

Who, Morn & Euen, doth of Himselfe demand
Account of All that he hath *done, said, thought*;
Shall find him much eas'd, when he comes to stand
To that Account where All shal once be brought.

23

For bitter Checks that make thy Cheeks to flame,
And to thy Teeth tell Truths, thou hast no Action:
To doe the Euill, sith thou hadst no shame,
Be not asham'd to suffer thy Correction.

24

Perhaps, this Child, shal Rich, or Poore, become:
Perhaps a Wretch, perhaps a Liberall:
Perhaps a Wise-man, & perhaps a Mome:
But, past perhaps, assured, die he shall.

25

When Wine runs lowe, it is not worth the sparing;
The worst & least doth to the Bottom diue:
Wrong not thy leisure (yeers vouchsafe) in daring:
But some-times looke into thy Graue, aliue.

26

Sinner, thy GOD is not inexorable;
No *Rhadamanth*, *Returning* hearts to hate:
There is no Sin, in Heav'n *vnpardonable*;
Nor no *Repentance*, in this Life, too late.

27

The Eye that fixlie the Sun-beames beholds,
Is suddain daz'd: so, in GOD's Iudgements high,
Mens cleerest Iudgements are as blind as Moulds:
None, none but Ægles, can the Lightning eye.

28

O wrecked *Vertue*! wretched is Thy state;
For, Fortune hath the Fruit, Thou scarce the Flower:
Thou art a Stranger at thy proper Gate,
Thy Friends thence banisht, & thy Foes in Bower.

29

Man, *Knowledge* still, to the last gaspe, affecteth;
In learning, *Socrates* liues, grayes, and dyes.
Free frõ *Death's* Process *Knowledge* none protecteth:
But, to learn Well *to die*, is to be *Wise*.

30

To liue, is to begin One-Work, and end it,
Life hath, with All, not same Repute, Report;
'T's an Exile, to the Sot; Sage, Iourney ween'd it:
Wherein Hee walks, not as the Common-sort.

For

31

For hauing a good Prince, Peers iust & wise,
Obedient People, Peace concluded fast,
A State 's not sure: Storms after Calms arise;
And fairest Dayes haue foulest ouer-cast.

32

Man, though thou be from Heav'n Originarie,
Presume not yet to Peer thee with thy God:
Hee's Soueraign King; Thou but his Tributary.
Hee's euery where; Thou but in one poore Clod.

33

Of Elephants, the biggest leads the Band;
The strongest Bull ouer the Heard doth raign:
But, Him behooues who will Mankind command,
Not ablest Body, but the aptest Brain.

34

Kings Maiestie seems as eclipsed much,
Vnless great Seruants in great Troops attend:
'Tis sure an Honour to be seru'd by Such;
But, on Their Faith 'tis fearfull to depend.

35

To build a Palace, rarest Stones are sought:
To build a Ship, best Timber is selected:
But, to instruct young Princes (as they ought)
Ought all the *Vertues* to be there collected.

36

Art's now-adayes a *Desert* desolate:
Kings-gracious Raies are there no more discerned:
Philosophers wait at the Wealthies Gate,
And rarely Rich men do regard the Learned.

37

Th'hand bindeth not except the heart with-go:
What coms not thence, not Thank nor Thought de-
He giueth All that doth Himselfe bestow; (serum.
He Nothing giues who but his heart reserues.

38

That curious Thirst of Tranaile to and fro,
Yeelds not the Fruit it promis'd men in minde:
Changing their Aire, their Humors change not tho;
But, many Lodgings, & few Friends they finde.

39

In vain the Soule hath Reason's Attribute,
Which vnto *Reason* cannot Sense submit:
For, Man (alas!) is bruter then a Brute,
Vnless that *Reason* bridle *Appetit*.

40

Self-swelling *Knowledge*, Wits own Ouerbearer,
Proues *Ignorance*, & findes it Nothing knowes:
It flies the Truth to follow Lyes and Error:
And, when most right, it weens, most wry it goes.

41

The Vicious trembles, alwaies in Alarmes;
Th' Eye of the Vertuous keepes him as at Bay:
When All the World fear'd *Rome's* All-reaching Arms,
One vertuous *Cato* did all ROME dismay.

42

Vice blinds the Soule, & Vnderstanding clogs,
Makes good of ill, takes foule for fairest look,
Yea, Durt for Dainties: so liue loathsome Frogs,
Rather in Puddles than in purest Brook.

43

In Greatest Houses Vice hath battered,
Whose Honors though no less haue shined bright:
What are the Graceless to the Good? Not dead,
But liuing Branches, in the Tree haue Right.

44

If Men might freely take Essay of Court;
None, hauing tasted, would return so neer:
The happiest there meets many a Spight in Sport,
And knows too-well he buyes his Weal too-deer.

45

To loue None; All to doubt; to fain, to flatter;
To form new Faces, & transform true harts;
To offer Seruice, & flie-off in Matter;
Are *Courtiers* Lessons, and their Ground of *Arts*.

46

Set not thy Rest on *Court*, Sea's barren sand;
There grows no Goodnes; good, there, euil growes:
Rest's Temple yerst did forth the *Citie* stand:
No Sent's so sweet, as is the *Country* Rose.

47

Who weens in *Court* to thriue, will find him weak,
Without two Aiders; *Impudence*, *Immunitie*:
For, first behooues him his own Brows to break,
Yet Others heads he break with *Importunitie*.

48

Who is not sory for Time's losse, in stay
For Kings slowe Fauours, seems to haue no sense:
The losse of Goods a Prince may well repay,
But loss of Time Kings cannot recompence.

49

Is't not the Top of Follies Top, to note
An Old *Sir Tame-asse* gallanting in Court,
To play the Yonker, & Swan-white to dote
On *Venus* Douelings, in despight of Sport?

50

A mean Man hardly scapes the Mightie's Clawes;
Hee's as a Mouse play'ng by a sleeping Cat;
Who lets it run, then locks it in her Pawes:
And all her sports boad but the Death of That.

51

World's *Vanitie* is rife in euerie place,
(Alas! that good Wits ſhould be 'witched ſo!)
Maskt in the Church, in Court with open Face.
For, there's the place her perfectly to knowe.

52

By euill Manners is good Nature marred;
None falls at once, all *Vertue* to defie.
Vice, in the Soule is a ſtrange Plant transferred:
And wert not dreſſed, it would quickly die.

53

With By-Reſpects Impietie wee couer:
Earth more then Heav'n is priz'd among vs Now:
At God's great *Name* we ſcarce our heads vncouer;
When Kings are named, euery knee doth bow.

54

Diſorder Order breeds: good Lawes haue ſprung
From Euill-liues: Would All keep *Iuſtice* line,
In *Weſtminſter* there would be ſoon leſſe Throng,
Leſs Work, leſs Wrack, leſs Words for *Mine* & *Thine*.

55

Law-Tricks now ſtrip the People to their ſhirt:
Shift is their Shield, Gold in their onely God:
Waſps break the Web, Flies are held faſt & hurt:
The Guiltie quit, the Guiltleſs vnder-trod.

Ther's

56

Ther's now no trust: Brother betraies his Brother;
Faith's but a phansie, but by Fooles esteemed:
Friend 's false to Friend; & All deceiue each-other;
Th'Iuie pulls down the Wall by which it climbd.

57

Treasons be Trifles: Man's a Wolfe to Man:
Crimes be but Crums; Vice is for Vertue vanted;
Sodom's and *Cypris* Sinnes we suffer can:
And Impious tricks in all their Tracks are hanted.

58

In perfect'ſt Men som Imperfection's found,
Some-what amiss among their *good* is seen:
Gold, & pure Gold we dig not from the ground,
There's Dust & Dross, & grosser stuffe between.

59

Merit, of old did *Friendship* feed & fix;
Where now-adaies 'tis founded all on Profit,
With sleep Dissembling & Deceitfull-tricks,
And euermore the Poore is frustrate of it.

60

The Earth cannot fill thy hearts vnequal Angles;
Thy Hearts a Triangle, the Earth's a Round:
A Triangle is filld but with Triangles:
And th'infinite the finite cannot bound.

Tis

61

'T's a *Death* to die far from ones Native Citie:
Yet *Death's* not milder there, then else-about:
Death, without ROME, did not *Rutilius* pittie;
Neither, within ROME, Him that ne't went out.

62

When Man is com'n to th'old last Cast of Age,
When Nature can no longer lend nor borrow;
He thinks not yet to pack, and leave the Stage;
But still, still hopes to liue vntill to-Morrow.

63

Fain, would'st thou flie *Loue's* wanton *Luxurie*?
Cut-off Occasions: speak farre-off; fly Fitnes:
Shun Solitude: liue still in Companie;
They fall alone that would not fall with Witnes.

64

Muse not, to see the Wicked prosper faire:
The Sun his Shine euen vnto Theeues doth giue:
When of their Patients Leiches do despaire,
They giue them ouer as they list to liue.

65

Slander is worser than Hell's burning Torture,
The Force more fierce, the Heat more vehement:
Hell, after Death, doth but the Guilty martyr;
Slander, aliue, torments the Innocent.

Affliction

66

Affliction razes, and then raises hearts:
As, vnder Waight, victorious Palms are wont:
As, vnder Seals the Wax doth swell (in part);
Vnder the Crosse the Soule to Heav'n doth mount.

67

Enuie, in vain pure *Vertues* Anuil bites,
Breaking her Teeth: as on a Stone the Cur,
That barks of Custom, rather then Despight,
At euery poore and harmlesse Passenger.

68

Enuie 's a Torture which doth Men molest;
Euen from their Birth; yet they ought els can doo:
Behold Two Infants nursed at one Brest;
They cannot brook their Teat for meat to Two.

69

This is the Ods twixt Honest men & Knaues;
Th' one tels his Neighbor, All mine owne is mine,
And all Thine too: The other (void of Braues)
Saith, Thine's not Mine; but, what I haue is Thine.

70

What *Enuie* likes not, that she makes a Fault:
Ioseph, with *Ismael*, for his Dream, was barter'd:
Abels pure Offring to his End him brought:
And for the *Truth* the Innocent are martyrd.

Flat-

71

Flat-Cap, for whom, hoord'ſt thou thy heaped Treaſures?
Thy Bodies Sweat, thy Soul's deer Price (poor Sot!)?
Sir Prodige-all (thine Heire) in *Protean* Pleaſures,
VVill waſte, in one Day, All thine Age hath got.

72

True *Liberality* would be intire:
Yet not at-once, at all times, and to all.
One may miſ-giue, to giue yet one require:
Yet Gifts vn-asked ſweeteſt Gifts I call.

73

Content with Fruits from thine own Labor grow'n,
A fore-hand ſtill, a ſet Reuenew ſaue:
For, He's a Foole in more reſpects than one,
That ſpends his Store, or more, before he haue.

74

There is no Goodnes in a groueling heart,
Bent on the VVorld, bound to this Rock belowe:
VVere not the Moon ſo neer this Neather part,
She would not, could not, be *Eclipſed* ſo.

75

Goods are great Ills to thoſe that cannot vſe them:
Miſers miſ-keep, and Prodigals miſ-ſpend-them:
Hell-hounds, to haſten toward Hel, abuſe-them: (thē.
As Wings, to Heav'n-ward, heav'n-bent-Soules extend

Preſump-

76

Presumptuous Spirits spring not frō right *Nobility*:
Courage, that comes from *Pride*, proues neuer true:
Pride ruines hearts, whose Raiser is Humility:
The humble Shepheard the proud Giant slew.

77

Pride glitters oft vnder an humble Weed:
Oft louely Names are giuen to loath'd Effects;
Men sooth them in the Cause, to 'scuse th' ill Deed:
And blame Light, rather than their Sight's Defect.

78

A *Prudent* man is, for Him-self, sought-forth:
He's more admir'd then what the World most vants:
Praises are due vnto ones proper Worth:
Not purest Gold addes Price to *Diamants*.

79

Th' *Humble*, doth Others prize; Him-self depress:
Saue against *Pride* he neuer bends his Browes:
The more his *Vertue* mounts-him, counts-him less:
God th' *humble Sinner*, not *proud Iust*, allowes.

80

O! *Hypocrite*, which hast but *Vertue's* Vaile,
Seem what thou art, and what thou seemest be:
To hide thy Filth, all thy Fig-leaues will faile:
Thou canst not hide thee from thy God, nor Thee.

Mock-

81

Mock-*Saints*, whose Soul-weal on your Works you (lay,
With eyes & hands to Heauen, while hart 's els-where:
For shame you durst not to the least man say,
What you (profane) dare whisper in Gods eare.

82

Gold's fin'd in fire: Soules in *Affliction*, better:
Moths gnaw the Garment locked in the Chest:
Still water stinks, vnwholesom, black, and bitter:
Swords rust in Sheathes, and so doe Soules in Rest.

83

Opening thy Soul to God, cloze Mouth from Men:
Nor let thy Thoughts roame from thy due Intent;
GOD sees the hearts, his iudgement soundeth them,
And Them confounds whose Words & Deeds dissent

84

Gamesters may well All to to-Morrow post,
To see, or to be seen, th' haue neuer leasure:
With aduerse Winds their Minds are euer tost;
Losse bringing Grief, more than the Gain brings Plea- (sure.

85

To shun Affaires, behoues exceeding heed:
Troubles vnsent-for, and vnlooke-for, haste;
Vn-set, vn-sowen, too-early growes the Weed:
We meet too-soon the Care we hoped past.

All.

86

All *Idleness*, dis-natures Wit, dis-nerues-it;
A mod'rate Trauell makes it quick, addrest:
Sloath quels and kills it; Exercise preserues-it:
But, He's not Free that hath no time to rest.

87

Who seeketh Rest in troublous Managings,
Thinks to find Calm amid Tempestuous Seas:
The World & Rest are Two, two aduerse things:
Thick streams re-cleer when Storms & stirrings cease.

88

Fortune in *Court*, is fickle, apt to varie:
Fauors sort seldom to the Suiters minde:
They many times euen in the Port mis-carie:
The hotter Sun, the blacker shade they finde.

89

Gifts, Honors, Office, Greatnes, Grace of Kings,
Are but the Vshers of Aduersity:
For their Last mischief, haue the *Emmets* wings:
And height of Health betokens Sicknes nie.

90

Youth hath more Lures, more Traps, more Trains
Then Fouler Sins, or Baits the Fisher-man: (to Ill,
Age would, but cannot what it would, fulfill:
Senex, thou leau'st not Sin: Sin leaues Thee, than.

Th'

91

Th' Eye tends to Beauty, as the Centre of-it:
After the Eyes, Heart and Affections drawe:
'Tis hard to keep safe what so-many couet:
For, mens Desires Kings cannot keep in Awe.

92

All Good or Ill-hap that heer happens thee,
Comes from *Opinion* (which All-ruling seems).
Opinion makes vs Other then we be:
He's not *vnhappy*, who him *happy deems*.

93

From contrarie Effects is formed Sadnes:
Both Smoak & Smiles haue made the Eyes to water.
Who sowe in Tears, shall one day reap in Gladnes;
Who sowe in Ioyes, shall reap Annoys heerafter.

94

Let's leaue out I, and No, in Conuersation:
Words now transposed, and *wax-nosed*, Both,
By ROMES *New* Doctrine of *Equiuocation*,
Which giues a Lye the Credit of an Oath.

95

Friends, now-adayes, wake at the noise of Gain.
As Bees to Flowers, as Crowes to Carion haste,
As Flyes to Flesh, as Birds and Ants to Grain;
So Friends to Profit thickly flock and fast.

Who

96

Who reaues thine Honour, scoffes, if he presume
T' haue don thee fauour, that thy life hee left:
Why should the Bird liue, hauing lost her Plume?
The rest is nothing when the Honor 's reft.

97

Little sufficeth Life, in th' vn-delicious;
The Sun for need may sometimes dresse our Victuals:
I blame, alike, the *Cynik* and *Apicius*;
This, for his too-too-much; That's, too-too-little.

98

Too-oft is made too-ill Interpretation
Of Words & Deeds best meant & built on Reason:
All's euill to the Euill, by Self-flation:
Whence Bees their Hony, Spiders suck their Poison.

99

Happy the People where *Iust-Gentle Prince* is:
Whose Sword is *Iustice*, and whose Shield is *Loue*.
For These *Augustus Deuised* long-since is:
And without These, Kings Scepters maimed proue.

100

Good-hap, Good-heart, Fauour, and Labour met,
Bring Men to Riches and to Honors heer;
But that's the Way about: To be born *Great*,
Is great Aduantage; Not to buy so deer.

FINIS.

HENRIE
THE
GREAT,

(The Fourth of that Name)
LATE
King of FRANCE
&
NAVARRE:
HIS
Tropheis and Tragedie.

Written
By PIERE MATHIEV.

Translated,
&
Dedicated

To the Right Honorable, WILLIAM
Earle of Salisburie.

By
Iosuah Sylvester.

To the Right Honorable
WILLIAM CECILL,
Earle of Salisbury.

BEsides the Bonds which did most Vowes engage
To your deere Elders; and besides the Due
Which to your Selfe might iustly thence accrew;
Th'apparant Vertues of Your April-age,
Challeng'd of right This Poëms *Patronage:*
The rather, sith we first receiu'd from you,
The speedy Notice (no lesse quick than true)
Of HENRY'S *Death, through Hells dis-chained Rage.*
You saw this Sunne, at his High-Noone-shine Set
In suddaine Clowd of his owne Royall Blood.
O Horrid Hap! Who euer can forget
Such Fate, such Hate; of one so Great, so Good:
O! Iust Revenge, roote out th' Ignatian *Pack,*
The Moules that moon'd in Faux *and* Rauaillac.

IOS. SYL.

THE
Tropheis of the Vertues and Fortune of HENRIE *the Great.*

SInce first *Apollo* lent the World his light,
And Earth empregned with his heatfull might,
Europe hath seene no Potentate, no Prince,
To Parallel Great HENRY's excellence.
No Terme, no Time, his fresh Renown shal shed;
Neuer was King more dear, neuer more dread.
Phœnix of Kings, wonder of Christendome,
Passing all past, and without Peere to come;
His Courage onely matcht His Clemencie;
And should his Tomb to These Two equall be,
Both Spain & France, could not contain the same,
Which haue so often seen his feates of Fame.
His Life 's a lamp to Princes, and a line;
A Trophey rear'd by Miracle diuine:
A Theater to all the Vertues built;
A goodly Garden with such plenty fild
Of choisest fruits & flowers, that chusing, there
Aboundance troubles more then Want else-where.

The yeer that EDWARD in *Great Brittain* dy'd:
That *France* (beyond the mountains) *Spain* defi'd:
That *Therwin* walls were thundred to the ground:
That a faire flower our Royall *Hymen* Crownd:
I'th vvinter *Solstice* (when the yeare is worn)
Within *Pau* Castle This young MARS was born.
Born for the Worlds Good, as his Enterance
Prefag'd him then the HERCVLES of *France*;
To re-aduance her *Lillies* long decayd:
For as (by chance) bare-head, abroad he playd,
At foure yeers old, a Snake he finds & kills;
At forty, foiles the *Hydra* of our Ills.
Nor was He bred in soft delicious wise
(Which forms young Spirits into the form of Vice):
His Grandsire vs'd him to all VVeathers Ire,
His Sauce was Labour, Exercise his Fire,
His noble Heart did neuer ought inflame,
Saue Heauens desire, & th'Honour of the same.
Scarce fourteen times had he beheld the birth
Of th'happy Planet (which præsag'd his Worth)
Predominant in his Natitiall;
When he became an Armies Generall,
Whose hottest flame, without Him was but fume;
Nor, but by Him, durst any good presume.

He

He purchast Peace, the which estsoones was staind
With His Friends bloud, & his young soule con-
To faine some Change of His Religion: (straind
At *Vincenne* Castle He was seaz'd vpon,
And to the Court confin'd; where, discontent,
His Spirit droopes, out of His Element.

Escaped thence; with restlesse toyle, He tends
To saue the Side of his Afflicted Friends;
By peace again he bringeth all in vre;
And *Mounsieur's* death doth well his Hopes assure
Of th'after Crown, who but between him stood;
So, now was He the first Prince of the Blood.

Then from afarre he doth new Storms discry,
To threat his fortune, and his force to try:
He meets the danger with vndaunted front,
And in foure yeeres beares ten braue Armies brunt,
All with the might of a great Monarch grac't;
VVhereof, at *Coutras* he defeats the last.

At last, the King to extreame Streights reduc't,
In doubt of all, and daring none to trust,
Implores This Prince, who rescues him from *Tours*,
With iust Reuenge; & had, yet many houres,
Re-humbled *Paris* to her Princes yoake,
But for *Saint Clements* Paricidiall stroake.

After

After which ſtroak (which all true French-men
France ſadly falls in a moſt wretched ſtate: (hate)
VVho hath leaſt Reaſon, hath moſt Inſolence;
VVho hath moſt Power, hath leaſt Obedience.
Nor Awe, nor Law; Diſorder euery-where:
Good, without hope, and Wicked without feare.
Rebellion ſpaunes as faſt as (in the Spring)
Fruit-fretting vermine; it doth Diſcord bring
In Families, dearth in Townes, death in Field:
O! happy you who neuer daign'd to yeeld
Vnto that Hagge; but, Loyall to the Crowne,
Haue left your Heires, Heires of a true renowne.
Who counts the Cares that on a Crown doe wait,
As well may number *Autumnes* fruitful fraight,
And *Flora's* too. Yet this great ſpirit of man,
Mid th'ebbs and flouds of This vaſt Ocean,
Seems a tall Ship, which maugre Winds & Waues,
In wiſhed Hauen her & her Burthen ſaues.
Hee's neuer idle, nor his Exerciſe
Other than ſtands with princely offices:
MARS, & DIANA, & CVPID wait on Him:
Maugre his Loſſe, hee alwaies gaines by Time.
Vnto Affaires his eares are open aye,
Nor waits hee lazying on his bed for day.

Shafts,

Shafts, Tigers, Torrents; no nor Lightning flies
More swift about, than This bold Eagle plies
(Amid all perils) to preserue his State,
With Heed & Speed, from Rebels Pride & Hate.
In Battells first, last in Retreats: in brief,
In Action, Souldier; in Direction, Chief.
Diepe saw his Fortunes on a desperate Dy:
The League presum'd he needs must yeeld, or fly:
But, as a Brook the more we stop his Course,
Breaks down his Bay, and runs with swifter force,
He foiles his Foes at *Arques*, and shewes them plain,
That Heauens iust hand doth his dear Right sustain.
'Tis buzz'd in *Paris*, and beleeu'd in part,
That he is taken; or constraind to start
From *Diepe* to *Douer*, to seek *Englands* Aid;
And, while Him comming Prisoner-wise, they said,
To the *Bastile*; He came and ouer-came
Their Suburbs soon, to their Suborners shame.
Conquest attends Him, whether he encamps,
Or marches on: again he takes *Estampes*:
Lizieux, *Eureux*, *Mans*, *Meulan*, *Vandosme*, *Perch*,
And *Honfleur*, formost in His *Trophie* march;
As earnest-pence of His recouer'd State,
And Crowne of *France*, which well admits no Mate.

Tyber

Tiber and *Iber* then together flow
(Too strong in wrong) his Right to ouer-throw.
There proudeth Power, Heer Prowess brighter shines,
And daily shewes vs by a thousand Signes,
How great Aduantege a true Birth-right brings
(Against Vsurpers) vnto lawfull Kings.

In IVRY Fields, he seems a Blazing Star;
Seen in the Front of all his Hoast, afar:
Maiestick Fury in his Martiall Face,
The braueſt Troops, doth in an instant Chase:
And boldest Rebels, which the rest had led,
Came Charging one way, and by forty Fled.

Melun surrenders, to his War-like Lot,
Chartres is chastizd with his thundring Shot,
Lounieres lyes humbled at his Conquering Foot,
Noyon lamenteth her Three Succors rout,
Esperney yeelds her wholely to his heſt,
Dreux twise besieged, opens as the rest.

The *League* that late so violently burn'd;
To a Cold Feuer now her Frenzie turn'd;
And trusting still in Strange Physycians aid,
Neglects her Cure till all her strength decaid:
In dread of all, In doubt her owne will quaile;
As a weak Ship affraid of euery Saile.

That

That (late) ACHILLES of the *Spanish-Dutch*,
Farnezean Parma that atchieu'd so much
In *Anwerp's* Siege, by match-lesse Stratagem;
And weend the World had had no Peer to Him:
Had here the heart, twice, to refuse to Fight;
And twise departed and bod none *Good-Night*.
Fortune, for Him, no longer vs'd her Wheel;
But, kind and constant, followes at his heel:
He's Happy euery where, and ouer all
Spring Palmes and Lawrels: only neer *Aumale*
A murderous Bullet put him to some pain,
Yet hindred not His Rescue of his Train.
Who weens to vanquish Him, makes Him inuict;
Milde to the Meek, to Proudlings stern and strict:
He loues the Lawrels without blood be-sprent,
A Cruell Conquest He doth euen lament.
His Thunder batters but Rebellious Walls:
And who least fear him, on them first he falls.
France, Selfe to slay, and her owne Throat to Cut,
Arms her owne hands; & (in strange rage) doth put
The Knife to whet, in *Spaines* ambitious pawes;
Spain that would Spoil her Crowns primordial Lawes,
And would a Scepter with a Distaffe blin:
But all in vain: The *Lillies* cannot Spin.

Re-

Re-Romaniz'd, so (say They) Heauen coniures;
His Errors at Saint *Denis* he abiures:
This Chãge, in Court yet chang'd not one nor other;
For, though his Subiects haue not all one Mother,
He holds them all his Sons, They him their Sire;
And Christians all, all to one Heav'n aspire.

Within the Temple of The *Mother-Maid*,
That bore her Son, her Sire, her God, her Aid,
With Heav'n-sent Oyle He is anointed King,
Dons th' *Order-Collar*; and by euery thing,
To proue, in Him, Saint *Lewis* Faith and Zeale,
The Sick he touches, and his Touch doth heale.

By law of Arms, a Citie tane by Force,
Should feele the Victors rage, with small remorse;
Paris so taken, is not treated so:
Though well his Iustice might haue razed lowe
Those rebell Wals which bred and fed These Wars;
To saue the guilt-less, He the guilty spares.

There, There's the Hope and Safety of His Side;
If There he faile, then farewell all beside:
The *Spaniard* therfore Thither speedy sends,
A great strong Conuoy to confirm His Friends.
Which soon defeated, There began the End
Of Ciuill Wars, and all to Vnion tend.

Th'

Th' Honor of ſauing and reſtoring *France*,
Is not alone due to His *Valiance*?
His *Clemencie* hath part; which lets him in
To ſtronger Holds, than all his Arms could win:
That, ſatisfied with Tears, makes from all parts,
Repentant Rebels yeeld him vp their Hearts.
Lyons, the Porter of one Part of *France*,
Rouen, that ſees none like ſtrong in Ordinance,
Orleans which *England* did vndaunted proue,
Marſeillis, iealous of old *Neptune*'s loue,
Aix, *Bourges*, *Sens*, *Meaux*, *Poictiers*, *Troy*, *Thoulouſe*,
And *Reins*; of Theſe, each to his *Bounty* bowes.
This gracious Prince excus'd the ſimpler ſort,
VVhom (Malice-leſſe,) blind Paſſions did tranſport,
Againſt the Lawes, with fury of the Time,
VVho ſelf-affraid to faile in fowler Crime,
Seduc't by others ſlie ſeditious Lore,
Follow'd (like Sheep) their Fellowes ſtraid before.
This heauenly-humane *Clemency* of His,
Yet cannot ſhield Him from ſome Treacheries;
One wounds him in the Mouth and breaks withall
One of his Teeth, (O Act vnnaturall!)
And had not God in part put-by the blowe,
Euen then in *Paris* had he periſht ſo.

But

But, haning quencht the Ciuill Fires in *France*,
Gainst his ill Neighbors now his Arms aduance;
In *Piedmont*-Fields his Lilly-flowers he plants,
Pills *Bourgogne*, and all *Artois* He dants,
And makes the great *Castilian* MARS to fly,
With Feare within; without, with Infamy.
Then, those great Warriors that had disobeyd
(Whom not their Courage but their Cause betray'd)
Which came with shame and sorrow (as was meet)
To cast their swords at his victorious Feet,
Fearing his Rigor; He receiues them (rather)
With King-like grace, and kindnesse like a Father.
Heauen daily works, for Him, some special Miracle,
His Faith's an Altar, and his Word an Oracle:
His greatest foes haue neuer found him faile.
And should Sincerity, in all men quaile,
Exiled from the World (as *Moors from Spain*)
In This Kings soule she had been found againe.
Spain by a train of many Wyles well laid,
Surpriseth *Amiens*, *France* is all affraid:
The Spaniard, hence prouder then euer, swells,
Vndanted HENRY Thence him soon repells,
Regains his Citie, and constrains His foes,
To beg their Peace, or to abide his blowes.

The

The Storms that long disturbd the state are val'd,
Th' ill Vapors now are from all hearts exhal'd;
And *France* is now all *French* euen all about:
Only the *Breton* stifly yet stood out.
But, those white *Ermines* at the last must need,
Of th' only Sent of the faire *Lillies* feed.

Old PHILIP longs to see the Waters calme,
Finds all designes vain to supplant This Palme;
Sith the more shaken, it more fast doth grow:
He seeketh Peace, the *Pope* solicits so,
Veruins doth treat it, *Bruxells* sweares it don,
And PHILIP pleas'd departs the World anon.

France yet retains one sensible Offence,
For which she vowes Reuenge or Recompence:
Among the Alps her thundring Canons roare,
Proud-browd *Montmeilan* flaunts & vaunts the more
To stop her fury, but in fine is fain
To rue her rashnesse and repent in vain.

God hastens his owne Work: This Monarch mar-(ries
In *Lyons* Church, the choice, the Chief of *Maries*;
The Heauens delight, our *Lilies* ornament:
Loue, in one heart two louely Soules hath blent:
Whence Peace is more confirm'd, and Discord, dasht.
For, by This knot, many great Plots are quasht.

At *Fountainbleau* (a Paradise for site)
She brought him forth his *Dolphin*, his delight,
Whose tender youth giues happy hopes of Worth;
One Daughter also did she there bring forth,
And two Sons more (Supporters of the Crowne):
Two daughters more, *Paris* for birth doth owne.
His Clemency hath conquered Rebels rage,
Made of dis-loyall loyall Vassalage;
Yea forced Wills by Pardons and by Grace,
The proof whereof is writ in euery place;
Through all the Townes of *France* both great & smal;
Where, for Reuenge, Reward was daign'd to all.
Once, only once, his Mercy admirable,
VVas deafe to *Biron* and inexorable;
Sith when he might, his hault despight would none.
I wonder not to see that *Myrmidon*,
In the *Bastile*, a shamefull death to beare:
But This I wonder, that he would come there.
Of factious spirits, of close deep hearts and double
(Whose Life is strife, whose Rest is best in trouble)
He knowes the drifts, & knowen dissolues the same,
As fast as fire melts Lead within the flame.
His voyce alone, as Dust cast vp aloft,
Breakes Hornets buzzing and their swarming, oft.

Discord

Discord disturbing holy Church at rest,
Twixt *Rome* and *Venice* did debates suggest:
Ambition set in foote, sore-sweld with hope,
To bridle both the Senate and the *Pope*;
Both prest to fight: His Prudence reconcil'd
Their Difference, and did their mindes remil'd.
He relisht now the harmeless Sweets of Peace,
VVilling his People should partake no lesse;
But yet some-where he feeles a Thorne to prick:
To pluck it out he armes and marches quick,
Euen to the Frontier: There attaines his will,
Wisedome (in) sloy takes her Season still.

You Nations, that for fortie yeeres have seen
BELLONA's Tempests, & felt MARS his Teen;
That for your Liberties haue pawed your Liues:
If freely now you ioy your Wealth, your Wiues:
If now your Trades into the East you bring,
(Vnder Heauens Kingdom) onely thank This King.
Thus heapt with Honors, This braue King is loath
That his braue Knights, effeminis'd by Sloth,
'Mid Games & Dames, during so long a Peace,
Should still lye still in Cities pomp and ease;
Therefore he reares an Army strongly dight,
In *Gulich's* Claim, his wronged friends to right.

A noble Prince, whose Prowes & Prudence, late
Rude admir'd, and *Rome* hath wondred-at
(The Honor of His Time) was Generall;
So stoard with Gold, with Guns, with Arms, with all,
That neighbor Princes all were in alarm: (harm.
Yet Them This Thunder brought more feare then
Fearless it marches; &, respectless, threats
What-euer Log its ready Passage lets;
Gesture and voice already skirmishing,
And vnder Conduct of so braue a King,
Great-Britaines, Germans, Switzers, Belgians,
Serue all the Greatnes of the Crown of *France*.

Elf-where, the while, The Duke that rules the *Alpes*,
Seemd t'haue his heart no more beyond the *Calpes*;
Braue noble heart, *Saxonically-French*.
Fuentez, affraid, with shoulder-shrinking wrench,
Doubts lest that *Milan* stoop to *France* againe;
And CHARLES prouoked proue the Scourge of *Spain*.

Heau'ns now, to Crown his *Trophois*, had set down,
That at *Saint Denis* he his Queen should Crown
VVith royall Diadem; and in one Day
The State, the Maiesty of *France* display.
Nothing but Great; but great Magnificence;
But, MARIES Grace excell'd all Excellence.

Hence,

HEnce, hence false Pleasures, momentary Ioyes;
Mock vs no more with your illuding Toyes:
A strange Mishap, hatched in Hell below,
Hath plung'd vs all in deepest Gulfe of Woe,
Taught vs, that all Worlds-hopes as Dreams do fly;
And made vs all, Cry *All is Vanitie.*

Four houres frõ Noon, forth frõ the *Louure* rode
This mighty Prince (without his Gard) abroad,
To see His Arcenall: To his Caroche,
In a streight Lane, a Hell-hound durst approche;
And with a Knife, twice stabbing, kill'd him quite,
Turning that fairest Day to foulest Night.

Twice did the Monster stab: for else, the first
Had not been mortall; but, the Knife, accurst,
Thrilling his Lungs, cut at the second stroake
Th' *arterial vein*, whose bloud-floud soon did choake
The peerless Prince; His dying Eyes & Hart
Imploring Heauen, soone did his Soule depart.

Fell Tyger, tell vs, tell vs Why, or Whence,
Thou durst (accurst) assault so Great a Prince?
Wherein had He to Thee or Thine done wrong?
Wbẽ once (yet this) Thou didst too neer him throng;
His Gard rebuk't thee; but, He Them, for That;
Caus'd That *Thy Malice*, & His Murderous fate?

Fates ruthless Law allots his royall breſt
To die the death that CAESAR thought the beſt;
Death without ſenſe of death, a death ſo quick,
It ſildome leaues Kings leiſure to be ſick;
Nor giues Him leaue of his ſixt *Decade* date
To fill the Roule; but ſeauen ſix Months did bate.
He, He that was the Hope, the Prop of His,
He that reſtored *France* to what it is,
He that confin'd the Power of Princes ſtill,
He that Commanded *Victory*, at will,
That was the Worlds delight, Kings glory ſheen,
He, He receiues Deaths treacherous ſtroak vnſeen.
Th'vnhappy ſtreet where This fell Hap fel-out,
Where woſull *Paris* ſaw her Light put out,
VVhere curſed Iron piere'd her Princes hart,
In ſhall no more be clept *The Iron-mart*:
It ſhall be call'd *The curſed Corner*, ſtill;
The Hag-ſtreet, or *The Hell-ſtreet*: which you will.
Lord! where wert Thou! When That diſloiall wretch
With cruell hand did Thine Anointed reach;
Quenching the Raies of Royall Maieſtie?
No heart is hid from thine All-piercing Eye,
It ſees the Centre, knows the thoughts, yet thought;
Could it ſee This, and ſuffer it be wrought?

Hell

Hell oft before, out of his black *Abyss*,
Had ſpew'd vp Monſters to haue acted This:
But, ſtill thy hand from former wounds did ward.
And had he not ſtill truſted to Thy Gard,
His Owne had waited Round about his Coach,
And This fell Tyger neuer ſhould approach.

These Words, theſe raſher Words eſcapt my tong;
When I beheld That Monarch layd aloog
Dead on his Bed; ſo dead, ſo butchered;
I blamed Heauens, & Whiſpering ſoft, I ſaid,
Becauſe They ſtopt not This ſtrange Hap before,
Their ſlũbring eyes now watch the World no more.

But, are mine eyes mine own? Is This That Prince
Which might haue made all *Europe* His, long ſince,
Had he not thought th'Empire of *France* enough;
That Lion-heart, that Courage Cannon-proofe,
VWhich did ſo oft Impoſſibles atchieue?
I ſee tis He: yet ſcarce my ſight beleeue.

Is This That Mighty King, Gods liuely Image,
To whom the greateſt in the World did Homage?
In Peace a Doue, in Warre an Ægle quick,
NESTOR in Court, in Camp ACHILLES like;
That with a hundred horſe, a thouſand foil'd:
That from moſt Dangers neuer yet recoil'd.

Great *Rome* was strangely maz'd and all a-mort,
When She beheld her CAESAR'S bloody shirt:
And say, Great Citty, how wert Thou dismaid,
When first thou saw'st Thine HENRY sadly layd
Along his Coach, & couered with a Cloak?
"*I thought the Prop of all my Fortunes broak.*
Those that haue seen in Townes surpris'd (while-
When to the Churches All haue fled for fear, (yet)
May well imagine *Paris* deepe Affright.
Nothing but shiuering; Nobles armed bright,
Clergy at Prayers, People weep and houle:
And HENRY'S wound hath wounded euery Soule.
Paris in Honour of her peerless Queen,
Had plotted Showes (more pompous neuer seen)
As, rich to th'outward, rare to th'inward sense;
But, all those Archs (Marks of Magnificence),
Those *Trophies*, *Terms*, *Statues*, *Colosses*, All,
Make but more Mourners at the Funerall.
I yeeld My Pensill: help APELLES, heere,
To Limn (to life) Her dying-liuing Cheere:
Beleefe is hardly in Mans heart impreft,
Her Griefe more hard to be by Art expreft.
Therfore ô Queen! Great Stay, Great Star of *France*,
This Veile I draw before Thy Countenance.

Heauen

Heaue steel'd Thy Hart with Fortitude That Day,
Thy Courage kept the Kingdom from Decay;
And to the Throne Thy Son our Soueraign heft:
Though angry Fates of Father him bereft,
Yet Mercifull, they left him such a Mother,
That *France* could hardly haue been rul'd by other.
The suddain Clap of This drad Thunder sounds,
From *Alexander's* to *Alcides* Bounds:
The Kings and Princes stand amazed all,
With horror of an Act so Tragicall.
Some, Rest forsake: others, Repast forbeare,
And Each like Fortune to himselfe doth feare.
So suddainly to see Day turn'd to Night,
Trymphant Palmes, into *Funerall* Plight,
The Royall Crown to a deep Mourning Vale,
A liuing King, to a dead Corps & pale,
Our Flowers to Thorns; seem Tricks of Sorcery,
Wherein, Conceit consents not with our Eye.
Yes, He is dead: and his eye-lids no more
To view this Light shall open (as before);
Those louely Eyes, the Load-starrs of the Court,
Whose gracious glances, on the Worthy sort,
Gaue Vertue rigor; and Whose awefull frowne
Dis-dared Vice; are now Eclipst and downe.

Where

Where are those ready Battale-ranging Hands?
Those lightning Eyes whose wrath no wail wth.
That Voice so dreadful to the stoutest harts? (stands?
That Heart which wrought so many wondrous parts?
That piercing Wit, dispersing Clowds of Doubt?
VVhere is that mighty King, so Fam'd about?

Inexorable *Death*! inhumane, cruell,
Thou shalt no more reaue vs so rare a Iewell;
Nature hath broke the Mould she made Him in.
In all thy *Triumph* (trayling euery Kin)
Shal neuer march His Match, nor worthier Prince,
T'haue been exempted from thine Insolence.

Ah! poore, weak *Vertue*, zealous Loue of Thee,
Prolongs not Life, protracts not Death (I see):
This Prince that gaue Thee euē his Hart for Tēple,
This Prince whose Raign shal serue for rare Exemple
To future Kings, in future Things distraid,
Should haue come sooner, or haue later stayd.

His Pietie, was neither Fond, nor Faind;
His Prowesse, neither Feare, nor Rashnes staind;
His Prudence clear'd his Coūcells, steerd his State;
His Temperance his Wrath did temperate;
His Iustice with his Clemencie did Yoake:
Yet could not All free Him from Fatall stroake.

Invin-

Inuincible in all: only, the Darts,
Which haue not spar'd the Gods immortall harts,
Haue often batterd His: but, by your leaues,
O fairest Bewties! (*Bewtie it self* Shee*liues*)
You neuer were the Souerains of his brest:
He You (perhaps) You neuer Him possest.
In *Arms-Art*, what He knew not, none can know't,
Neither attempt what He attempted not,
Reason was aye the Aime of His designes,
His braue Exploits (worthie immortall lines)
Shall furnish Theam to Thousand learned Clarks,
Whose Works shal Honor Him, He more their Warks
His *Royall Gests* are euery-where extold,
Grauen, Carued, Cast, in Marble, Wood, & Gold;
His Life alone's an History admir'd,
Wherein all Pens, all Pencills shall be tir'd,
In pourtraying all His valiant Feats to-forn,
Whose Tables euer shall all Courts adorn.
His *Bounties* Temple had a hard Accesse,
Not known to any but to *Worthinesse*:
That Gate (indeed) did seldom open quick.
His *Liberality*, (coy Bewty-like)
Lou'd to be woo'd, prest, and importun'd still;
Yea, forc't to giue, what glad and fain she will.

Yet

Yet, by th' effects to waigh his Clemencie,
Me thinks His Heart must more then humane be,
Me thinks therein some higher Power did shine,
It surely seem'd celestiall and diuine,
And but I saw him dying, pale and wan,
I could haue scarce beleeu'd This Prince a Man.
He euer lou'd rather to saue then spill,
Not cementing his Throne with Blood, with Ill;
Nor ween'd, by Feare his Diadem assur'd;
With mildenes rather, grieued minds he cur'd:
His Memory did neuer wrongs retain;
Beloued Kings, He thought, securest raign.
Praise you his Bounty, you that, past the Poles,
Beare Heauens Embassage to Belief-less Soules:
HENRY restor'd your Countrey, and your Credit,
He gaue you leaue ouer all *France* to spred it;
Restor'd you *Bizance*, and each pleasant part,
Left you his Court, bequeath'd to you his Heart.
If *France* now flourish, proyning, round about,
Oliues within, and Lawrels all with-out,
If now, She giue the Law to other States,
If Peace and Plenty raigne within her Gates,
If now She feare no Ciuill Storms again,
These are the fruits of This Great HENRY's Raign.

If now Her Schooles with learned men abound,
If Her rare wits be through the World renownd,
If doubts of Faith be cleared and explor'd,
If Learning be to her due Place restor'd,
If now Desert the Charge in Church attain,
These are the Fruits of This Great HENRY's Raign.

¶ If now her Buildings passe for bewty farre
The Worlds old Wonders (which so famous are)
If *Paris* Thou be peerlesse to behold,
For State, for Store, for People, Goods, & Gold,
If in thy Citie, Cities sprout again,
These are the Fruits of This Great HENRY's Raign.

If the *French* Scepter be now Self-entire,
Fear-less of Forain or Domestick fire:
If France haue Fellowes of ACHILLES Fame;
If now in *France* be nothing out of frame,
If now the *Indies* her *Bastile* containe;
These are the Fruits of this Great HENRY's Raign.

If now we ioy to see our Country free
From Theeues and Rebels (which exiled Be):
If Iustice now doe keep the lewd in awe,
If Desperate Duels be now curbd by Lawe,
If now the Weak waigh not the Strongs disdain,
These are the Fruits of This Great HENRY's Raign.

If

If Merchants rich, If Magistrates be sound,
If Officers like Emperors abound,
If Pursie Lawyers liue Prince-like at home,
If now Inuentions to their height be come,
If now good wits find where them to sustaine,
These are the fruits of This Great HENRY's Raigne.
Who lou'd not Him, neuer beheld his browes,
Who knew his Fortunes, must admire his Prowes,
Who feard him not, His greatnes did offend,
Who weend Him to beguile, his Wisdom kend:
Who durst displease Him, knew his mercies store;
Who durst not speak, his mildnes did ignore.
Who waileth not his Death, knew not his Life,
Glory of His and Others Enuie rife,
Incomparable, Admirable Prince,
Excelling all th' old HEROES Excellence.
For, His true Story shall their Fables shame:
Inimitable Life, Illimitable Fame.
O *French-men*, stop not yet your weeping flood:
This Prince for you hath lauisht oft his blood.
O! be not niggards of yonr Tears expence,
(Vaile heer, my Verse, do ANNE a reuerence;
Rare ANNE that shames the rarest wits of Ours,
Her diuine Stances furnish thee these Flowers).

The

The Heauens may giue vs all Prosperities,
Sustain our State, remooue our miseries;
But cannot dry vp our Tears bitter streame:
In extreame Euills remedies extreame.
Restore our King, quick shall our Ioyes recouer:
Els, neuer look our Sorrowes should giue-ouer.
Eech-where our Grief finds matter to augment it,
His Names remembrance doth each-where present it,
His famous Gests do busie euery Sort,
Some tell his Warres, others his Works report.
Others his Fauors past, glad-sad deplore;
Then, not to mourn, is not to mind Him more.
Ah! must we liue, and see so sodain dead
The Life that late our Liues inspirited?
Strike saile my Soule, let's put-into the Port,
While HENRY liu'd 'twas good to liue (in sort):
But let vs after: sith Hee's reft of breath,
Desire of Life is now farre worse then Death.
Sorrow, with vs doth both lie-downe and rise,
Wrinkles our Browes, withers our Cheeks & Eyes:
VVe shun what-euer might our Griefs allay,
VVe wish the Night, w' are weary of the Day,
Night brings sad Silence with her horrid Shade,
And euen her Colour seems for Mourning made.

Ex-

Extreamest Woes yet are with Time ore-past,
Riuers of Teares are dryed-vp at last:
But neuer Ours; Ours, euer fresh shall flow:
We defie Comforts, We 'll admit no mo,
Not seek them, but as *Alchimy* profound
Seeks that which is not, or which is not found.
Who, from the Ocean, Motion can recall,
Heat from Fire, Void from Aire, Order from All,
From Lines their Points, from IRIS all her Dyes,
Perils from Seas, from Numbers Vnities,
Shadowes from Bodies, Angles from the Square,
May free our Hearts from Grief, our Mindes from (Care.
He must be hart-les that is smart-les found:
The Soule that is not wounded with This wound,
Most brutish, hath no humane Reason in't:
There is no breast of Steel, no heart of Flint,
But must be-mone so great a King, so slain.
Who would not waile a Gally-slaue so tane?
Let vs no more name HENRYes, Kings of *France*.
Death with two Kniues, & with one shriuer'd Lance,
Hath kild Three HENRY'S: one at Iousts (in iest);
Th'other in's Closet; in's Caroche, the best:
So, Three King RICHARDS, & Fiue Other, cry,
Some fatal Secret in some Names doth lie.

What

What worse Disastre can you haue behinde,
To threaten *France*? O Destinies vnkinde!
What greater Mischief can your Malice bring?
So good a Father reft, so great a King?
What will you more? sith we no more can hope
For any Good that with This Ill may cope.
This noble Spirit doth to his Spring re-mount,
This Bounties Flood retireth to his Fount,
This Atomie to's Vnity vnites,
This Star returns to the first Light of Lights,
This Ray reuerts where first it light did take,
And mortall wounds, This Prince immortall make.
Fare-well sole Honour of all earthly Kings,
Fare-well rare Prince for All-kinde Managings,
Fare-well Great HENRY, Heav'ns & Natures Gem,
Fare-well bright Star of Kings, Glories great Beam,
Fare-well sole Mortall that I keep in minde:
Fare-well false Hope, Fortune, & Court vnkinde.
Heer, left Oblivion should vsurp her roome,
FAME writes in Gold, These Lines vpon thy Tomb.
This Prince, vn-Peerd for Clemency and Courage,
Justly Sur-nam'd, the Great, the Good, the Wise,
Mirror of Future, Miracle of Fore-Age;
One short Mis-hap for-ever Happifies.

FINIS.

S. LEWIS, the KING:

OR

A Lamp of Grace, lighting

THE GREAT

(in the right way)

To

GLORIE.

Translated,

&

Dedicated

(As a New-yeeres-Gift)

TO

The High-Hopefull Prince,

CHARLES,

Heire Apparant

of

Great-Britan's Kingdomes,

&

The Hopes of Christendom.

By IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

1615.

TO

My Gracious Lord,

THE PRINCE.

NOT that yo' Highnes needs My mean Direction
(Hauing, within, a Princely ſpirit for Guide;
without, your Parent; round about (beſide)
Precepts & Patterns of diuine Perfection)
Preſume I Thus to bring (in dim Reflexion)
This ſorain LAMP (admired far & wide):
But, as An humble Gift This New-Years-Tide,
To intimate my Faith, and my Affection.
Your gracious hand Thus binds my gratefull heart
To Offer Heaven my Vowes, & You my Verſe,
For that Deliuerance You haue daigned, in part,
To my poore Hopes, wrackt in your Brothers Herſe,
You haue begun; Vouchſafe me, Sacred Powers,
You may go-on, & make Me wholely Yours

In Effect,

as

In Affection

To yo' Highnes ſeruice

humbly deuoted,

Ioſuah Syluester.

My Gracious Lord,

THE PRINCE.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Eiusdem

Augustissimi

ANAGRAMMA

Quadruplex.

CAROLVS STVARTVS, Princeps.

1. Tu, *Cirus*: pulcra Spes nostra.

CHARLES STVART.

2. *Arthur's Castle.*

3. *Hart's last Cure.*

4. *Art's chast Lure.*

In ARTHVR'S CASTLE, lyes My HARTS LAST CVRE:
To which I hasten, draw'n by ART'S CHAST LVRE.

AD
Eundem Principem
Opt. Max.

EPIGRAMMA;
Ex lat. I. O. convers.

WILL, Reason, Sense, the Brain, the Head, the Heart;
Each, in his Office, in Thee acts his Part:
Thy Will, thy Wit; thy Sense, thy Reason swayes;
Thy Heart, thy Head, in every point obaies.
Thy WALES hath had GREAT-stiled Princes *Three*:
HENRY, *was Fourth*: CHARLES, *the Fift* GREAT shall be.

Ad 38

AD
Eundem Principem
Opp. Gallice.

EPIGRAMMA;
Ex Int. T. O. conscript.

WHat Reason, Sense, the Brain, the Head, shall learn
Each in his Office, in Thee claims Part:
Thy Will, by Acts; thy Sense, by Reason's Sayes;
The Heart thy Head, in every point obeys.
Thy Wars hath had GREAT-Hard Princes Three:
Happy, yet Fortunate: GRANDE, the fifth GREAT shall be.

A HYMNE

of

St. LEWIS

(The ninth of that Name)

King of France,

OF all the KINGS, admired ouer All,
Whose *Prudence*, swayd This Crown Imperiall,
Whose *Prowesse*, most our *Lillies* Bounds inlarg'd,
Whose *Iustice* best their Charge in *Peace* discharg'd;
Whom most the Raies of glorious Creatures crown'd,
Who brightest shin'd, Who was the most Renown'd,
Most magnified, for Manly Conquering
Within the World the World: was th'*Holy King*
Frõ whose chast loynes, frõ our whose loyall Bloud
Th'*Heroïck* Stems of Royall BOVRBONS bud;
Famous St. LEWIS; Good KINGS *President*,
Who, for his CHRIST, & for His *Crosse*, him spent:
Who, by his Valour so renown'd his Name,
That all the Earth hath trembled at the same:
And, Who, to free, from captive Furie fell,
The Fields where yeast Our *Captain* conquerd Hell,
(Courageous *Zeale* fetting his Soule on fire)
Led armed FRANCE against the *Afran's* ire.

When I his *Vertues* read, & *Acts* so great,
Which Him, so high among the *Saints* hane set;
And heere belowe, so lasting glory wan,
I iudge them scarce Works of a meerly Man;
But, of an Angel in Mans shape bedight,
To shew the World the Way of *Vertue* right.
Amaz'd, to see, among so many Sinnes
As (fatally) the *Court* breeds & begiuns,
Among so many Pleasures, whose sweet baits
Intrap the warlest with their wylie Sleights;
A KING to curbe him so, in Power supreame,
To *watch* him Selfe so, with such care extreame,
As not to taste *Delight* (of any kinde),
Which *Reason* barrs a brane and noble Minde:
But so *upright* in VERTVE stack to tied,
That euen in Earth a Heav'nly Life he led.
For, neuer was there more accomplisht KING,
Whose royall hart had more replenishing
Of *Princely Vertues*, fit for Powerfull hand,
Or to be wisht in Mindes of High Command.
Nay; would the Heavns, their Treasures all produ-
All Gifts of Body & of Minde conducing, (cing,
Mould for Mankinde a *Prince or Potentate*,
Worthy to gouern VNIVERSAL State;

They

They could not giue the *World* (& We, much lesse,
Wish) *One* more worthy; with more due Addresse,
To take into his Royall hand the *Helm*,
In stormfull Times so apt to ouer-whelm.
So much the *Star*, which rules in *Birth of Kings*,
When He was destin'd to *These* manegings,
Milde and propitious, in His heart connext,
First, *feare of* GOD, & *loue of* IVSTICE next:
VERTVES, whose *habit Happinesse* doth nourish:
Makes *Cõmon-Wealth* flow, & *The Church* to flourish:
Serues best for *Base* to each illustrious *State*:
Giues mightiest KINGS calm *Crowns*, & fortunate:
Causeth their Subiects *feare* them *louingly*:
Keepes Them, in *Dangers*, euer danger-free.
For, the *Almightie*, printing in their Face,
Milde-*Maiestie*, sweet-*Terror*, dreadfull-*Grace*,
And heaping *Hap* vpon them euery-where;
The *Good*, feare, for them; Them, the *Euill* feare.
How many braue Marks, left his noble Minde,
Of th' Happiness These *Vertues* bring Mankind;
When, full of Constancie, he durst maintaine,
That, raigning for Him, Who made him to raign,
These sacred *Twinnes*, nigh frõ the World dis-pell'd,
As in their *Temple*, in His Bosom dwell'd;

Guided

Guided his Person, gouern'd his Affaires,
Counsaild his Counsails, qualified his Cares,
Steerd all his Course, through all his *Voyage* heer,
As men their Ships by Card & Compasse steer.
These making him with rarest spirits compeer,
In holy pride, Hee euen despised heer
The Kings, that, puft with glory of a Throne,
Commaunded All, except themselues alone.
By th'one, he happied his owne Soule, with Rest:
By th'other, also he his People blest.
By th'one, becomming to him Selfe seuere,
He rul'd him Selfe; kept his own Power in feare;
By th'other, giuing free Course to the Law,
He kept his Subiects in: and happy, saw
Through all his Kingdome, *Peace* & *Plenty* flower
In basest Grange, as well as golden Bower.
But 12. times *Sol* throgh the 12. Signes had gon,
When Heauens assignd him to his Fathers Throne;
And to the hands of his Man-Childhood left
The glorious Burthen of This Sceptres heft:
But, as in th' Orchards at *Monceaux* or *Blois*,
The Gard'ners Care ouer some Graftlings choise,
The second yeare of their adoption there,
Makes them as good & goodly fruits to beare,

A

As Trees, whose Trunk & branched Top bewraies
Their Months as many as the Other's dayes;
Through the Heavns fauor & Earths fruitfulnes,
Shewing that God their youg first-fruits doth bless:
His forward *Vertue* in his *Pupillage*,
Brought forth th'effects of a mans perfect age;
Disprouing quite his feeble signes of youth,
And prouing him inuincible (in truth)
Against vaine *Pleasures*, all their Baits condemning:
Against all *Perils*, *Death* it Selfe contemning:
Against all *Passions*, euer them resisting:
Against all *Crosses*, constant ay-persisting.
For, looke how lowe, his hart in humble awe,
Hee bow'd to GOD, and bended to the Lawe;
As high he mounts it, in Praise-worthy Pride,
Aboue the World, Fortune, and All (beside)
Whose Vanitie, with false gloss gilded o're,
Fond Mortals, most desire, admire, adore:
Desiring, onely, with that holy *Marie*,
(For his degree) That *One thing necessary*:
Admiring solely th' holy Works, wherein
Th'Almighty Workers wondrous hand is seene:
Adoring none but th'Euerlasting *One*;
Him louing best; fearing but HIM alone.

Then,

Then, bearing aye *This Oracle* impreſt
Within the Centre of his royall breſt,
That *A ſincere & true-Religious* KING,
Feared of All, needs feare at all no-Thing;
Where *Hee whoſe Soule hath not This Feare in-layd,*
Of none is feared, but of All affraid.
Arm'd with *This Breaſt-plate*, as with ſtronger Armes
Then Thoſe (of old) bleſt with inchanting Charms,
He brau'd all Perills that his Proweſſe met,
And His calm Spirit, amid a Storme ſo great
As would haue caſt Youth in a ſwoune inſenſible,
Shew'd *Reſolution* of a heart inuincible;
Appearing ſuch, indeed, as Painters fain
Great *Hercules*, when *Iuno's* fell diſdaign,
Purſuing him, he Monſters quaild and killd;
A Man in Courage, though in Age a Child.
Which well he proou'd to thoſe *Rebellious Peers*,
Who making light of his, then-tender yeers;
And meaſuring his in-ſide by his age,
Troubled his State with ſtorms of *Civill Rage*:
Armed againſt him many a Tower & Towne,
Aymed by Ambuſh to ſurpriſe his *Crowne*.
When He, to heale, by neceſſary Ill,
This Ill, beforeth' Impoſtume ouer-fill,

With

With Sword in hand their first Assault preuents;
And, as His Subiects, bravely them conuents,
To come and cast them arm-less at his feet;
Or else, as Foes, his armed Force to meet:
From Him, their true *Liege* (if true *French* they be)
Arm'd in the Field, to take This Offer free,
Reuenge, or *Pardon* of their past Mis-deeds,
And all the Mischief which the same succeeds.
The one, his Power should press them to, perforce,
Th'other, their Duties, vrged with Remorse:
If their blind Furie did the One contemne,
Th'other should poure Death & Disgrace on them.
O! how the words of a braue *Prince* preuaile!
This daring Speech did so their Courage quaile,
That though the cold sue of a prudent Feare,
Did not forth-with put-out their frenzie there;
Yet did it daily from thence-forth decline,
And all their Flame turn'd but to Fume, in fine.
Yea, Those, whose furie dream't a *Diadem*,
Their Side abandon, & disbanding them,
Reiect their vaine Hopes; and, in season, flie
To the King's Mercie for their Remedie.
Others, more dreading Rigour of the Law,
Vnder protection of the *English* draw:

Gil-

Guilding their Guilt with friuolous pretences,
Arming their weak Cause with as weak defences;
Till, but increasing their dishonor by's
Wanting as well good Fortune as good Right,
They 'r also faine to beg his Bounty royall,
Ill worthy Them, so obstinate-Disloyall.

What proofs of *Prowesse*, what contēpt of danger
Exprest this Prince vpon the enuious Stranger,
On crystall *Charant*, in *Zantognian* Coast,
When false *la-March*, backt with a forraine Host,
Mustred against him from so many parts,
So many Groues of Lances, Pikes, and Darts?

There *France* and *England*, fully bent to Fight,
Had both their Armies in their Order pight;
From Either side mount winged Clowdes amain;
On Either side they poure their Showers againe:
While siluer *Charant*, to haue bart'd their Teene,
Her swelling shoulders did oppose between.

This Riuer makes the Reed-crowned Banks to kiss
By th'arched fauour of a Bridge there is:
Whose gaine or losse (besides the honor) boades,
Or barrs, the Prize of *Victorie*, by ods:
The *English*, friended by a Fort at hand,
Which proudly did the neighbour Plaines cōmand,

Had

Had won this Passage, and were passing on
Cheerely to end their *Victory* begun:
When *Lewis*, rushing to the Bridge, the first,
Repells the Foe, and puts him to the worst;
With dead and wounded all the place he paues,
And, then *Horatius*, brauer him behaues:
Re-hartens His: re-haleth from the Foe
Faire *Victorie*, ready with Them to goe:
Standing alone, as a firm Rock, afront,
Almost alone, to beare the Battailes brunt;
As th'onely marke of many thousand Darts,
At Him alone still aimed from all parts:
Till at the last, by his example prest,
Hee winning all, his Armie wonne the rest;
When, if his *Courage* shin'd in Conquering,
More did his *Mildnesse* in the managing.

Who can recount, and yet who could conceale
Th'illustrious *Vertues*, whose industrious zeale
O'r all the World his honors blazed yerst,
After these mists, these first clowdes were dispersst,
And scatterd all by the bright-shining Rayes
Of this new Sunne, in Summer of his dayes,
When (*Eaves*'s Vmpire) making *Peace* with Men,
Hee *War* proclaim'd against their *Vices* then?

The

The glorious Works his Royall *Vertues* did,
Cannot, without impietie, be hid;
Although, without diminishing their Worth,
My *Muse* (alas) can neuer set them forth:
For, of all *Vertues* sacred Tracts (least rife)
His *Life*'s a Picture, limmed to the life.
And such a Pattern, as to match again,
The Wish is vertuous, but the Hope is vain:
Sith, the more wondrous 'tis, & Worthy Table
To imitate, 'tis more inimitable.
So that, His *Worth*, weening to-life to limne,
I ouer-reach, in stead of reaching Him:
And, like bad Singers (as too-bold, too-blame)
Sounding His Praise, rather My Selfe I shame.
In heav'nly *Annals* are his *Acts* inrold:
His Royall *Gests* are yet in *Asia* told:
In *Affrike*, yet his *Valour* is renownd:
Through *Europe* euer shall his *Vertues* sound;
And euery-where *Ninth* LEWIS (*Great* in Fame)
Seems, not a Man's, but very VERTVES Name.
Neuer did *Faith*, *Honor*, *Vprightnes*, raign,
With *Constancie*, in Soule of SOVERAIN
More pious-giuen, more fearing-God, more Foe
To Idol-Rites (Religion's ouerthrowe);

Nor

Nor more desirous *Vertue* to preferre,
To propagate CHRIST's *Kingdom* every-where;
To root-out *Vice*, to raze *Idolatry*,
And raise the *Trophies* of TRVTH's *Victory*.
Burning with this Desire (his best Delight)
In *Affrike*, twice, He *Crossed* Standards pight,
Exposd his Life vnto the chance of War;
By Sea and Land aduentur'd oft, and far:
Where, seeking Death, at last, He Durance fand,
Within a faith-less, loue-less, law-less Land,
Where Hee, as Gain, & as to raign, did take,
To serue & suffer for his *Saviours* sake.
But, all the Battails, won and lost to sing,
Abroad atchieued by this Valiant King:
The Sack of *Damiete*, & the bloudy Spoile
Of *Sarazens*, both on the Shores of *Nile*,
And of the Sea, thrice strewed (as it were)
With Carcases of *Pagans* slaughtered there;
The Siege of *Caire*, when braue Victorie
Mourn'd all in Black for His Captiuitie:
The sacred Terror & Maiestike Grace
Which (from aboue) shin'd in his eyes & Face,
When two *Turk*-Traitors (with their Swords, in grain
Dy'd with the bloud of their late *Soulda* slain)

Comming

Comming to kill him, felt, with strange remorse,
Their furie feebled by a secret force;
From murderous fists letting their weapons fall
When they beheld his face maiestic all.
His *Lybian* iourney, when to *Carthage* tho
This Champion seemd another *Scipio*:
Th'honor he won at *Tunis*, where he crownd
His Life & Fortunes, euermore renownd.
In briefe, to vndertake to tell at large
All his Exployts, were a more waighty Charge
Then can the powers of my weak Soule support:
And such a Web to weane in worthy sort,
Behoues the hand of a more happy Wit,
Both warp and woofe with golden Threds to fit.
I therefore, quitting th'hopefull Arrogance
Sprung from ignoring of our Ignorance,
Shall thinke My Labour crowd sufficient,
If this my sparkling *Pouzil*, *Phaebus* lent
To colour Verses, can but duly lim
Least-glittering Rayes that shin'd with Praise in Him.
Leauing therefore His Wars discourse to Those
Whose buskind Muse *Bellona's* march out-goes,
Whose Numbers thunder, & whose stile distills
Fresh drops of Death from their heroick Quills,

In

n lofty ſtraines, as grauely, brauely-bold:
'll lowely ſound his *Laurels* leſs extold,
Which He (at Peace) won in his War with *Vices*,
nd happy Toile in holy Exerciſes.
or, as I cannot His high *Prowes* expreſs;
Much-leſs can I with ſilent Slothfulneſs,
Vnder *Oblivion*'s ruſtie keyes conceale
The wondrous Care, the right religious Zeale
Which from his Youth ay in his heart had burn'd,
To ſee *The ſeen Houſe of the Lord* adorn'd:
Nor, in this Vertue, none hath neer Him come
Of all the Kings haue raign'd in *Chriſtendome*.
Not, for, We owe to Him the Monuments
Which with his bloud *Our Sauiour's* Patience
ath'd in his *Paſſion*, & whoſe Sight, as yet,
hakes godly Soules in ſad-glad ſacred Fit:
ut, for (abhorring Shepheards bad & blind)
A ſtudious Care boyld in his zealous Minde,
Yea burn'd his Soule's ſoule with a hot deſire,
That, in the *Church-Ship*, none to Charge aſpire,
ut skilfull, faithfull, carefull, Mariners,
Able & apt for all Affaires of Hers;
Whoſe holy Labors, in couragious ſort,
Maugre all Storms, may ſteer into the Port.

Denoured of this Zeale, and dreading aye
Least He be charged at the latter Day
By th' *onely Iudge*, with *Vice* & *Ignorance*
Of those he chose, through all the Folds of *France*,
To Feed the Flocks vnder his Power ally'd:
When 's royall office bound him to prouide,
With wondrous Care did he their liues explore,
Who-euer had commended them before:
And neuer gaue be the supreme Degrees,
Th' *Ecclesiastik* sacred *Dignities*,
But vnto Those whose *Life* & *Learning* too
Were Eminent, both to *direct* and *doo*;
To feed, as Shepheards; as a Watch, to Ward;
To heale the Sick, Sound from the Wolf to gard,
And carefull Stewards in due time to break
The *Bread of Life* both to the strong and weak:
Not Those whose Eyes deep vaild with *Ignorance*;
Or *Knowledge* stain'd with Sinnes *Exorbitance*,
Made like th' old woodden *Mercuries*, erect
In publik *Wayes*, the Passage to direct,
Who, with their *finger* the Right Path did point,
But, with their *foote* could neuer moue a ioynt.
How, how should Those, for Guide & Lantern serue
To th' Ignorance of People prone to swerue;

Whose

Whose Ignorance, deuoid of *Learnings Light*,
Cannot discerne from crooked *Waies* the right?
Or, How can Those, foule, Sin-sick Soules recure
(Whō Patterns more then Precepts would allure)
Whose Eloquence, whose excellence of Wit,
Marrs their *Well-saying* by *Ill-dooing* it;
While what they *Preach*, in *Practice* they denie,
And by their *Deeds*, giue their own *Words* the Lie.
Neither the *Learned*, of true *Vertue* void;
Neither the *Vertuous*, without *Learning's* aide;
Can, in the Flock of CHRIST's *Redeemed deere*,
Beare th' holy *Sheep hooks* sacred Burthen heere,
With that Success which should be wisht by Them
That seek the glory of *Ierusalem*.
Learning and *Vertue* must together match,
Those sacred Flocks dulie to *Weeld* and *Watch*:
In vain 's their pain, who do not *lead*, but *drive*,
Preaching like *Shepheards*, while like *Wolues* they *liue*;
Said This good Prince: and that same very Thought
Which from his hart this holy Speech had brought,
Brought forth th'effect: He did so thirst to see
Religion flourish; and through th' Industrie
Of *Labourers*, diuinely *Willd* and *Skilld*,
GOD's holy *Vine-yard*, trulie, duly tilld.

Nor was His Care lesse, nor, much lesse, his Zeal
Of *Lawes* support (Props of the Publik-Weal)
So strict he was & so precise in Choise
Of Those (not waighd but by their Merits poize)
Whom, arming with his Sword, as Delegates,
Hee sent amid the Rank of *Magistrates*,
Garnisht with *Vertues*, grac't with *Learning*, fit
On bright *Astréas* sacred Thrones to sit.
His *Predecessors*, winking at the Crimes,
Or else constraind with Mischiefe of their Times
(All giuen to Gain, greedy of Gold) had made
Of *Offices* a miserable Trade:
Neuer regarding, that they set (withall)
Both Innocence, Honor, & Right to-sale:
Sold, to th' insatiate, *Licence* (as they please)
To pill the People, vnder showes of Ease:
And let the Knaue, with his full *Purse*, preuent
The known long *Merit* of the Excellent.
Hee, seeing This Abuse to ope the Gate
To all *Iniustice*, to confound a State:
The Guiltie quit, the Innocent condemnd;
Wrong countenanc't, Right rated, or contemnd;
And onely *Fauour* (vnder fained Gowne)
O're-ruling Iudgements, *Equitie* put-downe:

Iusti

Iustice, in Courts vsing her *Balance* bright,
To waigh the Parties Money, not their Right:
Sold *Ignorance*, in Dignities supreame,
Soyling their sacred Chayres with Wrongs extream;
Selling too-shame-less, too-vnconscionable,
What Shee, vnworthy, bought vnreasonable:
Seeing, in briefe, his Realmes neere Ieopardie:
The strength of Lawes turnd to meer Robberie:
Apparant Thefts, with Warrant vnder-handed,
Not onely not condemned, but commanded:
Soone as his Valor, quelling all his Foes,
Had set him quiet on his Fathers Throne,
Hee banisht quite This sad *Confusions* Cause,
This fatal Death of *Letters*, & of *Lawes*;
According to our *Saviours* blest Example,
Who angry chas't the *Chapmen* forth his Temple.
Then, where he met a Well-disposed Wit,
Whose *Knowledge* and whose *Cariage*, matching fit,
Gaue him good hope, that beeing (free) prefard,
He would be th' Orphans & the Widowes Gard;
The Poore's Protector, in their Right to stand:
No eye for *Fauours*; & for *Bribes*, no hand;
No Awe of Threats, and for Intreats no Bare,
Laying aside, *Loue*, *Hatred*, *Hope*, and *Feare*,

When he shall sit as Oracle, to doome;
Where Man is vnto Man, as in God's Roome:
Him would this noble Prince freelie *create*
A *Chancelour*, a *Iudge*, a *Magistrate*,
A *Deane*, a *Bishop*; without busie Suit
Of bribed Minions basely to pursu 't.
O euer-wished, neuer hoped Dayes,
Which Gold's-contempt so gilt with golden Rayes.
How calm you past! How was the People blest,
Vnder the Lawes of such a Princes Hest!
And ô! How worthy Hee, in spight of Time,
To be renowmed ouer euery Clime!
Through whom *Integritie* reuiu'd again,
And *Sentences*, ceasing to passe for Gain
(As now, God wot, too many witnesse can)
Were GOD's owne *Sentence*, in the Mouth of Man.
For neither spar'd He Rigour nor Reward,
Where he had hope, by gentle hand or hard,
To conquer *Vice*, and that same *seruile Vein*
Which loues not *Goodnes*, but for Goods & Gain;
And with a hart whose Gold-Thirst neuer *sat* is,
Will neuer till the Field of VERTVE, *grat'is*.
Knowing therefore, that in a Season vicious,
We sooner finde a *Pyrrhus*, then *Fabricius*;

And wiſely fearing leaſt the feare of Want,
Or loue of Wealth ſhould worldly minds ſupplant,
And make them paſs their duties bounds perchance,
Whom he to place of Honor ſhould aduance:
To keep their Port, with People, venerable;
To bear their Charge of needfull Train & Table;
He arm'd their *Vertue* againſt Pouertie
(The ſecret Foe to ſound *Integritie*)
With ample Stipends, able to repell
The law-leſs Lawes of thoſe Two Tyrants fell,
Whoſe Iron Scepter, too-too-often forces
Right honeſt Natures to diſhoneſt Courſes.
And then, if Fauour, Feud, or Auarice,
To groſſe *Iniuſtice* did their hands intice,
Hee puniſht aye their Treſpaſs with ſuch Rigor,
That Lawes, recouering then their ancient vigor,
Seem'd That ſeuere Example to reviue,
Which in the *Skin* of Father flay'd aliue
(For wrong *Decrees*) his Sonne ſucceeding thruſt;
A bloodie *Doom*, yet, for *Iniuſtice*, iuſt:
That after-*Iudges*, by their *Iudge-skin* Chaire
From *Bribes* and *Brokage* might be warned faire.
Aboue all Crimes, his hearts iuſt Ialouſie
Abhorred moſt *Murder* and *Blaſphemy*:

Nor

Nor euer did the First escape with life;
Vnlesse by Proofs it were apparant rife,
That *Self-defending*, 't was vnwilling done;
Forc't, deadly Stroak, by deadly Stroak, to shun:
Th'other was punisht where he sinned, iust,
A red-hot Iron through his Tongue was thrust;
To teach Blasphemous Mouthes no more to blame
That holy, high, vn-vtterable Name,
Ador'd in Heau'n & Earth, & euery-where;
Which, euen the Angels speak not, but with feare.
O! how he hated Those light, lothsom, Places,
Where *Venus* sells her to all lewd Embraces!
The Shepheard, finding, vnder Stacks, or Stones,
A Nest of Hornets, or a Swarm of Drones,
Or knot of Vipers, is not bent more fierce,
Their Cells to spoile, Themselues dispatch, disperse,
Then Hee was egre, & against Them bent
Seuerest Lawes, with sharpest punishment;
Clensing with Fire those foule *Augéan* Stalls,
And, to the ground, razing their filthy Walls.
Lacing with lashes their vn-pittied Skin,
Whom *Lust* or *Lucre* had bestow'd therein.
Him-Selfe, so chaste of Body, and of Minde
(If *Fame* say true: who seldom soothes behinde.)

That

That neuer Hee (rare in a Princes Life !)
Knew other *Venus*, then his *Queene* and *Wife*.
What Prince was euer, to the silly Poore,
More tender-harted, either helpfull more ?
A many Kings haue, by high Feats in Warr,
Renowned their Names, & spred their Glories farr :
By wholesome Lawes Licentious Rage represt :
By many Proofs their *Prudence* well expreft :
By all the parts of *Policie* & *Prowes*,
Won all the Honors earthly State allowes :
But, few vouchsafe to stoope their stately eyes
To th'humble Poore that on the dunghill lyes :
And little think, that, in those Little ones,
Christ, *Christ* Him-selfe vnto their Greatnes groneg;
Beggs at their Feet, in raggs, and hunger-driuen ;
And promiseth, for *Bread* to giue Them *Heav'n*.
O hearts of Adamant ! This pittious King
From Your fel Natures was far differing.
For, oftentimes, from his high Throne descending,
To sowe & reap the Fruits on *Almes* attending,
All, all that could from ordinary rate
In Royall Charge of Kingdom, House, & State,
Be safely spar'd, with honorable Thrift,
From such a heart & hand so apt to Gift ;

Would

Would He bestowe in building *sacred Cells*,
For th' *Aged*, *Poore*, *Sick*, *Sight-less* (*Help-less* els)
In ayding *Widowes*, whom the bliss of *Bearing*
Made wretched, wanting for their Childrens *Rearing*:
Redeeming Captiues, raising Doweries
For honest Maydens apt for Mariages,
(Whose *Banes* (vnaskt) still *Poueritie* forbad)
Passing their Flower in Feares & Languors sad:
In breeding Orphans, and in feeding Those
Whose bashfull Silence, biting-in their Woes,
Smoother'd the Sighes within their swelling breast,
Which si ō their Mouthes meer Hunger often prest.
In briefe, in pouring on all *Poore*, no lesse
Streams of Reliefe, then Fortune of Distresse:
Approuing plain, that, in most *Pomp* of *State*,
Him Selfe a Man he aye did meditate.

His People He so lou'd, and their Prosperitie,
That, easing them of former Kings seueritie
In Imposts, Tributs, Taxes, & the rest,
Where-with his Kingdom had been sore oppreſt:
He wont with Tears to bathe his Cheeks (they say)
When vrging Cause compelled him to lay
On his poore Subiects any new Excise,
Neuer so needfull, iust, or light to prize;

Which

Which yet his Pittie rarely did permit;
And onely when *Bellona* (preſſing it)
Againſt our *Lillies* ſome ſuch Storm had blown,
As hath too-often *Empires* ouerthrown.
For, for the Charge of needfull Dignitie,
And royall State beſeeming Maieſtie,
Hee neuer ſought from other Source to drain,
Then th'euer-Springs of his owne iuſt *Demain*.
Deteſting th'vſe of other Potentates,
Who, but to gild their Pride in pompous States,
Pilld all their Subiects with extreame Exceſſe:
And then conſuming it in Showes & Feaſts,
And ſcorning thoſe whom they had eaten-vp
(With-out Compaſſion) in a golden Cup
Carrouſed deep their wretched Peoples blood,
Whom God had giuen Them to protect, in good.
What Lawes-Obliuion, What Contempt of GOD
(Thus, this good Prince, Them, ſhril & ſharply chod)
Deaffens your Eares againſt ſo many a Plaint!
Inhumane ſoules, who, touch't with bloody Taint,
Ill Shepheards, ſhear not, but euen flay your Fold,
To turn the Skins to Caſſakins of Gold;
Thinke You, the Heav'ns, which hate all Tyrannie,
Will wink at Yours, and let you ſcape ſo, free?

No,

No, no; they'll ruine Your vnrighteous Power;
And, causing soon Your Subiects rise in Stower,
The Iust-Reuenger, who all Realms transfers,
Of mightiest Kings shal make you School-masters:
Shall break your proud *Tax*-puffed Sceptres so,
That, for th'abuse, you shall the vse forgo:
Or shall so curse the cruell Policies
Your *Minions* finde to feed your Vanities,
That in Your hands your Gold shal melt away,
And still the more you pill, the more you may:
(Like *Dropsie-sicke*, the more they drink, the dryer)
The more you shall deuour, the more desire:
New *Erisichthons*, through insatiate heat,
Forced in fine your Selues to teare & eate.
Branding with Shame of Marks so mercie-less,
So impious Pride of hearts so Pitie-less,
Who burd'ning Subiects more then beare they can,
Hold neither God for God; nor Man for Man.
But, whither run I, on so harsh a string,
Out of my Tune; to tell how This good King
Reprou'd bad Princes of his Time for pressing
Their People cause-less with vncessant Sessing.
Let's re-assume our Song, our proper Theam:
Let's passe-by *Vice*, & rather couering them,

Then

Then Them recounting in eternall Story,
Let vs returne to sing of *Vertues* Glory.
How happy is the Prince, who squaring right
By sacred Lawes the limits of his Might,
Ioyes in *Well*-dooing, and as *Iust* as *Wise*,
Thinks not himselfe to raign; saue, Noblewise,
When He his People heeds, and hearing aye
Their iust Complaints, doth in due time repay
What euery Monarch (with deuotion) vowes
To GOD & Men, when first his royall Browes
(Vnder so many solemne Mysteries:
With hopeful Subiects wishfull, ioyful Cryes)
Put-on the glad-sad sacred *Diadem*,
Which instantly from thence-forth puts on Him
That *Robe of Power*, which those doth much mis-fitt
Who haue not on rare *Vertues* richest Suit.
Among such Kings, who ay, as Right directs,
Measure their Greatnes by their Good-effects;
Not by their Fortunes, or their Force of hand;
Or many Nations vnder their Command;
Was that illustrious Prince to whom we pay
Heroïk Duties in this *Hymnik* Lay.
For, while, at home, he happy Peace inioyd,
Hee neuer suffer'd day to vanish voyd

Of

Of giuing Audience, & extending free
Fruits of his *Iustice* vnto each Degree:
Grieuing in minde, grudging at those, as lost,
Less worthy spent, although vnwilling most.
Perswaded sure, that with what eye or eare
His Peoples Case a Prince doth heed and heare;
With like, the Lord, in his extreame Affaires,
Will looke on Him, & listen to his Prayers:
That that same pompous, glittering, glorious Slauery,
Improperly calld *Royall* (for the Brauery)
In proper speech (by due Experience scand)
'T 's an *Onerous-Honor*, a *Confin'd Command*:
That Kings were made for Subiects; & not they,
Not They for Kings: that though both Land & Sea
Adore their Greatnes (Lawes Support alone)
Yet, Princes Eares are not indeed their Owne;
But their own Peoples that doe humbly liue
Vnder th'obedience of the Lawes They giue:
That, to be briefe, of mightiest Kings that are,
Labour 's the Glory, and their Greatnes Care.
Such sound Instructions, from his Cradle vs'd,
His vertuous Mother wisely had infus'd;
Which in his Princely brest digesting milde,
A Man, he practiz'd what he learnt, a Childe:

Ready

Ready to heare the meanest that complaine;
Preferring wisely such a sacred paine
Before the pleasure of the choicest Sport
Could be deuisd in Countrey or in Court:
Whence in his People such Affection spreads,
They bless his Birth-day, & the ground he treads;
Call him their Father, & with Vowes amain
Frequent the Altars for his long-long Raign:
As if that Wish (the Sum of their Desire)
Contained All all Prayers could require,
Or vsd to beg of Heav'ns eternall Bountie,
In asking *Peace*, *Riches*, *Religion*, *Plentie*,
And all the Blessings which ASTREA's hand
Can plant or poure vpon a happy Land.

What Tracts of Art, What Tropes of *Eloquence*
Can liuely represent to modern Princes,
(So as euen *Envies* Self shall nought controule)
That Self-seuere *Integritie* of Soule,
Whose humble, patient, constant Temperance,
Hath no Successor as yet had in *France*,
Nor yet elsewhere, how-euer euery State
Can yet admire it, none can imitate.

EVROPE (where euer *Vice* and *Vertue* most
Haue striuen for Empire, best & worst to boast)

Hath

Hath whilom seen Kings treading in the Path
Of notedst Tyrants, who with Threatful Wrath,
And all the Terrors, which Mans Cruell Rage,
To fright Mankinde had found in former age,
Restraind their Subiects frõ their Deaths Cõspiring:
Who, so, less-daring, had the more desiring.
But, This right generous Prince, still walking fit,
Within the Path which Tyrants neuer hit,
Onely restraind all Publique Insolence,
By th'euen-born Raines of his own Innocence.
Giuing so little hold to *Mal-contents*,
Taking, at sharp Reproofs, so small Offence,
That by effect his Royall Soule did showe,
That in the same no liuelier Flame did glowe,
Then a Desire, so Temperate to frame-him,
That all might boldly, none might iustly, blame him.
Smooth Soothers, poysoning by the Eare the hart,
Pernitious Weeds, who (Ivie-like) subuert,
Distort, destroy the Trees you climbe vpon;
Still feeding Vice with such Contagion,
That seldom, Soules, who with Applause approue
Your *praising* them, do ought *Praise-worthy* loue:
Vizards of Homage, Vertues Pestilence,
Right ill-come were You to This Vertuous Prince,
Who,

Who, shunning aye Your banefull Whisperings,
As common Poisoners of the publique Springs,
Abhorr'd your presence, & could better brook
A miss-Fault-finder, then a *Fawner's* look.
So much a Noble Minde, remote from Vice,
Louing true Honor, loatheth *Flatteries*.
What pleasure took He, how extream Delight
In Histories, where many times hee might
Review him Selfe; amaz'd, to read the things
There said, *of Kings*; which none dare say *to Kings*!
How was he rapt! how sweetly extased,
When that diuine *Eternall Will* he read,
Where, with so liberall, iust, & loving hand,
God shares to His the *Heav'nly-Holy-land*!
That which is said of *Alexander's* loue
To *Homer's* Works (whose graces, all approue)
May well of Him, for honoring the Miracles
Of th' *Heav'n'y Author*, speaking in his Oracles:
Which, as a precious Treasure, richly cas't
In Gold & Cedar, had hee neer him plac't;
Calling it aye his Ioy of Exercises,
The Spur of *Vertues*, & the Curb of *Vices*.
If happily his *Publik Cares* lent Leasure,
He spent it not in more contenting pleasure,

Then That so sacred Studie's Fruit imparts
To th'healthy Taste of true *God-fearing* hearts,
And well appeared, by rare, rich Effects
Of *Vertues* shining ouer all his Acts,
That that diuine *Seed* (happy sowne the while)
Fell in no *Thorny*, *Stony*, *Sandy* Soile.
For, if that euer Soule did Vice auoid,
If euer heer meer humane Spirit inioyd
Prowes, *Pietie*, *Prudence*, and *Iustice*, mixt,
Without the Foil of Follies Drosse betwixt
(Frō proudest Wrong, the poorest Right defending:
Disdaining Pleasures towards Vice but tending:
Milde to the Meek; to Malapert, austere:
To good men, Bountious; to the bad, Seuere)
'Twas This braue Prince: Whō, They do best resem-
In Whom *These Vertues* most of all assemble. (ble,
Kings of his Time, raigning in *East* and *West*,
Reuéring him for such, his Greatnes blest:
Th' Afflicted Princes chose him for Refuge;
The Strong, for Friend; & Those at Strife, for Iudge,
When they grew weary to dispute their Cause
By th'old sharp Argument Kings Furie drawes,
When, *Mars* vsurping milde *Astréa's* room,
In sted of Words, their Swords must giue the Doom;

When

When Iniurie with Iniury repelling,
And strength of Lawes by stronger Lawes refelling
(To back their Own, or Others *Claim* to barr)
They seek their Right in Might; their Peace, in War.
Such war St. LEWIS: *and Such was, wel-neer,*
Our Own St. EDWARD (*and* ELIZA *deer*;
Saue for Her Sex, the Salique *Law, perchance,*
Barrs Her Succession to the Saints *of* France)
For all prime Vertues *of a complete Prince*
To make a Saint-King. *And, if euer, Since,*
EVROPE *hath seen, or any kingdom know'n*
A liuing Shrine *of Both These* Saints *in One*
(*Though, some,* Suspect *of the smooth* Soothing-*Crime*;
Some, grosse Neglect *of This* Ingratefull *Time,*
*Too-*Envie-*prone, permit not* So to say)
It will be Said *and* Sworne *another-Day*
(*When swelling* Clowds, *that dare* Eclipse *our Sun,*
Shall, by His Rayes dispersed, be vndone;
And HE, Him-selfe, *in his* Own *splendor shine*)
'*Twas* our IVST-MASTER, *learned & diuine.*
And, if that euer (*for the Time to come*)
There haue bin Hope *of like in* CHRISTENDOM;
There was a Prince, and is a Prince with GOD,
Whose Name is deer, and deer the Dust hatred

(*Whose* Memory *My* Teares *must ever mix*)
On Whom all Eyes, in Whom all Hearts did fix:
Whose Vertues Harueſt *ripened in his* Spring,
HENRY *was made a* Saint, *before a* King,
Leaving his Brother (*where His Beſt re-ſhowres*)
Sole Heire *apparant to His* Hopes *and Ours.*
And, if yet, vnder Heav'ns gilt-azure Cope,
There now remaine Another *liuing* Hope
Of new St. LEWIS, *or His* like *again,*
For godly, goodly, gracious, glorious Raign,
With Bliſſe to BRITAM, *and the* Sacred Flock,
Not built on Peter's ROME, *but* Peter's Rock;
This, This is Hee: My Patrone *and my Prince,*
PANARETVS; *Whoſe Pupil*-Excellence
Beads, in his Age, to make This Poëm *ſeem*
No Poëm, *but a* Prophecie *of* HIM.
For, neuer was there Sonne more like to Sire,
In face, or grace, or Ought that Wee admire;
Then is Our CHARLES, *in his yong* Vertues Spring,
Like th' happy Non-Age of that Holy King
(*Like his Owne Father; like his Onely Brother,*
So as Hee ſeems rather The ſame, then Other)
For Gracious Gifts, & Native Goodnes, tilld,
By like grave Tutors, in their Function *skilld.*

O Thou All-Giuer! Fountaine of all Good!
Poure daily downe vpon This Hopefull Bud
Thy Deawes of Grace: *shine on it from above*
In mildest Rayes of Mercie *and of* Loue:
In stead of Suckers, *send it* Succours *still,*
To feed the Root, that That the rest may fill
With liuely Verdure of a fruitfull Sap,
To load with Plentie *every* Vertuous *Lap:*
Breathe on it Blessings: *leaue no* Weed *with out,*
Nor Worm *with-in it: hedge it round-about*
From Boares, *and* Beasts, *domesticall & Stranger;*
Both Wylde & Wylie (Where least Dread, most Danger):
That it may kindly spring, and timely spred,
In Bulk and Branch, *with leaues that neuer shed:*
Vnder whose Shade *mine Aged* Mule *may warble*
Some Monument (out-lasting Brasse & Marble)
In Swan-like notes, to My Mecœnas *Honor,*
When Hee bestowes some Nest *of Rest vpon her.*

Nor may my Vowes *ingratefully forget*
Our Other Branch *(in Other Soile new-set)*
Whose tender Leaues, shaken with Sighs of Ours,
In stead of Tears, haue dropped Siluer showers
To coole My Thirst, my Cares to cure, or calm,
With timely Vse of Bounties *princely Balm:*

O Sea of Bounties *never-dryed Source!*
So water it with Thy rich Fauours *Course,*
That, Happy thriving by her PALATINE,
The Royall Issue of Their Rosie-Vine,
From Rhine *and* Ister, *may to* Tiber *spred,*
And, ouer-topping ROMES *vsurping* Head,
From Bramble-*Kings recouer* CEASARS *Seat,*
With greater Sway *the* CONSTANTINE the Great,
Great Arbitrer, *whose Counsails none can sound;*
Who canst all Thrones confirm, and all confound;
Conferring Kingdoms, and transferring them,
How, When, & Where Thou wilt, from Stem to Stem;
Establish, Lord, in Royall IAMES *his* Race,
These Kingdoms *Greatnes, & Thy Kingdoms Grace:*
Prosper our DAVID, *bless his* SALOMON,
That after Them, vpon GREAT-BRITAN's Throne
(*Maugre* Hells *malice & the Rage of* ROME,
Their roaring Bulls, *their Charms, their Arms, to-come,*
Their Powder-*Plots, their Pistols, Poysons, Knives;*
And All their Iesuites *murdrous* Art *contrives*)
Their Seed *may sit; and never Other hand*
Then STVARTS *sway the* Sceptre *of This Land;*
Wise, Creat, Good, STVARTS, *that may shine as cleer*
As This St. LEWIS; *both in* Heav'n *&* Heer.

AMEN.

A HYMN of ALMS:

OR

THE BEGGERS BELL;

heard, from beyond

THE CHARTER-HOVSE;

To ring All-in,

To

The Temple

of

CHARITIE;

In an Eccho

Iterated,

&

Consecrated

To

The right-right Reuerend

&

Double-Honorable Father,

GEORGE ABBOT,

L. Arch-Bishop of Canterbury,

&c.

By IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

To
My Lord of Canterbury
His Grace.

MY Wit, weak Orphan, weaned too-too-yong
Frõ PALLAS Breſt, & too-too-Truant-bred
(Not, as too-wanton, but too-wanting) led
From Arts, to Marts (and Miſeries among)
Had elſe, perhaps (beſides du BARTAS) ſung
Some natiue Strains the graueſt might haue read;
And to your Grace now grately tendered
Some fitter Sound then This rude Bell hath rung:
Yet; ſith it tends to drown th'Heavn-reaching Cry
Of Blood heer ſhed by Luxe and Auarice;
And to awake the World to CHARITIE
(Whereof Your Life ſo lively Pattern is)
Propitious, pardon mine officious Zeal,
In This lowd Eccho of a lowder Peal.

Your Graces

moſt bounden
&
humble Bead-man,

Dd2 IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

AD

Reuerendissimum

Dominum

Episcopum Londinensem,

EPIGRAMMA;

Ex lat. I. O.

1611.

THee, learned KING, the learnedst King elected
Great LONDON's *Pastor*; which Thee glad-expected
Others are wont, that hunt for such Reward
Of Wit & Art, sue in the SEE's *Vacation*:
Thee KING, the King, th' Arch-Bishop *call'd*, prefard;
The *Citie*, too; *Thou* hadst thy SEE's *Vocation*.

Eiusdem

Præconis disertissimi

ANAGRAMMA.

Iohannes King.

Oh, Igni-Canens!

Reverendissimum,

Dominum

Episcopum Londinensem,

EPICEDIUM

Eximio.

Tum, quod Reverendissimus King sedes
Divus London's Episcopus Thee plaudo, Deo:
Dilectus summus, dat bonus ille Reward
Wise Sovereign, Heaven bless Sweet Queen:
The King, the King, Bishop call'd prelate;
Lo Citizens, The Lord Mayor's Pageant.

Eniphim

Proconsis dilectissimi

ANAGRAMMA.

Iohannes King.

Oh, Ign-Cancer!

AD

Eundem

Præsulem præoptimum

EPIGRAMMA;

Ex lat. I. O.

1611.

Soone, Oxford's *Head*; Soone Winton's *Dean* Thou wert
Soone, Litchfield had thee Her *Diocesan*:
Soone, London had thee Hers, by Thy Desert:
Soone, England ioyes Thee *Metropolitan*:
Soone, by the King, call'd to His *Counsaile* High:
What shall I wish thee *late*? but, *late* to die.

Eiusdem

Amplissimi

ANAGRAMMA

Duplex.

Georgius Abbot.

Gregis Tuba, hõo:

Subitò gregabo.

A
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A HYMNE of ALMES.

ALMES (*holy Gift*, vouchsafed from aboue)
Is a sure Pledge and Symbole of that *Loue*,
Which GOD, iust Steward, as a Deaw poures-out
On Earth, exposd to empty *Aier* about:
For, from this *Vnion*, from this constant League,
From time to time Mankinde doth duely beg
All that the Sun imparts his powers vnto,
Of liuing Creatures and vn-liuing too:
So that, our *Being*, *Begging* may we call;
Sith, of her Maker, Nature borrowes all:
Gainst *Vsurers* and Churles *Vnthanksulnes*,
Who to CHRIST's Members shew them Mercy-less.
He that, for GOD, but a good Motion hath,
Guiding his Minde vp to the *Milkie Path*,
T'admire there (*nameless*) what he cannot knowe
By th'eye of *Reason* (where yet shineth though
The Sun of Righteousnes; as th'vsuall Sun,
Through Crannies shines into a Dungeon:)

He, He (I say) that hath but Nature's sense,
For *Faith*; for *Law*, but natiue Innocence;
In his simplicity hath alwaies care
To practise ALMES, ALMES to receiue & share:
So common 'tis with sociable Man
To giue and take the mutual ALMES he can;
Yea, in our Cradles, yet our Tongues can craue,
We beg with Cries what we had need to haue.
The Heav'ns, dispensing sacred Influences,
Predominant in Birth of Poore and Princes,
Aboundantly (with bountious Ouer-plus)
Poure th'*Hebrew's Manna*, many waies, on Vs;
To teach that We, by sundry Charities,
Should mildely ease each others Miseries.
Euen as the *Opal*, in his orient lustre
Where various colours of all Stones doe muster,
Shewes the rare Riches of the Pearly *East*;
Almes is *The Glass* of wel-bred soules and blest,
Shewing each other *Vertue's* sacred Quality,
In th'Heav'n-allyed Man of *Liberality*.
ALMES are the Cæment of this round Theater:
Where, in a differing kinde, Earth, Aier, and Water,
Intend the same thing; *liberally to giue*
Their ALMES to Rocks, Plants, Creatures all that liue,
Conducing

Conducing Fire withall, whose Force vnseen
Giues frankly, too, his helpfull Heat between.
ALMES, in our Bodies worketh all in all:
Th'*Eyes* lend it Light; the *Hands*, most *liberal*
Laborious ALMNERS, being home to the Head
All needfull Store where-with the VVhole is fed:
The Feet supply it with their meet Support;
And each, each other, as their Parts comport:
The *Liuer*, Nurse of Naturall Faculties,
First warms, then feeds, the Nerues, Veins, Arteries;
Causing the *Stomach* (as His *Almes*) receiue
The Heat which first his vertue doth conceiue:
The spongie *Lungs* with gentle Sighes inspire
The vitall Aier our *Little-Worlds* require:
Th'*Heart* quick and ready, with *Almes*-vowed Vigor,
Drawes to it selfe (against extreamest Rigor,
For vtmost Refuge) all our liuelieſt Heat,
To succour Nature, when Death seems to threat:
The *Soule* (solely diuine) Life's motion brings
To all the Members of This *Thing of Things*,
(ALMES Heir apparant) to VVhom, supreme Sage
Heav'ns *Almner* gaue the Earth for heritage;
That, hauing *free* receiv'd so various Store,
He should be *frank* to th'Needy, Naked, Poore.

Be bountious ALMNERS, said All *Bounties* Father;
Y' are not heer *Owners*, but meer *Stewards* rather:
I haue ordain'd you to prouide and care
For th'*Orphans*, Poore, that vnprouided are.
If, narrow-hearted, You shrink-in your hands
From th'humble *Begger* that Your ALMES demands;
I'll make Your Goods (like water) leak away;
Your Lands, a Stranger shall inherit aye;
Your Gold (your God) before you be aware,
Some barbarous Souldiers in your sight shall share:
Your stately houses (stiled by your Names)
VVarres rage shall ruine, or some sodain Flames,
VVhich I shall kindle (in my iust displeasure)
Against yor Selues, yor Seed, yor Trust, yor Treasure.
The *Merciless*, with *Me* shall *Mercy* miss:
That *Vice* alone all *Vertues* Poyson is.
Abram, *Lot*, *Ioseph*, *Iob*, were ALMNERS all
(To Strangers kinde, to Neighbours *liberal*)
By sacred record, which renownes them more
For this rare Vertue, then All else, of yore;
As if, with GOD (the Author of all Good)
Their chief perfection in this Function stood,
Sole *Soule of Vertues*, second *Life* of all
This various vast Orbe, which the World we call.

Calling

Calling to record the Rein-searching Eye,
Heer I protest that in My Pouerty
(*Though these* deer *Times* daign *Me so scant a* Scope,
That hauing *Nothing, I can Nothing* hope)
Next my Home-charge (*where* Charity *begins*)
My deepest Sighes (*sane for my* Debts *and* Sinnes)
Rise from Compassiõn, *and* Desire *to* steed
Others which Helps *which yet my Self I* need:
To Succour *Others: to be* (*like the* Sun)
Extending *Light and Heat to* Euery-one:
To be, to All, in some sort, necessarie
(*For* Vertues Meed, *and not as* mercenary):
Rather, to giue, *then* take; *to* lend, *then* borrow;
A Pound to-Night, then but a Crowne to-Morrow:
But, th'Heau'nly Wisedome (*best, it Selfe knowes Why*)
Doth still th'Effect of This Affect deny,
Denying Meanes and Matter, to express
Mine inward Zeal *to* ALMES and Thankfulnes;
Which oft breakes-out (*without a Trompet blow'n*)
To giue (GOD knowes) *more then I knowe mine Own*
(*The more my Grief*) *the less my Thought of* Merit,
Or Thirst of Praise, *though heer I thus auerr-it;*
By th'humble Proffer of so Poor *a* Mite,
Th'abundant Rich *to* Bounty *to incite.*

Vain.

Vain-glorious ALMNERS are effeminate,
Affecting *Works*, but to be wondred-at;
Whose *Vertue* is meer *Vanity* (indeed)
And heer receiues their momentary *Meed:*
The *Meritorious* (such as ween them so)
Indebting GOD to Them for what they doe;
Instead of *Heau'n*, where *Humble Soules* abide,
Shall purchase *Hell*, the Portion of their *Pride*.
O! Thrice, thrice *Happy* He, whose free Desires,
To *Charity* a holy feruour fiers:
VVho only mindes GOD's *glory*, by his Gift,
And *Neighbor's Good*; without sinister Drift:
Famine (familiar vnto Rogues that range)
Shall not come neer his Garner nor his Grange;
His Fields, with Corn, abundant Crop shall couer;
His Vines with Grapes, his Hedge with Roses ouer;
His Downs wth Sheep, his Dairy-grounds with Neat;
His Mounts with Kids, his Moores with Oxen great;
His Groues with Droues (increasing night and day)
His Hills with Heards, his smiling Meads with Hay:
His Fenns with Fowl, his Pills and Pooles with Fish;
His Trees with Fruits; with Plenty euery Dish:
Content and *Health* (the best of Earthly bliss)
Shall euermore remaine with Him and His:

Him,

Him, *Pride* nor *Envy* neuer shall molest;
Nor Corsiue *Care*, Foe to Repast and Rest.
For, th'All-see Eye still carefully respects
The ALMMER's House, and euer it protects;
Till finally, when *Iustice* endeth All,
Sweet *Mercie's* Voice Him to Heauens Kingdom cal.
But, th' *Vsurer* (how-euer heer he thriue
In Heards and Hoords) already dead *aliue*
(No Heat of Loue, no Heart to *giue* a Mite,
Except to *gain* and *gather* double by't)
Him, in That Day (to Him a Day of VVoe)
The *Holy-One*, th'All-Knower will not knowe.
Shame and Confusion shall be-spred him ouer,
VVishing the Holes to hide, & Hills to couer:
Eternal Fier shall fry his thirsty Veines;
Immortal dying in eternal Paines.
His Eyes, so nice to look on *Lazars* Sore,
Shall swim in Sulphury Teares (tortur'd the more,
To see aboue, in *Blisse* and *Glory* rise,
Whom, Ruth-less, heer they would not see, in life):
His Eares, Heer deaf vnto distressed-ones,
Shall there hear Horror of the *Damned Groanes*:
Nor shall the voice of *Mercy* Him salute,
VVho in Effect, to Needy Moncs was mute:

Millions

Millions of *Masses* cannot him redeem,
Nor all *Church-Treasure* euer ransom him,
From all-Thought-passing Pangs of *Wretchednes*;
As,End-less,Ease-less, and Remedy-lesse.
ALMNES are so vsual in the *Eastern* parts,
Where Heav'n & Earth & Aier, improue their Parts,
That euery Village there, in Winters Need,
Is wont the Flocks of *Wyldest Fowles* to feed,
And break the Ice (of purpose) for their drink,
When crystall Crusts haue glas'd the Waters brink.
A *Charity of Infidels*, to Fowles ;
Shaming some *Christians*, towards *Christian* Soules.
Rich *Anatolia*, and her happy Coast
(Th'abbridged Glasse of all the World (almost)
In her huge Cities (rather Shieres wall'd-in)
These hundred yeers hath not a *Beggar* seen ;
(GOD's strict *Edict* they there obserue so well,
Forbidding Beggers in His ISRAEL)
Sith 'tis *misprision* of the Law of Nature,
Nay, impious Pride against our All *Creator*,
To suffer Man (GOD's Image, and our Owne)
VVhom we may succour, to be ouer-thrown ;
To stark for Cold, to starue for Food, to perish
In *Penury*, when we haue power to cherish :

For,

For, in such Cases, where (we knowe) we can,
There not to *Comfort*, is to *Kill* a Man.
Yet, sole the *Christian* (Each a Wolf to other)
Disdains to look on his *Distressed* Brother;
And heer, in LONDON [Coaching *swiftly by*;
Or stalking on, with Self-surveying Eye;
Or strutting out, to vye his Purles or Lace:
Or stepping-in, to see some painted Face,
Or Fire-new Fashion of a Sleeve or Slop;
Or to some Tavern, or Tobacco-*Shop*;
Or towards Burn-*Bull* (*if not* Turnbul) *Street*;
Or to Black-Friers, *some* white *Nunnes* to meet]
At Doores, on Dunghils, under every Stall,
Lets pined, sick, poor, naked Christians fall,
Faint, starve, and dye; *for lack but of the Price*
Of the least Cross of his last Cast at Dice;
Or of the Tythe but of his Shoo-tyes Cost;
Or of the Spangles from his Garters lost:
Or of his ietting the Canaries *Iigg*:
Or of the puffing of his Perriwig.
O Times! O Manners! *O mad, Murderous* Vanity,
In Either Sexe, of equal Inhumanity!
The hideous Cryes of the Afflicted, fright
The sable Horrors of the silent Night,

So that She, pearced with their pitious Case,
Clothes them with Clowdes, and lends them Ease a space:
The hollow Rocks, and hardest Marble Stones,
Weep when they weep, and echo with their Groanes:
Their Shiuering fits, their Feares, their Feauers make
The Firmament, the fixed Poles, to shake:
*Yet heer (alas!) th'*abundant Riotous
Are neuer mov'd: much less the Couetous
Rich, *raking Wretch; the needy-greedy Chuff,*
Whose (Hel-*like*) *heart can neuer haue enough;*
Who rather grindes, *then* giues; *and beggers many*
Yet to a Beggar *he affoord a Penny,*
Or penny-worth, of All his plentiuus Store
When Bags, and Banks, and Barns can hold no more.
O Times! O Manners! *O mad murderous Vanity,*
In Yong *and* Old, *of equall* Inhumanity!
But, pardon, LONDON; *I haue ouer-slipt:*
I must recant, least I be stript *and* whipt.
Christ-Church, S. Thomas, Bartholmew (My Frendly
Bride-well *and* Bedlam, *better* Thee *commend:*
Besides a many of peculiar Charges
Of Companies; *and more of* Priuat *Larges:*
And, aboue All, that black Swan (SVTTON)'s Nest,
(*From One, alone almost worth All the rest*)

That

That new Zaccheus, *who* restored *free*
Th'old Charter-house *to better* CHARITIE.
Are not These, ALMES? *Are not These,* Monuments
Of pious Zeal; *of kind* Beneficence?
I grant they are (Give GOD *and* Men *their due*):
But, reverend Green-Stanes, *what's All This to You*
(*Vnless, as* Romists *by implicit* Creed,
You hope for Heav'n, by Right of others Deed:
Or swell with glory of your Elders Good;
As self-Ignobles boast their Fathers Blood)
That These few, *dead, beer a few Hundreds cherish;*
If living, You let many Thousands perish;
Follow out, perhaps, not of your Gift, *but* Gain;
Which some, perhaps, from others Gifts restrain;
Which (if time serue) when they can hold no more,
They will (perhaps, the tenth-tenth-part) *restore*
When they are dead; to build a Front for Fine,
Of those five Hundred they have starv'd, alive.
O Times! O Manners! *O mad Murderous* Vanity,
In Every Sort, of equal Inhumanity!
Aethiops and *Turks* against *Our Rich* shall rise,
That can behold with vnrelenting Eyes
Poore, Aged, Sick Soules gasping out their last;
As little moued, and no more agast

Then

Then is the Hunts-man, when a Deer at Bay
Doubles, in vain, and windes to get away.
During th'old *Golden*, happy, harmless, *Age*,
When *Saturn* ruled (without *Sathan*'s Rage)
When *Reason* sate as Iudge on euery Throne:
When *Iustice* shar'd iustly to Each his owne:
When *Innocence* was *Cities* Citadel:
Whem *Charity* sole swayd the *Common-weal*:
Then had the Heav'ns nothing but ALMES for Eye:
Then had the Earth (which now the Heav'ns defie)
No other Heav'n then th'only Mantle faire
Of ALMES, bestow'd by *Water*, *Earth*, and *Aire*,
And *Fier* withall; from whose fel Nature, ALMES
Extracts the Fierceness and the Fury calmes.
ALMES was the *Word* th'All-perfect *Artist* said,
When out of ALMES, He bade, *A Heav'n be made*;
A fruitfull Earth; *a Lightful, heatful Fier*;
A Sighful Aier (*though Soule-les*) *to respire*;
A moistful Water, waning Changefully:
A World (*in brief*) *full of all Quality*.
So that (in fine) of All This All-*Theatre*
ALMES is the *Forme*, ALMES is the *primer Matter*,
So necessary for Our Liuely-hood,
That, after GOD, it is Man's *Souerain-Good*.

Martha's

Martha's and *Marie's* ALMES (in Bounty rife)
Restor'd their Brother to a second Life:
She, who so free the *Fire-Coach't Prophet* fed,
Found happy *Guerdon*; for (her Darling dead)
Her *Faithful* ALMES, wingd with his feruent Prayer,
Re-brought the Breath of her Death-seized Heir.
ALMES is the Glew of *Freindships* permanence:
'Tis of all *Vertues* th'only *Quintessence*:
Against Heav'ns Anger, 'tis an Anchor sure:
Against Earth's Rage, a Rampire to endure:
A Rock of Honor, against Slanders Armes:
A Shield of safety, against hurtfull Charms.
For, on the Man where *pious Pitty* dwels,
Malice can nothing, with *Thessalian* Spels,
Nor Traitor's Poignard, nor his *Powder*-Wit:
Nor cunning mixture of a Murderous Bit:
Nor secret Wyles of cheating Hypocrites:
Nor priuie Thieues, nor proud *Monopolites*:
Nor ought, nor All, that Mischief can reuolue
To dare the Heauens, or Nature to dissolue.
ALMS calms the Winds, & giues them gentle breth:
The War of Waues it quickly quieteth:
From Shoals and Shelues, from where the *Siren* sings,
The ALMNER's Ship it swift and safely brings:

When need requires, it Oares and Sailes supplies;
And, past the *Pole*, another *Pole* espies,
To steer his Course; if what his heart doth *vow*
Abroad, at home, his loyall hand allow
In liberal ALMES vnto the Needy sort
At his Return into his wished Port.
The *Golden Table* that Great *Pompey* pilld
From *Salem*, serv'd (as sacred *Vengeance* willd)
For Sword to *Cæsar*: GOD so *ielous* is
(Though Nought He needs) of what is *vowed* His.
Th'High Threasorer of ASIA's *impious Rape*,
VVithin the *Temple* was with Horror wrapt:
And, but th'High-Priest by Praier succoured,
The *Sacrilegious* had there perished.
So may they speed, or worse then so, that spoile
GOD's *liuing* TEMPLES (by, or Gripe, or Guile):
That from their *Pastor*, or their PRINCE, detain
The *Tithe*, or *Tribute*, sacred Lawes ordain:
That from the *Poor* their *ancient Rights* conceal,
Or, in their *new*, with Them vniustly deal:
That haue by secret *sacrilegious* Theft,
Robd *Church*, or *State*, or holy *Almes* bereft:
O! may they once, as high as *Haman*, mount;
And from *Mount Faulcon* giue a sad Accompt

Of all the Wrongs (as *Conscience* them conuinces)
Done to their God, their *Country*, *Peers* and *Princes*;
While *Great*-ones, blinded, or as loth to spy,
Had oft their Fingers in the *Golden Pye*;
For priuate *Profit* or peculiar *Pleasure*,
Neglecting *Poore*, *Publik*'s and *Princes Threasure*.
O Times! O Manners, Most to be deplor'd!
O! sodain mend them, or soon end them, Lord.
For, if poor *France* fal in an *All-Consumption*,
Her Death's sad *Crisis* will be *This Presumption*
Of *Priuat Lucre*, without *publike Care*;
While Each, Self-seruing, winks at Others Share.
God, for his Mercy, grant My Feares be vaine:
Or rid me soon out of the *Care-full Pain*
I suffer daily, while so few I see
From This Corruption's foule Contagion free:
Or, would I had bin bred in humblest Thatch,
Borne of the loigns of one that Sprats doth catch;
So poor in Wit, as not of power to knowe
The impious Trains that Empires ouer-throwe:
So, happily, more dull of head and heart,
Lesse should I feel vn-feeling *France's* Smart;
Who slayes her Self by Selfs-*Disloyalties*,
Having no Foe but her Owne *Auarice*,

With *Pride* her Partner, and *Impunity*,
Their strong Abbettors: Which *Triumvirs*
Is able, sole, and soon, to ruinate
And raze the Glory of the greatest State;
Or bury 't quick i'th Tombe of careless Princes
That wink, or shrink vnder their *Insolences*,
Robbing them Selues of th'Honor and Renoune
Which Heav'ns entail vnto a happy *Crowne*.
But, if I can be willing not to dye,
'Tis, out of hope, to see the Company
Of *Sacrilegious* roundly go-to-pot,
Expos'd in publike to some shamefull Lot,
VVhen our Great *Hercules* (All monsters Dread)
Shall haue cut-off the *Golden Hydra*'s head;
For an eternal *Trophey* of his Glory,
And Argument of an Immortal Story.
But, now return we to our Theam, from whence,
Our *Charity* (through *Zeal*'s too-Vehemence)
Seems to haue strayd. Yet 'twas meer ALMS did mou
My grieued Verse These *Guilty* to reproue;
To turn their hearts to GOD, and to their King;
Their priuat Heaps for publike Helps to bring,
Against th'Ambition of some Foxie Foe,
That by our Selues, our Selues would ouerthrowe;
Not

Not by his Arms, but by his Almes, to Some:
For, *golden Launces*, oft haue ouercome.
Deer *Patriots*, That *Spightfull* Almes disdain,
Which brings you *Crowns*; but tis Our *Crown* to gain:
With Groues of Honors seems your brows t'imboss;
But 'tis to grace her Profit and your Loss:
Which decks the *Church*, and doth the *Masse* adorne;
But, by the *Masse*, 'tis but to serue her Turn:
Adores (in shew) both Peter's *Chaire* and *Keyes*;
But, if they *Ope* and *shut* not as she please,
Her *Charity* and Her *Deuotion* dye:
For, Her *Religion* is but *Policy*;
Her *Soule*, but *State*; Her *Life*, but *Rules-Desire*,
Whose Heat hath set all *Europe* on a Fier.
Nilus (that serues for Rain, to th' *Abyssine*,
The light-foot *Memphite*, and the *Canopine*)
Cooles with his Almes the Choler's feruency
In Earth and Aier, which there the Sun doth fry:
Waters the Plains which *Orion* parcheth aye
With twinkling Sparkles of his heatfull Ray:
Tempers the torrid *Aethiopian Zone*:
Seems to haue Life, though it indeed haue none,
Saue that of Almes; sole Cause efficient
Of his fat Liquor, *Africk*'s Nourishment.

See *Muses Fran. Ral.* fol. 482.

The Heau'ns, as Ielous of so *Bountiful Gifts*,
VVould shut-vp *Nile* within *Godonian* Clifts:
And Nature, enuious of this *Africk Prince*
His lauish Larges and Magnificence,
Fronts him with Hills that seem to threat the Stars,
(As if renewing the old *Titans* Wars)
That one would think, amid the Mountains thick,
Nilus were bay'd-vp, if not bury'd quick.
But, by the Power which makes him charitable,
He finds, that ALMES to force the Heau'ns are able
He therefore, rushing, and out-roaring Thunder,
Surrounds the Rocks that ween to keep him vnder;
And with his swift Course breaks the *Cataracts*,
Deafning withall the *Parthians* and the *Bacts*.
Pactolus, *Ganges*, and the golden *Tay*,
Not only steep their Stronds, ennammeld gay
With various Tindge of thousand Flowers and more
Sow'n on the surface of their wynding Shore:
But, for a richer ALMES, they *Gold* bestowe,
As needfull now, as *Reason* (well we knowe)
In *This Gold-Iron Age*; where, who so wants
All-mighty *Gold*, but *Scorn* and *Scandal haunts*.
When *Androde* fled his cruel *Masters Fist*,
And cause-less *Fury* (but for Had-I-wist)

Amid

Amid the horror of the Woods he meets
More Almes & *Mercy* then in Romes proud ſtreets:
There found he Man, to Man of brute Immanity;
Heer finds he *Brutes* of mildneſs and humanity:
His Lord, there paid his Seruice but with Blowes;
A *Lion*, heer him double gratefull ſhowes:
He, to the Beaſt had ſhow'n him ſeruiceable;
The Beaſt to Him ſeems much more charitable.
For, hauing long with his Beſt Prey's maintain'd him,
And, in his Den, as deer Gueſt, entertain'd him,
He (two yeers after) alſo ſaues his Life
Expoſd (in ſport) to Fight, and Fury rife
Of Man, and Beaſt, whom (forced) Hunger, there,
Could neuer force *The Slaue* to touch or teare:
But th'awefull Lion (which ſuch Men may ſhame)
Him ſafely reskues from *Romes* bloody Game.
O noble *Lion*! thou haſt brought to paſs,
I almoſt yeeld to old *Pythagoras*,
In his Opinion of *Metempſychoſis*,
Trans-animation (ſo the Word compoſes)
Of Soules deceaſt, to Bodies good or bad,
As heer, Delight in *Good* or *Ill* they had.
And durſt I freely in his Doctrine wander,
I ſhould ſuppoſe Thee ſecond *Alexander*;

And

And that, a Beast, his Habits still are one
As when a Man and King of *Macedon*.
But, leauing Forrests, Floods, Fields, Earth & Aier,
VVhose ALMES already haue appeared faire;
Shall we yet mount among the *Wandring Seauen*,
And see how constant They to ALMES are giuen?
There shall we finde Man's monstrous Self-resisting,
Being made of *Almes*, all by meer *Almes* subsisting.
Beasts, Birds & Plãts, Roots, Reptiles, Daies & Nights
Haue second *Being* from These Heau'nly Lights;
From Whom our Selues, flat *Beggers*, borrow'd haue
The Best that makes our Worser part so braue:
The Sea's their Subiect, and th'All-bearing Earth
Without their ALMES can bring vs nothing forth.
Saturn is kinde to Marchants, Mariners,
Storm-wonted Fishers, stooping Labourers,
Carefull Housholders, curious *Architects*;
And euery one that Gain with Pain respects.
Milde *Iupiter* (more bountious) *Beauty* giues,
Sweet gracefull Port, fresh Health (that happy liues):
ALMNER of *Vertues*, storing Man with *Graces*
Most Angel-like, and meet for highest Places:
Kings, Counsailors, Lords, Princes, Magistrates,
Hold, after GOD, of Him their High estates.

Mars

Mars, sureſt Patrone of *Sarmatians* ſtout,
Of part of AFRIK, and the *Southern* Rout;
Nigh daily giues them millions of Delights,
And makes them naked make a thouſand Fights.
All *Arts*, wherein are Fier or Iron requir'd,
Of his ſole *Almes* are to our Life acquir'd.
Sol 's Soule of *Almes*; who, richly *Liberal*,
Giues him to All, yet cannot giue him all:
Great *Seaſon*-Bounder, artificiall Dreſſer
Of Yeers and Dayes, the euen and only Seſſor
Of Times rich *Almes*, which by his Heat he varies,
After the Innes wherein he Monthly taries:
His *Bounty* moſt is bent vnto *Muſicians*,
Bards, *Poets*, *Leaches*, *Herbariſts*, *Phyſicians*.
Venus, each Morning, with a gentle Ray
Vſhers the Sun, and Summons vs away
From lazie Beds (our Bodies liuing Graues)
VVhen Day begins to iſſue from the Waues.
Her *Almes* goes chiefly to the preſeruation
Of Nature's Powers, and Parts of Generation:
Smooth ſmiles ſhe giues, ſweet, cheerful charming Ein
Loue is Her *Gift*; a Gift indeed diuine.
Quick *Mercury*, great *Atlas*'s Daughter's Son,
VVit's Threaſorer, Well of *Inuention*,

He

He giues vs *Arts*, *Knowledge*; and *Eloquence*,
Which steales vs oft from *Reason* and from *Sense*:
A bountious ALMNER of *Astronomy*,
Rare (for the most) vnto Man's feeble Eye;
Who, yet, vnseen feeles (almost euery houre)
Hundred Effects of its admired power;
A Power which cannot be sufficient showne
By Verse or Voice (vnless by *Hermes* owne)
For All that at this Day makes hunger slie
(*Gold*, *Siluer*, *Brass*) is draw'n from *Mercury*.
Cynthia, ador'd with hundred Fumes and Flames;
Honored (abroad) by more then hundred Names;
She giues vs *Humors*, more or less abounding,
As in her Course her *Fall* or *Full* is rounding:
She fashions Time; which Shee again defaces
With constant Turnes of her inconstant Faces:
She swayes the Floods, and shewes (by Euidence)
Her Self sole Law of liquid Elements:
She formes, by Night, the fresh and fruitfull Deaw,
Which euery morning *Flora*'s Budds doth streaw;
Whose Purled Pearles are euer bigger found
And more, the more *Lucina* waxeth round.
In brief, All, giuen to ALMES & *Liberality*,
They All teach Man the same supernal Quality,
Towards

Towards the Needy, that doth nought possesse,
And from his Cradle brought but wretchednes,
But *Sin* and *Death*; had not Heau'ns Almes bin shed
In *bloody Bath*, to *White* This Monster's *Red*;
A Monster, made of Earth, for Earth still burning,
Although to Earth he see him hourely turning.
Yea; proudest Kings haue had no other Birth
Then poorest Beggers: Both begin of Earth;
Both like in Cryes, in Perils, and in Pain;
Both alike *Guilty* in their *Grand-Sires Stain*:
Both, as in Birth, so in their Death alike:
Both Kings and Beggers one same Dart doth strike;
Both pass together, in one self same Boate,
From th'arched *Palace* and the thatched *Cote*.
So that, in Life what-euer Ods there be;
In Birth is None: None in their Death, we see.
Only, the *Good* (of what Degree soeuer)
Are free from *Death*; & though they dye, dye neuer;
Saue to the Grief of *Vertuous* Soules (their Frends)
Whom, to suruiue the *Good*, it heer offends:
I mean, in Bodie, which a Death they hold,
Or Toomb, or Prison, that doth Them with-hold
From th'*Happy Haven*; & makes them less inclin'd
To seek their God, & his strait Wayes to finde.

The

The Good are They, who, not alone not wring;
VVho not alone not wrong, in any thing;
VVho not alone *not hurt*; but (from their heart)
Doe Good to Others; and their *Owne* impart
In liberal *Almes* vnto the *Poor's* Relief,
After their power; as grieued with their Grief.
Such shall not dye, but to liue euer *Blessed*:
Such shall not liue, but to dye heer *possessed*
Of *Grace*, and *Glory* with th'ETERNAL GOD,
Author of *Almes*; and euer-scourging *Rod*
Of *Such* Gold-heaped, Iron-hearted Wretches
As to the *Poor* impart no part of *Riches*;
Nor lend, *nor Lodge*, *nor clothe*, *nor free*, *nor feed*
Distressed CHRIST, in *His* deer *Saints*, that *need*,
Such shall not liue, but to dye double martyr'd:
Such shall not dye, but to liue euer tortur'd
In Hell and Horror, without End, or Ease.
Now, Worldlings, chuse You which you will of These

Sine Fine

Finis.

THE BATAIL of YVRY:

OR

THE BREAK-NECK of The Hellish-Holy League;

In

That famous Victorie vvonne

By HENRY the Great;

Written

By DU BARTAS:

Translated, & Dedicated

TO

The Right Honorable,

RICHARD,

EARLE of DORSET,

By

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

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Earle of Dorset.

AS th' *awefull* Child, *that long hath* truanted,
Dares not return vnto the Schoole, *alone*;
For Shame *&* Feare *to be there disciplied*
With many Stripes for many Faults in One:
So fares (*my Lord*) *My long* Omission
Of th' humble Thanks *I ought have* tendered
For kinde Endeuours *You bestowd vpon*
My Right, *my* Wrong *to have* recouered.
And, as (*in fine*) *He brings his* Mother *forth*
To beg Forgiuenesse, *or his Fault to scuse*:
So bring I heere My deer Du BARTAS *Worth*;
To mediate for My too-faultie Muse;
Whom daign to pardon: *and, in gentle Part*
Accept *This last of* His, *not least in* Art.

Your Lordships

most Obliged,

Iosuah Syluester.

Ad eundem

Comitem Illustrissimum

(Nuper ex Gallijs reducem)

EPIGRAMMA

Ex Lat. I.O.

A Yer's Change hath changed (wch but rare doth chance)
Your *good*, to *best*; in *Science* and in *Sense*:
Wiser and *better*, both; and *Both*, from FRANCE:
Wel-come, Great Earle: few are so *Well come* Thence.

Eiusdem

Clarissimi,

ANAGRAMMATA:

Clarus, Divis Charus;
Richardus Sacvilus:
Is Clarus, dim Charus.

Exoptat *I.S.*

THE BATTAIL

of

YURY.

O! What a Sun-shine gilds vs, round-about!
O! What a *Hymne* of *Triumph* troule they out,
In all our *Temples*! & ! What cheerfull noyse!
What *Bells*! What *Bonfires*! & ! What *Publique-Ioyes*!
The Day is Ours: and on the *Engineers* head,
The angry Heav'ns haue their iust *Vengeance* shed.
Be smooth my *Brows*: & You, my throbing *thoughts*
(Long, deeply sunk in *Sorrowes* sable Vaults)
Soar-vp to Heav'n: You *Sisters Three-fold-Three*,
Who of late Yeeres haue scarce vouchsafed Mee
To wet my lipps: Now sweetly steep my Toogue
In your best Syrops: poure, vpon *This Song*,
A deaw of Gold, a May of learned Flowres.
Let not mine Eyes, blubberd with priuate Showres,
Crosse publique Glee: nor (silent) Me conceale,
While Others sing, *These Trophey's* of our Weale.
Ah! now begins my rapted Brain to boile
With braue Inuention: Now 's the fittest while
For my Carreer. Others may hold their tongue;
But hardly can great Ioyes be hidden long.

But

But now; How, Where, of What, shall I begin
This Gold-grownd Web to weane, to warp, to spin?
For heer I list not, in these leaues, my Lord,
The famous Facts of thy first Arms record;
So many, and so numbery Armies scatterd,
So many Townes defenc't, so many batterd
By Thy young Valour. Neither shall my Pen
Re-purple *Liste*; nor with dead Grease agen
Re-soile the Soile at *Courtrai*: neither (dread)
Heere reaue again thy Ragefull Foes of Head.
Nor shall my Muse relate, how that yer-while
(Abusings *King*'s and *Churche*'s sacred stile)
All EVROPE nigh (all sorts of *Rights* reneg'd)
Against the *Truth* and *Thee*, *vn-holy leagu'd*;
While Thou (a Prince, not hauing Mē, nor Treasure,
But poore, in All; saue rich in Hope past measure)
Resemblest right one of thy Hills in *Foix*,
Which stands all Storms, firm'd by it selfs sad poize,
Boldly beholds the frowning Vpper-Stage,
Disdaining Winds, deriding Weathers rage:
And with his brows cleauing the proudest Thunder,
With knobbed knees still keeps it brauely vnder.
Nor may I now our Thoughts cleer Heav'n o'r-cast,
With Clowdy Theam of Miseries fore-past.

No

Nor cruelly begin againe to launce
New-skinned wounds, to the new griefe of *France*.
Sing Others Those: Me shall suffice to sing,
That in few Months, since Thou wert heer *Our King*,
Thy valiant hand hath more strong places won
Then Both the Sides in thirty yeers haue don.
Though Swarms besieg'd, in number did surmount
Besieging Troops, in so vn-equall count,
That oft there seemd of Foes more Troops (almost)
Then single Souldiers in thy Royall Host.
Thou seemst a Lightning, & thy nimble Bands
Follow thy will rather with wings, then hands;
And impt with plumes of Honor-thirsting minds,
Are bravely born with Thy *Good-fortunes* winds:
Thou *cam'st, saw'st, overcam'st*, as swift well neer
As these swift Words I haue digested heer.
Onely, neer *Arques*, for few dayes, the Foe
Thine Expeditions some-what doth fore-slowe:
But as a Torrent, whose proud stream for stop,
Hath the thick height of some new Causwaies top;
The Bottome vnderminies, beats on the shore,
And still (in vaine) adds Forces more and more,
Till, at the last, aided with Showres and Snowes,
Fel, foaming, lowd, his Prison ouer-throwes,

Tears

Tears Bridges down, bears away Mounds & Mills,
And having won the Valleys, threats the Hills;
Swells as a Sea, & in his furious Pother
Takes Land from some, & giueth more to other:
So thou re-Ganipst, runn'st, rushest, ruinest
Holds, Houses, Townes, & neuer doost thou rest,
Till rebel *Paris*, pale for guiltie Feare,
Behold thy Face with too-iust Furie there,
In her vast Sub-vrbs; Sub-vrbs flanked strongs
Sub-vrbs, whole streets with Souldiers thickly throngs.
Thou rak'st *Essamps*: & loosing scarce a man,
Thy martiall Troops ingrateful *Vandosme* wan,
Mans is assaild, and taen; *Falaise*, *Eureux*:
Maine followes those; & after that *Lizieux*,
And *Honfleur* too, stoop to thy *Sacred Flowers*.
And now began thy Sulphury Thunder-stowers
To batter *Dreux*: when as the *Leaguers* Chief,
Puft with some new Supplies, & fresh Relief,
From fatall *Philip* (who ryghs Foxie-Wife,
Wide yawning still after so rich a Prize;
Ambitious waits, nor wishes nothing more,
Then that our *Great* each other enter-gore;
In Ciuil Rage; that at the easier rate,
Himselfe may (watch the Price of Their debate)

Drawes

Drawes neer thine Host, Then, Thou, whose Fear was
Least He too-feard thee, fainedst a Retreat, (great
Seemst loth to fight, seemst thy hault Heat to slack;
And, to leap further, stepst a little back.
Thou stopst, He flies; Thou followst, then He standst;
And now, both Sides for Battail range their Bands:
They seem two Forests: every Chief, apart,
Darrains his Troops with order, speed, and art.
The Lightning-flash from swords, casks, courtilaces,
With quiv'ring beams beguilds the neighbor grasses
As th' Host of Stars, which shine above so bright,
Bespangles rich the Mantle of the Night.
The Souldier now looks sterner then of long;
Rage in his Eyes, fel outrage on his Tongue,
Iron on his back, Steel in his hand: and fell
Erynnis makes in YVRY Fields her Hell. (noise,
There's nothing heard but Drums, Fifes, Trumpets
But sharp-shril neighs, but dreadful Tempests voice.
Terror and Horror over all are spred;
Horror 's there lovely, and there sweet is Dread:
Already fight they with their voice and gest;
Already Horsemen couch their staves in rest;
Much like a Lion, meeting hand to hand,
Some savage Bull, vpon the Desert sands.

Th'one

Th' one, with wide nostrills, foming wrathfull heat,
With lowd proud bellowes, with a thundrous threat
Defies his Foe; tosses his head on high,
Wounds with his hooues the Earth, with horns the sky:
Th' other, as furious, from as fiery Throat
Roaring, replyes him with more hideous note;
Vnder his hortid Front, in ghastly-wise
He roules the Brands of his fierce-flashing Eyes;
Rearing his Creft, he rears his courage stout,
And whets his Rage, whisking his train about.
The Canon's prim'd, discharg'd, hand-strokes begins
Friends, fellows, neighbors, brothers, cosins, kin,
Lose all respects; saue onely where they may,
Deep, deadly Wounds, worthy their Rage, repay.
But, North-west winde, vnder the weeping *Kid*,
Neuer so thick his volleys racqueted,
Of bounding Balls of Ice-pearl slippery shining,
On those high Hills my *Gascony* confining,
As heer raine Bodies, heer haile lumps of Lead,
Making a flood of Blood; a mount of Dead.
Torn Limbs, rost Trucheons, Shiuers, Fire, & Smoak,
As with thick clowds, both Armies round be-cloak:
Th' Earth quakes for fear, the Aire recoileth quick,
And *Phœbe's* selfe seems to looke pale and sick.

This

This Side advances now, and now retreats:
That, lost but now; and now the better gets.
For, yet (Iovis issue) *Victorie* (begot
With Sword by-side, & Trump behind, athwart;
Her head with crowns, her hands wth sceptres fraught,
Her costly Robe with many Conquests vvrought,
Flourisht with Palms, figur'd with Townes about,
Embost with Ensignes, with Assaults set-out)
Flyes to and fro; from Camp to Camp she plies,
And in her hand she leads triumphant-wise
Sweet-rapting *Gloria*, full of cheerfull grace,
To either Side shewing her lovely Face.
O Sons of *Mars*! which, which of you this day,
As worthy Spouse, shall bear for Bride, away
This Beautious Love? Who, by her side shall lie?
Who, of her Kiss the balmie Bliss shall trie?
Thrice happy Hee: Him shall the Kings adore;
Him shall the Nobles humbly bow before:
Him shall the Vulgar (as a Sea it were)
Follow, and flock about: and every-where
His famous Face shall set-aworke the chiefe
Of Pensills, Grauers, Chisels, Moulds: in briefe,
He shall be *Summe* of an admired Storie;
And every Age shall celebrate his glory:

His

His high renowne shall onely bounded bee
With the World's bounds, and with Eternitie.
Thus having said, into their breasts she blew
No common Heat, but Fits of Furie new:
Here Number winns, there Courage, & there Art:
And yet *Good-fortune* falls to Either part:
As when the spightful sullen Earth hath meant
War with the Floods, war with the Firmament,
Sh' incites, inflames, sets-on, in new-found Duel,
Ice-bearded *Boreas*, Storm-armd *Auster* cruel;
Floods float uncertain, & the Clowds do varie
Whither it pleases Either Blast to carie:
Till th' one at last, the other conquering,
Become Ayer's Tyrant, & the Water's King.
But, lo My Liege: ô Courage! there he comes:
What ray of Honor round about him loomes!
O! what new Beams from his bright eyes do glance!
O Princely Port! Presagefull Countenance
Of Hap at hand! Hee doth not nicely prank
In clinquant Pomp (as some of meanest Rank)
But arm'd in Steel; that bright abilliment
Is his rich *Values* sole rich Ornament.
Steel was his Cradle, under Steel he dight
His Chin with Doune, in Steel begins it whize:

And

And yet, by Steel he conquers, bravely-bold,
Towns, cities, states, crowns, sceptres, goods & gold.
Yet, void of Mark, He doth not hide him quight
Amid the Throng: a Plume dread-dancing light
Beclowds his Casky & like a Willow showes;
Which, prun'd below, close by a River growes,
And hath no sooner Heav'ns calm favour lost,
But instantly his Tops green Tuffe is tost,
Now vp, now down, & waues (as please the Wind)
Now to, now fro; now forward, now behind.
Thus (to be known) Invincible by Force,
He, with six hundred, chang'd six thousand Horse.
The first that felt his arm and Fauchin keen,
Was, blindly-bold, a Warrior that did ween
Himselfe as stout, as strong; as strong, as great;
And, daring so, 'vndaunted HARVEY met;
Who offers preft his Pistol in his Face,
Which would not off, although it fierd a space.
Whence som-what mou'd, with angry voice (qd he:)
Hence guileful Arms: the glittering Sword for Me:
And drawes withall; then nimbly tossing light
The flashing Horror of his Fauchin bright
(Like an Hexamall ruddy-streaming Star
Presaging Famine, Pestilence, and War)

Copes

Copes with his Foe, th' Assailant he assaults,
And resolute obserues his Arms defaults:
At last, betwixt his Brest-plate & his Bases,
Seeks for his Soule, there finder, & thence it chases.
Go, happy Soule, go tell the newes beneath,
How thou wert honord, to haue had thy death
By th' onely hand of th' *Hercules* of FRANCE,
Th' invincible (for, such a Death, perchance,
Shall more extoll thy famous Memorie,
Then to haue woune some other *Victorie*):
Say, heere reuiues a MARTEL, Foes to maule;
And that ORLANDO rules againe in *Gaule*.
But, Thou go'st not alone: this deadly Fray
Thou but begin'st, as Prologue of his Play.
He deales about as many Deaths as Blowes,
Hee hacks, heaws, hurts all; all hee ouerthrowes,
Swifter then Wind, or Cannon-shot, or Thunder,
Trees, towns, & towers, turns vp, beats down, brings
One place, 1. push, 1. deed, 1. death, 1. wound, (vnder.
Cannot suffice, nor his brane Fury bound:
He layes on All; and fitry-fierce, and stout,
A hundred waies cross-caues the Field about;
All fall, in fine, but fall not all alike, (strike.
Some did he thrill, some thwart, some downe-right

But

But, as a Lion, in *Numidian* Field,
Feeding awhile on trembling Heards that yield;
If so he heare a Beares noise neere about,
Rearing his Eares & Crest, he roareth-out;
Leaves Lambs, Kids, Kine; glad he incountred hath
An Obiect worthier of his noble Wrath:
My match-less Prince, discrying *Duke De Mayne*,
Spares vulgar blood, and speeds to Him amain;
Through thickest troops of stoutest men at-arms,
Through horse & foot, through shot, pikes, Ensignes;
Incounters Him: on Him his load he layes; (Arms
And round about on euery side assayes,
Vnder his Arms, to seek in euery part
The heart which onely gaue the *Leaguers* hart.
But, dreading his disdain, *De-Mayne* with-drew:
And all his Hopes so suddain dasht, did rew:
Blusht at his past Bliss, full of carefull toyle,
Lothing the Field, new witnes of his Foile.
Now, Yvry out of sight, he *Mante* approches:
His weary horse, his weary rowell broches,
Vntill, broak-winded, crest-falu, sweaty-swelted,
And all his grease in and without him melted,
Lolling his eares, hanging his head and neck,
For spur he stirs no more, then stock or stick.

O, noble *Duke*! & wherefore flyest Thou?
What *Panik* Terror daunts thy Valour now?
Thy constant Face what paints with pale Affright?
Alas! thou lack'st not Courage heer, but Right.
The Cause confounds thee: CHARLS, yet stay & stand
To HENRY's mercy; humbly kisse his hand.
If red Reuenge, for thy dead Brethrens chance,
Made thee take Arms: what's that (alas!) to *France*?
What, to This King? whose heart & hands are known
From both their Bloods as cleer as are thine Own.
If 'twere Ambition, mought'st thou not expect
From Him, that knowes how Vertue to respect,
And can, as King, magnifikly aduance
His faithfull Seruants, & the Friends of *France*,
More Honor & Reward, then from the rude
Poore, gyddie, grosse, ingratefull Multitude;
Of many Heads, of more then many Mindes,
Leaking in euery Storm, led with all Windes;
Who pay with Death, or Exile (at the best)
Their *Dions*, *Phocions*, *Camills*, and the rest:
Whose Rule is Rage; Who (Ivie-like) in time
Decay the Tower whereby themselues did clime.
If it were Feare to finde His fauours gate
Now barr'd too-fast for thee to enter at;

O! was there euer known more gracious King,
Forgetting Ill-turnes; Good remembering!
Hee rather would, by Benefits, then Blowes,
Reduce his Rebells. When his Furie glowes,
'T is but as Straw-fire: while he ſtrikes, he ſighes,
And (for the moſt part) from his Enemies
Drawes not more blood, then tender Tears withall
From his own Eyes: His Spirit 's void of Gall
(Peculiar Gift, hereditary Grace,
The Heav'ns haue giuen vnto the *Burbons* Race):
And neuer did the all-diſcerning Sun,
Which daily once about the World doth run,
Behold a Prince religiouſly more loth
To ſhake, for ought, his Honor-binding Oath.
Offer my Liege the *Germain* Empery,
Spayn's Diadem, the *Turks Grand-Signorie*,
Yea, make Him *Monarch* of the World, by wile;
Hee 'll ſpurn all Sceptres, yer his Faith he file.
But, 't is (ſaiſt Thou) for the *Faith Catholike*.
Why? who Commands in matters Politike?
Who in his Camp? but ſuch as more then Thou
With Tooth & Naile *Romes Vatican* avow?
Serues not his Name for Refuge, euery-where
Securing Prieſthood from all Force and Feare?

No *Atheisme*, Hee, nor *Superstition* sents:
Hee's a right *Christian* and religious Prince.
He firm believes, that GOD's *reformed* Awe,
He from his Cradle, with his milk did drawe:
Yet, is not partiall, nor preiudicate.
And, if the *Church*, now neerly ruinate,
By our profane hands, our strife-stirring Quills,
May euer looke for a Redresse of Ills;
If it may euer hope to re-procure
A holy and a happy *Peace*, to dure;
It shall be, doubtless, vnder such a Prince,
So free from Passions blinded Vehemence.
Back, to the Battail, *Muse*, now cast about:
Ah! there they flie; there all are in a Rout:
All's full of Horror, full of Ruth and Feare,
Full of Disorder, and Confusion there:
There, none obey; there none at all command,
There euery Souldier makes apart his Band.
The ample Plain is couerd all about (stout
With casks, swords, muskets, pikes; and the most
To darkest Groues carry their Deaths conceaued,
In deepest Holes bury their Deaths receaued.
The Victor followes, ouer-takes anon;
Feares not the way the Flyers feard t' haue gone.

The

The moſt he fears, is leaſt Some's ſhift-full feare,
Other's deſpaire, finde out for ſafetie there,
Som Flat, ſom Foord, ſom Bank, ſom bridge, ſom way
To paſſe the *Eure*: but preſſed with Diſmay,
All breath-leſs, panting in a deſperate haſt
Them heere and there, into the Riuer caſt.
Th' immortall *Nymph* NAVONDA azure-ey'd,
Queen of that Cryſtall, and that Currents Guide;
Scar'd with their noiſe, aboue the water puſhes
Her dropping Head, in Caule of weeping Ruſhes.
O! whence (qd ſhe) whence coms this iron ſpawn?
Theſe Metall-men? Frõ what mount *Gibel* drawn?
What *Vulcan* gaue, What *Myron* lent (I pray)
Steel, life, to ſtirr; to Iron, breath, to neigh? (ſhip:
Hence, Monſters, hence (Wars dreadfull work-man-
With bloody deaws your Mother-Earth be-dip;
And let vs gently, without ſtop, or ſtaine,
To meet our *Tritons*, roule into the Maine.
Her voice doth vaniſh, in ſo various noiſe:
This with his Own, that with his Armors poize,
Sinks inſtantly: Som haue, in ſted of graues, (waues,
Nought but their Steeds, their Steeds no tombes but
Som, more diſmaid, for Skiff their targets take,
For oars their arms; their ſail their plumes they make:

But, greedy Whirle-pooles, euer-wheeling round,
Suck in at once, Oars, Sailes, & Ships to ground.
Those that, by chance, scape to the other Shore,
Chãging their place, change not their case the more.
Dikes, Bridges broken, Cities, Rampires cast,
Cannot secure their more then headlong Hast.
Did any Squadrons dare thy Conquest crosse,
They but increast Thine Honor, & their Losse.
Witnes the Band of *Spanish-Belgian* Foes,
Vnder three Ensignes marching strongly close;
Whom, Thou, the fifteenth, chargest; beatest down
That mightie Bodie; suddain ouerthrow'n;
Euen as a Galley, in smooth Sea subdues
The tallest Ship that in *The Straights* doth vse:
Or as a Iennet in his nimble Speed
Oft ouerturns the strongest German Steed. (ay,
Thou heaw'st, beat'st, breakest down: Thou conquest
Till dusky Night haue robd thee quight of Day;
And Death, of Foes. Th' *Helvetian* Bands alone,
Loth to disgrace their ancient Valor known,
Against the Victor their steele Staues addresse,
As most Couragious in the most distresse:
But, soon the Lightning of thy Martiall eyes
Their Diamantine hearts dissolues to Ice;

Tha

That Ice to Water, That to Vapour vain: (strain,
And Those whom Death rather then Feare could
Those, those that neuer turnd their backs at all,
But to Warrs-*Phœnix*, Conquerer of *Gaule*,
Those King-correcting, Tyrant-scourging Braues,
Cast at thy feet their Bodies and their Staues.
Thou, then, as loth perpetually to brand
People so loyall to the *Lillies* Land,
Calming the rage of thy iust hearts disdain,
Their Colours to their Cornets giu'st again.
O! proudest *Trophey*, which all *Tropheys* passes!
O Browes, whom *Bayes* eternall tresses imbraces!
Invincible! ô more then Royall Brest,
Who, of Thy Selfe, & *Tryumph*, tryumphest!
Who pleasest All: with Victory thine Host,
Thy Foes with Grace: Both with thy Glory, most,
Earth's Ornament, Thou Honor of our Times,
Ay on the wings of mine Heroïk Rimes,
So braue Exploit be brauely borne about:
May all our Commons (commonly too-stout)
Who bred in Braules, in Broiles, & Insolence,
Stood, as at gaze, distracted in suspence,
Expecting th' Issue of This dreadfull Fight,
Make their due profit, & apply it right.

May now the *Nobles* freely grant, for true,
That the World's Empire to Thy Worth is due:
That, now they haue Wise happy Prince for Head:
That, by This Battaile Thou hast rendered
To Them their Rank, reueng'd the King deceast,
Restor'd the State, & captiue *France* releast.
May now the *Clergie* ingenuously confess,
God on Thy Side, giuing Thy Right Success;
Crowning Thy Vertues, & with sacred Oyle
Of his own Spirit anointing Thee the while.
May now (in briefe) All *Frenchmen* say & sing,
Thou art, Thou ought'st, Thou only canst be King.
But, ô! some Gangrene, Plague, or Leprosie,
O're-spreads vs all: a Brand of Mutinie
Burnes *France* to Ashes. And but Thou (vnidle)
Bear'st-vp so hard this stumbling Kingdoms Bridle;
Our State (yerst honor'd where the Sun doth rise)
Would flie in Sparks, or die in Atomies.
Priests strike the Fire, the *Nobles* blow the Coale
Of this Consumption: *People* (peeuish whole)
Pleasd with the Blaze, do, wretched-witched Elves,
For fuell (fooles) cast-in their willing Selues.
O *Clergy* (mindless of your Cure and Coat)
Becomes it you to cut your Princes throat?

To kill your King? Who, in the Wombe (of kin
To Thousand Kings) that Office did begin:
Who, for Your Law, Your Altars, & Your Honors,
Hath ventur'd oft his blood in many manners:
Who, as deuout to *Rome*, as any Man,
Fear'd most your roring Bulls of *Vatican*:
And canonize amid the sacred Roule
Of glorious Saints a Parricidiall Soule,
Whose bloody hand had stabd with baneful knife
The Lords Anointed, & Him reft of life?
Ignoble *Nobles*, see You not (alas!)
Your King supplanting, you your Selues abasse?
And, while you raze this Royall *Monarchie*,
You madlie raise a monstrous *Anarchie*,
A *Chaos* rude; still whetting, day and night,
Against your Selues, the Peoples proud Despight;
Who hate the Vertuous, & haue onely Hope
T' ensue the *Switzers* too-rebellious Scope?
And Thou fond *People*, Who (before a Father,
A wise, iust, King; a valiant *Monarch*) rather
Tak'st hundred Tyrants: who, with tushes fell,
Will suck thy marrow out, & crack thy shell:
To whom the Gold, from *India*'s bowels brought,
Or mid the Sands of shining *Tagus* sought,

Seems

Seems not so good, as doth the Gold they fet
From out thy Womb, or what thy Tears shall wet.
No, no: the *French*, or Deafe, or Lethargik,
Feele not their danger, though thus deadly Sick:
Or, if they liue and feele; they, frantik, arm
Against their Leach that fain would cure their harm,
Applying many sound-sweet Medcines fit:
But They, the more increase their furious Fit.
Yet, Courage HENRY, fix thy Thoughts heeron,
Pursue (braue Prince) thy Cure so well begun:
And, sith so little, gentle Plaisters thriue,
Let it be launc't, lay-on the Corrosiue:
Choke me This *Hydra* whence such Mõsters sprout,
And with thy Fame fill me the World about.
Follow thy Fortune: Hills most lofty-browd,
Stoop to thy Steps; swift Riuers, swelling proud,
Dry-vp before thee: Armies, full of Boast,
Like Vapors vanish at Thy sight, almost.
Yea, at thy Name alone, the strongest Wall,
And massiest Towrs shake (as affraid) & fall.
But yet, My Liege, beware how Thou expose
Thy blood so oft among thy bloody Foes:
Be not too-lauish of thy Life; but waigh,
That Our *Good-Hap* on Thine dependeth aye.

But, if Thou light regard This lowe Requeſt
Of *Thy Fames Trumpet*; liſt how *France* (at leaſt)
Preſents her to thee: not as Once Shee was
(When *Baltik* Seas within Her bounds did paſs:
When *Nile & Euphrate*, as Her Vnder-Realms,
Through fruitful Plains rould tributary ſtreams:
When to proud *Spanyards* Shee did Kings allow;
And to Her Lawes imperiall ROME did bow)
But, lean & lank, bleak, weak, & all too-torn,
And in a Gulfe of Miſeries forlorn.

Deer Son (ſaith She) nay, My Defender rather,
My Staff, my Stay, my ſecond-founding Father;
For Grief, and Furie, I ſhould deſperate die,
I ſhould Selfe ſtab-mee, I ſhould ſhamefully
Stop mine own breath, to ſtint theſe Cares of mine,
Wert Thou not Mine (my Liege) were I not Thine.
Therfore, deer Spouſe, be of thy Life leſs lauiſh;
Let not, My Lord, Fames greedy Thirſt ſo rauiſh
Thy dauntleſs Courage into Dangers need-leſs,
Nor, too-too-hardy hazard Thee ſo heed-leſs.

A braue, great *Monarch* in Youths heat behoues,
Once, twiſe, or thriſe, to ſhew Courageous proues:
For, Proweſſe is bright *Honors* braueſt Gate,
Yea, the firſt Step, whereby the Fortunate

Climbe

Climbe *Glorie's* Mount: & nothing more (in briefe)
Fires Souldiers Valor, then a Valiant Chiefe.
But afterward, he must more warie vvar,
And with his Wit, ofter then Weapon, far:
His spirits contenting with the pleasing-paine,
Not of a Souldier, but a Soueraign.

My Son, too often hath thine own hand dealt
Too-many Blowes, which thousands yerst haue felt:
My Liege, too-often hast Thou toyled Thee
For Honors Prize: braue Prince, My Victory
Not in thine Arms strẽgth, but thy Yeers length lies;
Thy Life, my Life, Thy Death, my Death implies.
If Thou, thy Self neglect, respect Me though,
At least some Pittie to thy Country showe.
Weigh, weigh my sad plight, if vntimely Death
Should (ô, vntimely!) reaue My HENRY's breath:
Euen like a widow-Ship, her Pilot lost,
Her Rudder broke, in ragefull Tempest tost
Against the horned Rocks, or horrid Banks,
Hoaring the Shore with her dispersed Planks.

But, if too-much Heart, of thy life too-careless,
Too-soone expose thee not to *Sisters*-spareless,
I hope to flourish more then e'r in *Arts*,
Wealth, Honors, Manners, Vertues, Valiant hearts,
Religion,

Religion, Lawes: and Thy iuſt *Raign* (at reſt)
In *Happineſſe* ſhall match AVGVSTVS Beſt.

FINIS.

HONOR's FARWEL

To

Her Honorable Frends:

Or

The

LADIE HAY's

Last Will

Copied

By a Well-willer,

in

A WAKEFVL DREAM;

&

Dedicated

TO

Her R. Honorable *Executors.*

TO

The Right Honourable

Executors & Overseers,

EDWARD, Lord Denny; IAMES, *Lord Hay;*

&

MARY,

Lady Denny.

FRom Gratitude, From Duties, *From Affection,*
To You (my Lords) Your HONOR, & *Your Name*
Without Offence, without Mis-sense, *or Blame*)
Receiue, conceiue, *consider* THIS DIRECTION
AGAINST th'Excess, the Rage, *the Insurrection*
Of Tears, of Sighs, *of Sorrowes* FOR THIS DAME
IS DEAD, WHO LIVES (in Soule, in Deed, *in Fame*)
INSPIRING Breth, Life, *Strength*, TO THIS COLLECTIÕ
Made, aimed, *meant*, FOR quick, kind, *keen*, CORRECTIÕ
Of Men, of Minds, *of Manners* (OVT OF FRAME)
In Citie, Court, & *Country* (ALL TOO-BLAME) (TION.
Throgh Sin's, throgh Satan's, *throgh our Selues* INFEC-
Som Vow, Som Verse, *Som Monument* TO HONOR
I thought, I ought, *and Thus I* Dreamed on-Her.

I. S.

HONOR'S
FAREWELL.

FRom Man-Gods Birth (*the Scale of Earth to Heau'n*)
Th' Yeer *twice Eight hundred & twice single Seau'n:*
Amidst the Month *which Second* Cæsar *names;*
Vpon the Day *which* Diane *weekely claimes:*
About the Howre *that golden* Morpheus *vses*
Phantastikly to feast perplexed Muses
While Phœbus *Coach-man, scarce awake, did seem*
Hying to harness all his fiery Teem)
Being, me thought (*ith'* Ward-robe, *or at* Waltham)
Among the Chief, where Grief did so assalt 'em:
On Either side) that neither Great nor Small
Had one dry Eye, to see My sight *withall:*
Me thought, I sawe a White bright-shining Creature
Just in the Forme of HONOR'S *wonted Feature)*
Approaching softly to a Sable Bed,
Where weeping Sorrow *layd his sleepeless head;*
And, with a Voice like one deuoutly praying,
Shrill-softly, Thus (me thought) I heard it saying:
Sweet Loue, My Lord, *Loadstar* of my Desire,
Whose purest flame had only power to fire
The Icie Forte of HONOR'S chaste Affection,
Vonne by thy loue; but more by thy Perfection:

Deere Soule, which draw'ſt (by vnſeen vertue) ſo,
My Soule to greet thee once yet yer I go;
Ceaſe, ceaſe to weep, giue ouer Sighes & ſobbing,
Thine eyes of Reſt, thy breſt of Comforts robbing:
For, though ſoft Water hardeſt Marble weares,
Flint-harted *Death* is neuer perc't with *Teares*.
Vſe therefore other Arms againſt his Rages:
And, of Thy loue, giue more antentik Gages.

Whom yerſt I choſe among the choiceſt Worth
Of *Britiſh Gallants* (ouer *South* and *North*)
For *Parts* and *Port*; for mild & Martiall manner,
In braue *Deſeignes* to do their Country honor:
Who, in mine eye, ſeem'd to excell the reſt,
And Whom my Mind eſteem'd aboue the beſt;
Muſt not expreſſe His loue to Mee, *departed*,
With vulgar Showes of the moſt-vulgar-hearted.

No: light Me Lamps that may Thy loue become
Such as may ſhine, about, aboue my Tombe,
To all Beholders, as a holy Mirror,
Reducing Nobles from Ignobles Error:
Or as a *Pharus* to direct the Court,
From Rocks & Wracks into the *Happy Port*:
For, thogh my loue ſeek but my HAY & DENNY
My *Charitie* is heer-in meant to Many.

FAREWELL.

As from the *Dead*, I come, the *Quick* to call
From *Sinn's* deep *Sleep*: & *Thee* (*Deer*) first of All.
Deer, if thou yet hold-deer a Soule deuested
Of worldly Pomp (which hath the World impested)
Sweet heart, put-off; (weet *Hay*, now, leaue Thou,
What (ô!) I left not, till nigh deadly Sick: (quick,
Forsake the World yer it haue Thee forsaken;
And, yer thy Youth with Ruth be ouer-taken,
Regard thy Soule, thy Bodie lesse respect:
Kill *Vanitie*, curbe euery fond Affect,
Whereby the World still striueth to imprison
The purest Raies of Man's diuinest Reason.
Creep heer no longer with thy mortall Dust;
Climbe with thy fiery Soule vp to the Iust.
Exhale thee so, in heau'nly things admiring,
As to the Place of thy first Birth aspiring.
Few are thy Dayes, with many Dolors fill'd,
With *Hoping* tired, with *Desiring* kill'd,
Yer thou attain what thou would'st fain & merry:
Or, if thou dooft, anon it makes thee weary.
For what *Delight* that euer Earth thee lent,
Hast thou aye found *pleasing* and *permanent*?
Honor's faire Mask, for all the Pomp & Braverie,
In *golden Gyues* is chaind to *Silken Slavery*.

Wealth,

Wealth, which the World holds *super-Soueraine*,
With vse, doth vanish; without vse, is vaine:
And Both, too often (as *Coat-Cards* may cotten)
Vnworthily, as well are lost, as gotten.
Few Obiects heer (my *Deer*) but subiect bee
To Labour, more then vnto Libertie:
Youth's Health & Strēgth are quickly quasht, or dated:
Pleasure & Loue as soon are crost, or sated:
Affront still driues the Weakest to the Wal:
The Mightiest ay are vnder Enuie's Maule:
A lowely Fortune is of all despised:
A lofty one, oft, of it selfe, nullized.
In Brief, *Deer Soule*, thou seest how *Certain Fate*
Conduces all things to their *finall Date*.
As on the Shore a rowling Billow splitteth,
When foaming high, and roaming home, it hitteth
Against the keen Knees of a horned Cliff,
Ending his Course in an Incounter stiff;
Then swels another, which yet higher wallowes,
In the same course; Whom the same Fortune follows:
So, We (*O, Worlds-Waues!*) as soon dead as borne,
With diuers Shock, on the same Rock are torn.
This Age hath show'n great *Fortun's* greedy Miniōs
(By hook or crook) aboue the Worlds Opinions;

Aboue

Aboue their owne Hopes : nay, aboue well-nigh
The clowded Aime of their insatiate Eye :
But, Now where are they? Wher's their Grace? their (Glorie,
Rotten in dust; forgotten all their Storie
(Vnless, perhaps, what heer so goodly shin'd,
Went out in Snuffe, and left ill sent behinde)
And all their vaine Fume, turn'd to violent Fire,
For euer burns (such is *Ambition's* Hire):
Where, too-too late, they finde, vnto their Cost,
Such Fauours, so found, had bin better lost.

Soul's sad Repenting, & Hearts heauie Throeing,
Are surest Fruits that in the World are growing:
Heer's Nothing firmer, nothing frequent more,
Then *Death*: Which (liuing) not to minde before,
Makes Men run headlong to the Gulf infernall;
And, for howers Ioyes, to lose the Ioyes eternall:
Draw'n diuersly by diuers Appetites,
After the Humors of their vain Delights.

Some *Apish*, acting euery *Fashions* Model:
Some *Swinish*, wallowing in their Surfaits Puddle:
Some *Goatish*, hanting Fillies with their Dams:
Some *Wolvish*, worrying Innocentest Lambs:
Some *Currish*, snarling at all good mens Good:
Some *Monkish*, hollow vnder *Holy-Hood*:

Some

Some *Brutish*, Monsters in all kind of Euill:
Some *Hellish*, Actors, Factors for the Diuell.
Deer, tread not Thou in *Errors* common Track:
But, in thy *Life*, *sure thine Election* make,
Fear, loue, beliene, serue, sorrow, sue, contemple;
And rather walk by *Precept*, then *Exemple*.
'Tis vtterlie to be of iudgement void,
'Tis wilfullie to haue ones Selfe destroyd;
To trust our Soule with such whose Stipulation
Cannot repaire, cannot reprieue, *Damnation*.
Who, curious, cares but for the things belowe,
Shall finde, in fine, that he shall Both forgoe:
But Hope of things aboue (with due progression)
Is far more sure, then th'others full Possession.
Labour Thou therefore for the *certain Gain*:
And, if thou lov'st mee, higher, higher strain.
In *Holy Pride*, hence-forth disdaign the Creature,
And moût thy Thoughts vp to the Lord of Nature.
Loue, free thy loue from this dark Dungeon heer,
And hence-forth fix it in th' *Empyreall* cleer:
Whither no sooner shall thy Mind be raised,
But all thy Mournings will be soon appaised,
With other Comforts then the World affords,
In bitter Deeds candied in sugar Words.

The

FAREVVELL.

The World it Selfe is dying and decaying:
The Earth more sterile, Heau'nly Stars more straying:
The Sphears distun'd. These are the last, last Times;
Where *Vertue* failes, where *Vice* preuails & climes;
Where good Men melt away; Vngodly harden.
How many Flowres (the choise of all our Garden)
Of either Sex, of euery Age, and Rank;
From euery Quarter, Border, Bed, and Bank
[Besides that paire of *Royall Sister-buds*,
Whose life had promisd *Europe* many Goods:
Beside That *Prime*-ROSE, Miracle of Princes,
Whose Herse as yet a Sea of Tears berinses:
Besides that *knot of Noblest* HARRINGTONS,
Th' old Father's Honors doubling in the Sons:
Besides GODOLPHIN, BODLEY, *Muses* Father;
Rare SACKVIL's-*Nevil* (new *Minerua*, rather):
Besides St. DRVRY, SIDNEY's-*Rutland*, CHEINEY,
Mirror of *Dames*, and other Worthies many]
Hath Our *Great Husband* lately snatched hence,
Before his Wrath's approching Storm cõmence?
Why wail'st thou then My happy *Dissolution*,
By Natures Current, & Heav'ns Constitution?
Repell thy Sorrowes: and repeale to Thee
All actiue Vertues. Mourn no more for Mee.

I liued long enough; sith while I liued
Thou louedst me: but (so should I haue grieued)
Hadst thou appeer'd vnkinde vnto thy Wife,
My longer Date had bin a shorter Life.

I leaue thee Babes ynow; A Sonne and Daughter:
Ynow to craue thy care, and cause thee laughter:
Ynow for Thee; ynow for Mee to beare:
Which oft I wisht: And the Almighties Eare
(Who hear's his Owne, and on them ay bestoweth
Their owne desires; or what Hee better knoweth)
Heard me in This; and One Petition more;
That, when Wee parted, I might passe before.

So, fare thou well (Deer Heart) farewell: my leasure
Serues now no longer for this last best pleasure.
Farewell, deer Pheer: Farewell, deer Father too:
This is my last Will, which I leaue with *You.*
You, ioynt *Executors* I haue ordained:
And for an *Helpe*, My Mothers loue vnfained
As *Ouer-seer* I beseech you call:
And for your *Counsail* vse our heauen'ly *HALL.*

So, in the heaun's, among my Ioies supernall;
So, in my Glasse, the *Vision* of th' *Eternal*;
If I shall see *You*, in your Pilgrimage,
O! bee it happy, as my Hopes presage.

So, in our Children, as their Yeers be growing,
May Natures Gifts, & Heauenly Grace be flowing:
One haue I heer; Two haue You there below:
We heer haue Peace, You there haue Wars (we know)
With-out, with-in: the more therefore behoues-you
Defence from Hence. So wishes She that loues you.

So, grant me God (if it be lawfull heer)
I neuer lose remembrance of my Deer:
So, calmed be the Tempest of Your mourning,
For My *Decease* (according to my warning)
So, casting off this Load of Heauinesse,
Our Loue vnceasing, may *Your* Sorrow cease.

So ceast the Voice, *and so the* Shadow *vanisht.*
The Mourners *then, more ranisht then astonisht,*
Did still, still, listen with a longing Eare
For more such Musik: *which then missing there*
(*Me thought*) *the* Sable Curtaines *back they haled.*
And, looking round, *were readie to haue called;*
When instantly their Passions *so abound,*
That downe they sink, & as they sink they swound:
Where-at, I (grieu'd *to see such Friends bereft me*)
Starting *to help, disturbed* Morpheus *left me:*
But, as he rouz'd, *by chance he* cast a Quill,
For present Pen *to copie HONOR's* Will.

HONOR'S
EPITAPH.

Heere-vnder, lyes
The Wonder of her Kinde:
The rareſt Work
Of Nature & of Grace:
A beautious TEMPLE
Of a bountious Minde;
Where *Venus*, *Iuno*,
Pallas, had their Place.
Nay; Heav'ns & Natures
Gifts, ſingled to Manie,
Heer All concurr'd
To HONOR HAY & DENNY,

TO
My Reuerend Friend,
Mr. *Doctor Hall.*

NOne should, but Thou, This Ladies death be grie-
None knew so well the Vertues of her life: (ving;
Death's robd of Her death, by Thy labours rife;
By Thee, is Shee in Heav'n & Earth still Liuing:
In Heav'n, by hearing & (through Thee) beliuing
Th' eternall Word; which taught Her Holy strife
'Gainst Hell, & Sin; and (as breeuen a Wife)
Peace with her Spouse, him due Obedience giuing:
In Earth, for acting (in so gracious measure)
The voice-preacht Lectures of thy Life & Temper;
Alms, Meeknes, Mildnes (towards Old & Young)
Forgiuing wrongs, forgetting all Displeasure.
O happy Seed that fell in such a Ground!
And happy Soile that such a Seed-man found.

I. S.